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MEMOIRS

OF

BRITISH GENERALS

DISTINGUISHED DURING

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY JOHN WILLIAM COLE,

H.P. 21ST FUSILIERS.

"Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes."—LIVY.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."—COLLINS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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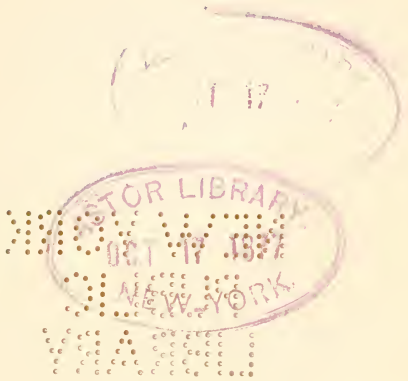
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NEW YORK

AN OLD SOLDIER

Dedicates

TO THE

OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

THIS UNPRETENDING EFFORT

TO PLACE BEFORE THEM EXAMPLES TO EMULATE WHILE

THEY ADMIRE;

IN THE FIRM CONVICTION THAT THERE ARE MANY

AMONGST THEM WHO WILL ACHIEVE

EQUAL HONOUR

WITH

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES.

ПЕРЕУЛОК
ВЫПУСК
ВЕЛИКОВК

PREFACE.

THE leading object of the work now presented to the Public has been to bring together, in a connected series, and within reasonable compass, an account of the military services of many eminent men who fought in the same wars, under the same leaders, and with the same object. We were then opposed to France — we are now her close ally; and the new-born friendship is as likely to be enduring, as it will assuredly prove advantageous to humanity, civilisation, and the general advancement of the world. But history cannot be falsified, neither is it necessary to forget or gloss over truth, because the shifting tide of events has changed the current of national feeling. We rejoice in the unexpected alteration, and pray that it may be permanent. Let us trust we are true prophets when we apply a line from Shakspeare, and say, "Our children's children shall see this, and bless Heaven!"

During the last general war, the English arms achieved great successes, and we value doubly the friendship of the gallant enemy, who fought us

fairly and openly on all occasions, gave us such an infinity of trouble, and established a mutual esteem on so many desperately contested fields.

Four of the individuals included in the present selection have already furnished subject-matter for long and interesting volumes. The events in which they, and the companions now associated with them, participated as important agents, have been so often described, that much novelty is not to be expected in incident, however it may be admissible in inference. The historian or biographer, like the navigator, must be guided by safe beacons previously laid down for him, or he will run his vessel aground. He cannot, for the sake of effect, soar into the realms of invention, or give the rein to the dominion of fancy. If he does so unadvisedly, he will incur the danger of being ranked as a fabulist with Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and the Baron de Tott. To write clearly and truthfully, he must seek out the best authorities that have preceded him, weigh the value of their evidence, select the authentic and cast aside the doubtful; and must, in some sort, consent to be considered a compiler rather than an original composer. In a poem, a romance, or a tale of imagination, we may invent—a history we cannot choose but follow. This qualified classification may not accord with the high aspirings of "vaulting ambition," but it should satisfy a moderate mind, as it is better than being told, as Sheridan once sarcastically said to

another honourable member, that "you are indebted to your memory for your jests, and to your imagination for your facts."

Many differences of opinion will probably be expressed as to the judgment displayed in the present selection. Some readers may say, why is this General preferred, and that General omitted? The answer is, that it was necessary to make a limit, and that the Work is offered, not as comprising the whole, but as merely a small cohort from the distinguished band. It will be easy to add to the list if more should be required.

Fourteen generals of repute are included in this list. One only of the number was what may be termed old — Sir Thomas Graham — and he was only sixty when he fought and won, with marvellous promptitude and audacity, the Battle of Barrosa. The rest were in the prime vigour of their days, with strength and activity of body which seconded the energy of the mind. Without this happy combination of mental and physical attributes, the duties of a general in the field will hang heavily on him who has to perform them.

Some of our late commanders in the Crimea have been mercilessly twitted with the sins of age and accompanying inactivity; but the charges are more easily made than proved. It is no fault of theirs, nor was it by their own desire, that a long peace has hung them up to rust for forty years, when many of them

and to have risen rapidly beyond the subordinate stations, by purchase or family interest; and yet it cannot be denied that they vindicated rather than condemned the system now so loudly denounced, and invariably proved themselves stout soldiers, sagacious leaders, and accomplished gentlemen.

A biographical or historical work, to be deemed trustworthy, must (as has been already remarked) be based upon known and admitted authority; unless where the writer speaks as an eye-witness of events now for the first time recorded, or relates transactions in which he took a personal share. With a view to accuracy, and an anxious desire not to perpetuate erroneous statements, in what is now offered, a careful examination and comparison has been made of every antecedent publication of note which fell within reach, whence facts could be elicited bearing either upon the persons or events undertaken to be described. It has been very difficult to avoid repetition, and perhaps occasional tediousness, on a subject restrained within a contracted circle, and tending to monotony from a recurrence of the same scenes, although the parts assigned to the actors are varied and distinct. All introduced extracts and references are duly acknowledged.

In the Memoir of Sir Lowry Cole, much aid has been derived from the "Marches and Movements of the Fourth Division," privately compiled by their Deputy Quarter-master-General, the late Major-Ge-

neral Sir Charles Broke Vere, K.C.B., and most obligingly communicated by his surviving brother, Major-General Horatio Broke, through the medium of the author's old friend and brother-officer, Colonel Angelo.

For nearly the whole of the materials supplying the biography of Major-General Le Marchant, the author is entirely indebted to the kindness of the present Sir Denis le Marchant, Bart., to whom he begs to offer his grateful acknowledgments for the use of a privately-printed life of his father, intended only for distribution amongst his own immediate circle of friends, but which, in the most obliging manner, he has permitted him to make the groundwork of his own memoir. The perusal has left a strong impression of regret, that Sir Denis has not thought proper to publish the volume as he wrote it, for both in the interest of the matter and the elegance of the style, it leaves at a great distance any effort to which the writer of the present Work can presume to aspire. If any additional information is now conveyed in an acceptable form, or familiar subjects invested with fresh attraction, the purpose of the author to uphold the reputation of the British army will be fully accomplished, and his utmost wishes more than realised.

London, December 15. 1855.

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MEMOIRS

OF

PENINSULAR GENERALS.

No. I.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

"In death the glazing eye is illumined by the hope of reputation,
And the stricken warrior is glad that his wounds are salved with glory.—
Such are the beginnings of the famous: little in the judgment of their peers,
The juster verdict of posterity shall fix them in the orbits of the great."

TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy.*

LONDON:
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.,
New-street-Square.

MEMOIRS

OF

PENINSULAR GENERALS.

VOL. I.

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AGH

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.

Born 1761.— Killed at Corunna 1809.

Sir John Moore, like Nelson, fell at a comparatively early age. Each had only completed his forty-seventh year,— a period of life at which Marlborough had performed no great action, Abercromby was unknown, and Rodney filled but a subordinate niche in the temple of fame. There are few individuals in the annals of British military history whose abilities have been subjected to severer criticism and to more extreme judgment than the accomplished soldier with whose biography we propose to commence our intended series. It is true he cannot be included amongst the companions of Wellington, but he was his senior, and paved the way for a more fortunate successor. When he met death in the field at the close of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he had been cruelly misled by false intelligence, England was doubtful of her own resources and unduly impressed with the supposed martial superiority of her enemy. The departed leader had no aristocratic connections, no parliamentary influence, no clamorous friends to vindicate his memory. Calumny reared her head in angry vituperation, and the maligned warrior was unable to reply from his solitary and distant resting-place. But "time and the hour" have worked their

slow and sure effect, able pens have exposed the truth, prejudiced opinions have given way to proved facts, and Moore's dying hope that his country would do him justice has been gradually vindicated by the complete reversal of a hasty judgment. He was unquestionably a commander of ready ability and resources, but he lacked the high quality of confidence in himself, which is indispensable in the formation of a Hannibal, a Napoleon, or a Wellington. Let it be remembered, too, that the army he led was unpractised in continental warfare on the grand scale, and that he himself fell before he had acquired the facility of handling large masses, which experience only can confer. It cannot be said of the general, as of the poet, *nascitur, non fit.* He must have a natural aptitude for his business, but there is none which requires so long and arduous an apprenticeship. We shall, in opposition to this, be reminded of Narses, who in extreme old age stepped from the seraglio to the battle-field, and became a soldier and conqueror without practice, the worthy rival and successor of Belisarius; and of Napoleon, who at six and twenty, as if by inspiration, foiled the tactics of veterans, and swept custom and precedent before him by the force of a new system. But these are the rare and dazzling exceptions which by no means interfere with or overturn a general rule.

Sir John Moore was born at Glasgow on the 13th of November 1761. He was by birth the third, but, in consequence of the deaths of his two brothers in very early life, became the eldest son of Dr. John Moore, a physician of considerable eminence, and a moral writer, well known

and remembered in the literary world as the author of "A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy," "Medical Sketches," "The Causes and Progress of the French Revolution," and the three novels of "Zeluco," "Edward," and "Mordaunt." All these works enjoyed popularity and found many readers in their day, but they now slumber on neglected shelves, and are seldom disturbed. The travels have lost their interest with modern changes; "Edward" is too cold and formal for the class of readers (and their name is legion) who revel in the melo-dramatic excitement to be found in the pages of Alexandre Dumas, Eugéne Sue, and George Sand. But "Zeluco" is a powerful conception of human character, and a true illustrative example of Italian feelings and manners, as applicable now as when it was first written in the last century. Moore received his early education at the High School of Glasgow, a good nursery for classic acquirement, but not *par excellence* the most eligible for learning the rudiments of military science. Here, one of his companions was Thomas Munro, who afterwards became celebrated in India, in the Company's service, and, equally as soldier and legislator, carried high the rising fame of England on the Eastern continent.

Young Moore's temper was naturally hot, impetuous and untractable; but strong parental reproof and self-discipline taught him to subdue this infirmity, and he became in after life mild, generous, and forbearing in a remarkable degree. At eleven years of age he accompanied his father, who was selected to take charge of

the youthful Duke of Hamilton, during a tour and residence on the continent of Europe. They remained abroad nearly five years. Throughout this time, Moore, who had expressed a strong inclination for the army, to which his father made no opposition, applied himself closely to the study of mathematics and engineering, and acquired a perfect mastery of French, German, and Italian. The careful superintendence of his parent he ever acknowledged with the warmest filial gratitude. Nothing is so useful to a military aspirant as a knowledge of languages. He knows not when it may open to him the road to preferment. Let all young soldiers remember this, and not waste in barrack-yard idleness, in gambling or dissipation, the time which can never be recalled. Many a regimental officer without interest has obtained a staff situation, and with it patronage and promotion, because a linguist was wanting on an emergency, and he luckily stepped forward and was found competent. When Moore was only thirteen, he showed his father how he would attack Geneva, and pointed out the weak part of the fortifications. During the German tour he saw the great Prussian reviews at Berlin and Potsdam, under Frederic the Great, when 40,000 of the best disciplined troops in Europe went through the manœuvres of a complicated battle. Of the effect thus produced on his mind, his father wrote: "If Jack had hesitated about being a soldier, this glorious scene would have confirmed him." He says also, in another letter: "His face is of a manly beauty, his person is strong, and his figure very elegant. His mind begins to

form itself, and he shows a great deal of vivacity, tempered with good sense and benevolence. He is of a daring and intrepid temper, and of an obliging disposition." Such a promising adolescence was certain to expand with approaching manhood into the stately chieftain, whom the writer remembers to have looked on in his own boyhood with intense admiration, and who was never spoken of by those who were admitted to his intimacy except with respect and warm attachment. Moore was a man impossible to approach with undue familiarity, but affable, obliging, and friendly, where he reciprocated esteem, and habitually courteous to all beneath him in rank. Once, to a very young officer whom he had invited to dinner, and who came late, he said, with a reproving smile, "Young gentleman, do you carry a note-book in your pocket?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then out with it, and write down, 'never be late to dinner or parade,' and remember to whom you are indebted for this good advice."

At the age of fifteen he obtained, through the interest of the Duke of Argyle, his first commission, an ensigncy, or, as it is figuratively called, a pair of colours, in the 51st regiment. A short leave of absence was obtained to enable him to visit home; and early in 1777 he joined his battalion in Minorca. There was much drill and exercise in the garrison of Port Mahon, which from time to time was threatened with attack; and though the alarms evaporated in nothing, the officers learned their duty, and found more professional employment than Dublin or Edinburgh would have af-

forded them. But the American War of Independence was then at its height, and Moore strongly expressed his wishes to be transferred to that active scene. He was no feather-bed soldier, and he cared not how rough might be the arena in which to make himself a name. Chance favoured his desires. The Duke of Hamilton, with whom he had contracted a permanent intimacy during their travels on the continent, raised a regiment, in which he obtained for his young friend a lieutenancy, to which rank was added the additional duties of pay-master. Moore repaired forthwith to America, served with credit under Sir Henry Clinton during the remainder of the war, and on peace being proclaimed, in 1783, returned home a captain at two and twenty; when, his regiment being reduced, he was placed on half-pay. Shortly after, he was elected a Member of Parliament for four Scotch boroughs, under the Hamilton interest, but with the free exercise of his unfettered judgment. He attended the house regularly during several sessions, and listened to eloquence which never was exceeded even in the ages of Cicero and Demosthenes. Truly there were senatorial "giants in the land" in those brilliant days; but mere oratory has lost its charm, and is considered by the utilitarian statesmen of 1855 as an impediment to serious business. Such fulminating heroics as those indulged in by Burke and Sheridan at the trial of Warren Hastings would now be impatiently coughed down as waste of public time.

In 1788, Moore was appointed major of the 51st, then quartered in Cork. On a dispute arising with

Spain, Pitt, the prime minister, placed the regiment under orders for foreign service in South America. The commanding officer, a family man, had no desire to leave home, and having obtained leave to retire, Moore purchased the lieutenant-colonelcy. The corps had fallen into bad discipline, which he laboured strenuously to reform, and succeeded so completely that it became one of the most effective in the service. The Spanish quarrel evaporated in smoke, and the 51st in 1792 embarked for Gibraltar. In the December of the following year they were despatched, with the 50th, to reinforce the garrison of Toulon, where they remained until the close of the siege, and were next employed in the reduction of Corsica. Here Colonel Moore had many opportunities of distinguishing himself, particularly in the operations against St. Fiorenzo, Bastia, and Calvi, all of which fortresses fell successively into our hands. Sir Charles Stuart, the commanding general, soon discovered his abilities, and admitted him to the most confidential and friendly intercourse. Sir Charles was himself an excellent officer, and thoroughly understood his business. He it was who first suggested the idea that the real defence of Portugal against an invading enemy lay, not on the frontier, but in the strong ground in the neighbourhood of Lisbon; and from his original conception it has been said and believed that the genius of Wellington matured and executed the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras.

An appropriate anecdote furnishes a key to Sir Charles Stuart's character. During the siege of Calvi, he

slept every night in the trenches. Moore remonstrated with his superior against this unnecessary exposure. The reply was that he considered it the peculiar duty of the commander to examine personally the state of the breach, lest he should expose others to the fruitless danger of attempting a storm before it was practicable. The answer made a deep impression on the mind of him to whom it was addressed. On the 18th of July, 1794, Fort Mozello, an important outwork of Calvi, was carried by assault. Moore received a wound in the head from the fragment of a shell, which stunned him for a moment; but he speedily recovered, and mounted the breach with the foremost grenadiers. On the surrender of Calvi, Sir Charles Stuart gave up his share of the prize money, to be divided amongst the soldiers and widows of those who had fallen in the contest: an example of disinterested generosity which has been seldom paralleled, except indeed in the more eminent instance of the Marquis Wellesley, at Seringapatam, who appropriated a much larger sum, amounting to a competent fortune, to swell the portions of the gallant men who so ably executed what his genius had planned. On the departure of Sir James St. Clair, Stuart, as a mark of his high approbation, appointed Colonel Moore to the important office of adjutant-general. He himself, being as he thought unduly interfered with in his military plans by Sir Gilbert Elliot, the viceroy, resigned his command, and returned home, to the deep regret of all who had served under him. Moore also offended the viceroy, by associating with certain Corsicans whom he fancied to

be inimical to his government, and was removed from the island by a peremptory order obtained through the authority of the Secretary of State at home. Shortly after this, Paoli too was removed ; Sir Gilbert was driven out in turn, and a most valuable appanage was lost to England, and became incorporated with France in less time than had been occupied in the conquest. The mistakes of the executive authorities in power were discovered, as usual, when it was too late to retrieve them.

Moore, on his arrival in England, was received at first with some degree of stiffness by Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, to whom he first applied for redress, and more kindly by Mr. Dundas. His demand for a trial and investigation of his conduct they set aside as unnecessary, and, in proof that his military character was in no way affected, were ready to recommend him for employment if he wished. The Duke of York also warmly interfered in his behalf, from an honest conviction that he had been ill used. The result was, that he received the appointment of a brigadier-general on the staff of the West Indies, a promotion which amply satisfied him and atoned for his wrongs. On the 28th of February 1796, he sailed from Spithead, with his brigade, consisting of foreign corps in British pay, and forming part of a larger force under Sir Ralph Abercromby as commander-in-chief. As soon as they reached Barbadoes, Moore petitioned to be employed in the first active service, and was immediately engaged in the attack of the French island of St. Lucie. Here he became acquainted,

and acted in conjunction with, Brigadier Hope, who afterwards succeeded him in the command at Corunna, where he received his mortal wound. On the landing at St. Lucie, Moore carried the heights of Morne Chabot with determined gallantry, and followed his success by seizing on another commanding eminence equally important, the Morne de Chasseau, from whence the principal position of the enemy at Morne Fortuné was closely invested. Moore here evinced his unselfish zeal in a very remarkable manner. Finding that he could not render himself ubiquitous, or personally superintend all the complicated duties for which he was responsible, he signified to Sir Ralph's aide-de-camp that he wished General Knox to be appointed to assist him. Sir Ralph went up to Moore's post in astonishment, took him aside, and told him that he had never thought of sending any one to supersede him, and expressed surprise at his applying for a senior officer. To this Moore answered, "I have asked for another general because another is requisite for the numerous duties. I ventured to propose General Knox because he is a man of good sense, and an excellent officer; for it is of the utmost consequence that the service should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands." Sir Ralph yielded to this unanswerable argument; General Knox was put in orders on the following day, and he and Moore acted in perfect harmony. Such lessons deserve to be studied and applied. Moreau at Novi, although higher in rank than Joubert, served under his inferior, and saved the wreck of the French army after defeat. On the other hand, Ballas-

teros, by refusing to acknowledge the authority of Wellington at a critical moment, materially checked the advantages of the great victory at Salamanca. On the surrender of Morne Fortuné, General Moore was appointed Governor and Commandant of St. Lucie, and charged with the reduction of the remainder of the island; a very troublesome and arduous service, from which little glory was to be reaped, but much fatigue and sickness would certainly be endured. Moore accepted the office with great reluctance, as his anxious desires pointed to a continuance with the principal army destined for the capture of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Trinidad. During his command at St. Lucie he had some differences of opinion with Sir Ralph on points of discipline and the general system of the army; but each conceived a warm esteem for the other, and commenced a friendship, strengthened by closer intercourse in after years, and joint service in more extensive fields. Moore had nearly effected the complete tranquillisation of the island and rooted out the brigands and insurgent negroes, when his constitution sank under fatigue and climate, and the yellow fever reduced him to the verge of death. Sir Ralph, on learning his helpless state, recommended an immediate return to England. He landed in July, 1797, and soon recovered health and strength when restored to the comforts and attentions of his paternal home.

His next service was in Ireland, to which country he repaired before the close of the year. Domestic insurrection, fomented by republican emissaries, and

assisted by French invasion, was then hourly expected to explode. There is no duty to which he can be summoned so painful to the feelings of a true soldier as the suppression of intestine discord. To fight against the foreign enemy he considers a part of his daily routine, and goes to it as cheerfully as to his dinner; but he has no natural appetite for chastising misguided fellow-subjects, and would much rather teach them, by precept and example, to fight by his side, than compel them to loyalty at the point of the bayonet. The "misunderstandings" (as we have sometimes heard the rebellion of 1798 mildly called) between the people of Ireland and the government are not likely ever to happen again, in spite of demagogues, turbulent incendiaries, and ultra-revolutionists. If a veil could be drawn over the whole series of these events, the pages on which they are inscribed in the volume of history would scarcely be missed, and the rankling of many wounds would cease to be remembered. All that has been written on both sides is so misrepresented by party feeling, so exaggerated and distorted by prejudice, that the truth is not discoverable. Passing over detail, we know the result. After much bloodshed, many sanguinary contests and mutual cruelties, the rebellion was extinguished; the French sympathisers under Humbert surrendered at discretion, and Ireland became tranquil until the next convenient opportunity was created by a new generation of agitators, who wanted nothing but courage to emulate the example of their predecessors. During this deplorable civil war, Moore

discharged his duty with unflinching integrity, but without the bitterness of a political partisan. He was singularly fortunate in rescuing many prisoners from massacre at Wexford, and in saving that town from being laid in ashes. The despatches of General Lake, the commander-in-chief, bore repeated testimony to his merits, and assisted his promotion to the rank of major-general.

In 1799 the ministry determined to employ a large force in North Holland. Moore was attached to the advanced division under Sir Ralph Abercromby, which effected the landing at the Helder, on the 27th of August. It was a daring service, boldly performed; but the experienced eye of the general commanding detected some errors of detail, which he afterwards avoided in a similar operation on a more extensive scale at the commencement of the Egyptian campaign. On the 10th of September the English were attacked in their position at Krabbendam by the whole French army under Brune and Vaudamme, and vigorously repulsed the combined assault. The action was important, as it gave the troops confidence in themselves and their commanders; and the loss they inflicted on the enemy more than quadrupled their own. General Moore was slightly wounded in the hand. The same shot struck his spy-glass; the brass mounting turned the ball, which otherwise must have passed through his body. On the 13th, the Duke of York arrived and assumed the chief direction of affairs; the Russian contingent under D'Hermann also disembarked, and

with the British reinforcements swelled the army to something like 34,000 men. The means provided were adequate to the object in view. The French were less numerous, and there was no reason to doubt a successful issue to the expedition. Nevertheless it ended in a total failure, and produced much discredit to the arms of England. Brave men and good officers were there, but they combined badly together; the Russians proved intractable allies; the English and they, began soon to dislike and mistrust each other; the people of the country declared for the invading republicans in preference to the Stadtholder and the House of Orange; while a council of war, slung round the neck of the nominal leader, operated like a millstone, and prevented him from acting with rapidity, when everything depended on seizing time by the forelock. The French generals, though not of first-rate calibre, were old practitioners, accustomed to command armies, and free to act according to their own discretion. The Duke of York has been unjustly accused of having produced disaster by want of capacity for a very difficult and responsible position; but when the truth is clearly stated, we find that he was controlled, and had scarcely any power of exercising his own judgment. Whatever might be the measure of his ability to command an army in the field, he was not permitted to demonstrate it on this occasion. To the ministry therefore, and their delegated council of war, with whom rested the decision on all important questions, the blame of failure should be attached. Sir H. Bunbury, who served on

the Duke's personal staff, has distinctly stated, in a recent publication, that this same council decided on the plans of operation, on giving battle, on the advance or retreat of the army, and finally on the capitulation. There can be no doubt that Moore pondered deeply over the results of this campaign in his after years; for when convention was proposed to him at Corunna, he rejected the alternative with contempt, and extricated his army by a victory.

On the 19th of September, the Duke of York's council determined to fight a general action; accordingly the battle was delivered. The allies might have engaged with a great superiority of numbers, but they rendered that impossible by detaching Abercromby far to the left in the direction of Hoorn, with 10,000 men; at the same time his march and instructions were so arranged that it was impossible he could threaten or turn the right flank of the enemy, at the moment when the main body assailed their left and centre. Thus, one-third of the army was neutralised, which would otherwise have ensured an easy victory. The Russians rushed on like mad bull-dogs, were brought to a stand-still, beaten back in confusion, and their general taken prisoner. The English, who had advanced more steadily, were compelled to retire by the rout of their allies, and the battle was lost. Abercromby was hastily recalled, for his advice was immediately required, and Moore led back the column, which had marched all night and the following day to no purpose. It was his opinion that had they profited by Sir James Pulteney's

success in the centre, and attacked Alkmaar in co-operation with him, instead of being withdrawn to the lines, notwithstanding the discomfiture of the Russians, the defeat would have been turned into a victory. In this ill-planned and disastrous affair, the English sustained a loss of 50 officers and 1,000 men; the Russians suffered to the extent of 2,500. The enemy had fewer killed and wounded, but something like a trophy of victory remained in the hands of Sir James Pulteney's division, in the shape of more than 2,000 prisoners, principally Dutchmen. Everybody felt disappointed and disheartened; but British troops are not easily sickened of fighting. On the 2nd of October, they determined to try their fortune again; on this occasion the Russians were placed in the centre, Abercromby's division on the right, near the sea; Dundas and Pulteney on the left. The numbers were rather superior on the side of the allies, and a fierce battle ensued. Moore was wounded early by a shot in the thigh, but not disabled. Towards evening his horse was killed, and he was struck again by a ball, which entered the cheek, and came out behind his ear. He fell to the ground stunned, and felt for the moment as if the side of his head had been carried off, and doubted not but that he was mortally wounded. At this crisis, his men were giving way, the enemy advanced rapidly, and he was on the point of being left a prisoner in their hands, when an advanced line of Highlanders rescued him, and drove back the French reserve with heavy slaughter. The enemy made a desperate at-

tempt to recover two pieces of artillery, but were frustrated by a gallant charge of light dragoons led by Lord Paget. Throughout this action, the heaviest loss fell upon Moore's brigade, and the brave old Abercromby had two horses shot under him. When Brune found that his left was completely turned by the steady advance of Abercromby's division, and that he gained no advantages in other quarters, he withdrew slowly and sullenly from Egmont and Berghen. The Duke of York advanced to Alkmaar, a handsome and flourishing town, where he fixed his headquarters. The allies claimed this encounter of the 2nd of October as a victory, and it has generally been recorded as such; but Sir H. Bunbury says it was little more than a drawn battle, and that the results were more injurious to us than to the enemy. On the 6th, another action was fought, without any preconcerted plan, and of equally doubtful character. Leaving 10,000 men behind them, the allies then retired within the lines of the Zuype, where they were too strong to be attacked, and no danger was to be apprehended except from the discontent and negligence of the Russians. It appears strange that generals commanding 24,000 men, well posted, with supplies in abundance, and faced by an enemy not exceeding themselves in number or equipment, should have recourse to *capitulation.* Yet this was the measure recommended and adopted by the council of war, with very little delay. On the 8th and 9th of October they entered the lines, and on the 18th the convention was signed. Not more than seven weeks

had elapsed since the troops had disembarked triumphantly at the Helder, anticipating a speedy entry into Amsterdam. By the terms to which they submitted, it was agreed that Holland should be entirely evacuated by the 30th of November; the fortifications and guns of the Helder were to be restored without damage: no dykes were to be cut, no inundations made, and the British Government moreover became pledged to send back to France 8,000 of the prisoners of war then in England. The treaty, and the stipulations under which it was concluded, were, if possible, even more humiliating than those of Closter-Seven (in 1757), when 38,000 Hanoverians and Hessians laid down their arms, and were dispersed as a contemptible rabble.

Moore saw no more of the campaign after the 2nd of October. His severe wounds had completely disabled him. He was removed to his quarters ten miles in the rear, where he gradually recovered. His brother relates the following awkward incident, which in more than one similar case has proved fatal. "While he was confined to his bed, inflammation having spread around the wound through the check, the surgeons bathed the part with a strong solution of sugar of lead, and whey was recommended to him as a refreshing beverage. These two liquids were alike in colour, and his servant one day, instead of the whey, placed the lotion near his bedside; and when the General awoke from sleep, being thirsty, he took the basin which contained the poisonous solution and swallowed it. He instantly discovered the mistake he had committed, called for his friend An-

derson, who was in an adjoining room, and calmly told him what he had done; then, with that presence of mind which never forsook him, asked for a feathered pen he saw on the writing stand. Anderson gave it to him, and ran off for an oil cruet and water; by means of these he quickly threw the poison out of his stomach." *

Before Moore's wounds were entirely healed, he was appointed colonel of the 52nd Light Infantry; an honourable and a lucrative token that his services in Holland had received the royal approbation. His zeal and ambition were sharpened rather than abated, and he was eager for fresh opportunities. Several enterprises were planned by the ministers, in which he was to have been employed; but they all merged in the expedition to Egypt, after an abortive attempt on Cadiz, which was fortunately not persevered in, for signal loss and discomfiture would certainly have ensued. It was supposed that the French could not muster above thirteen thousand men for the defence of Egypt, whereas the result showed that they had more than double the number. But they were separated by distance, badly commanded, and had no confidence in their own leaders. Napoleon had left them, Desaix soon followed, and Klêber was cut of by an assassin. Fifteen thousand available troops under Abercromby were considered

* The celebrated actor Henderson was killed, at thirty-eight, by swallowing an embrocation, which his wife gave him in mistake, in place of a draught. The unfortunate woman was never made acquainted with the real cause of her husband's death. It was sufficient misery for her to be a widow, without knowing that she had occasioned her own privation.

sufficient for their expulsion; and with this force the operations commenced. General Hutchinson was second in command, but he was comparatively unknown, cold and ungracious in manner, unprepossessing in personal appearance, and little recommended by previous services. He was violent too in temper, but a good scholar, who had studied the theory of his profession, and a man of unquestionable courage. Sir Ralph had selected him to be his second, yet he put more confidence in the judgment and experience of Moore, and consulted him freely in all questions of doubt or difficulty. This Egyptian expedition is one that we remember with national pride, as it was the first that turned the current of public opinion in favour of British prowess, and evidenced what our soldiers were capable of achieving, when well commanded and in a fair field of combat. The fighting consisted principally of three sharp actions: the landing, on the 8th of March, in the bay of Aboukir, the engagement of the 13th, and the battle of Alexandria on the 21st. At two in the morning of the 8th, the troops selected for the landing stepped into the boats, but it was eight o'clock before the line was formed abreast in the appointed order, and then they pulled in, in steady array, towards the shore. As soon as they came within range, the enemy, posted on the sand-hills, opened with round and grape shot from fifteen pieces of cannon, and with terrible effect. Some boats were sunk, the men, closely packed, were killed or wounded in numbers as they sat motionless, and both seamen and soldiers replied only by loud hurrahs. As the boats touched the ground, vollies of musketry

received the disembarking occupants. Moore and Spencer, at the head of the 23rd and 28th regiments, were the first who jumped ashore, and, supported by four companies of the 40th, dashed up the steep ascent. They wasted no time in useless firing, but levelling their bayonets, pressed on to the summit of the ridges, driving the enemy before them and capturing four pieces of field artillery. Moore paused a few moments to give his men breath, and then, with a second and equally impetuous advance, rushed on until he found himself in a secure and commanding position. The troops on the left of his brigade were not slow in following the example of their comrades. The ground before them was less difficult of ascent, and the landing was triumphantly effected at all points, against a strongly posted enemy, supported by cavalry and artillery, and with a loss of little more than 700 men put *hors de combat*, including the casualties in the navy. The behaviour of all the troops was beyond all praise, but the storming of the steep hill on the right by Moore's brigade was long quoted as an unexampled exploit. In the actions of the 13th and 21st, the skill and gallantry of Moore were eminently conspicuous, and much of the glory and success acquired on the last day were due to his personal exertions. He was again wounded very severely in the leg, and lost two horses, but remained in the field until the action was entirely over. He was then conveyed on board ship, and for some time the necessity of amputation was apprehended, but he underwent severe surgical treatment,

and the limb was saved. Moore never again saw his respected chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was taken into another ship. When he heard of his death, though himself suffering from pain and sorrow, he made the following entry in his journal: — "Sir Ralph was a truly upright, honourable, and judicious man; his great sagacity, which had been pointed all his life to military matters, made him an excellent officer. The disadvantage he laboured under was being extremely short-sighted. He therefore stood in need of good executive generals under him. It was impossible, knowing him as I did, not to have the greatest respect and friendship for him. He had ever treated me with marked kindness. The only consolation I feel is, that his death has been nearly that which he himself wished; and his country, grateful to his memory, will hand down his name to posterity with the admiration it deserves." The concluding sentiments of this extract are exactly what passed in his own mind, with respect to himself, when mortally wounded, eight years later, on the field of Corunna. He said to Colonel Anderson (they were almost his last words): "You know that I have always wished to die in this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied."

All pens that have written of the victor of Alexandria have concurred in the same opinion of his exalted character. A recent sketch by Sir H. Bunbury makes us almost fancy that the brave old veteran is revived and standing before us. "When Mr. Dundas," says he, "selected him to lead, and sent him forward in command

of what was the muscle and sinew of our army (in the Dutch campaign of 1799), there were but two faults to be found with the selection. The general was a little too old for hard service, and he was extremely near-sighted. Allowing for these defects of nature, Abercromby was a noble chieftain, mild in manner, resolute in mind, frank, unassuming, just, inflexible in what he deemed to be right, valiant as the Cid, liberal and loyal as the prowest of Black Edward's knights. An honest, fearless, straightforward man; and withal sagacious and well skilled in his business as a soldier. As he looked out from under his thick, shaggy eyebrows, he gave one the idea of a very good-natured lion, and he was respected and beloved by all who served under his command."

Long before General Moore's wound was sufficiently healed to enable him to undertake active duty, he joined the army, which had advanced to Cairo. Here he found, to his utter surprise, that Belliard had capitulated without firing a shot, although he still numbered in his ranks 13,000 effective soldiers. After an examination of their position and resources, he considered the conduct of the French general very disgraceful. But they were all tired of the war and the country, and were yearning for home. Generals Hutchinson and Cradock having fallen sick, Moore, though scarcely convalescent, succeeded to the temporary command, and undertook the conduct of the French to the sea-coast. The task was difficult and delicate. The French were twice as numerous as the British, and by the terms of the capitulation they were

permitted to retain their arms and field-artillery. It was necessary to be on the alert against treachery or surprise. The horde of Turks, too, were difficult to restrain, and might have broken through the laws of war, and attempted the violence perpetrated by the tribes of Red Indians in Canada, when the garrison of Fort William Henry surrendered to Montcalm. On this occasion, no intercourse whatever was permitted between the soldiers of the different nations. The Turks moved in the van, the British in the centre, followed by the French column, the whole closed up by a rear guard of English and Mameluke cavalry. Such a motley line of march, extending for 200 miles, and occupying a fortnight, has seldom been witnessed in modern warfare. Yet there was neither difficulty nor disagreement. The French and English, as they partially intermingled in companionship at the halting places, showed no vindictive rivalry, but laughed and talked of their battles as opposing warriors are wont to do, when not absolutely standing to their arms in the ranks. Alexandria surrendered in September, when Menou obtained the same terms which had been accorded to Belliard. The last French soldier left Egypt, and the object of the English expedition was fully accomplished. General Moore obtained leave of absence, and reached home, very soon after the peace of Amiens had been concluded between Great Britain and France. It proved a hollow truce, the lull before the tempest, which soon burst forth again with redoubled fury.

The return of General Moore was opportune, and enabled him to close the eyes of his father, who had reached the verge of old age and was afflicted with an incurable malady. He died in 1802, in his seventy-second year. With the renewal of hostilities in 1803, came the threat of invasion, which roused the military ardour of Great Britain from the Land's End to the northern shore of Caithness. Camps were formed on the coast, and preparations made at every point where the landing of an enemy might be looked for. Moore, as might be expected from his reputation, was one of the first general officers called into requisition, and his advice was frequently asked and adopted by the Commander-in-Chief. A large camp was established at Shorncliffe, near Sandgate, where Moore commanded the advanced posts under Sir David Dundas. Here he instituted and superintended the light infantry system, beginning with his own regiment, the 52nd, thus forming the nucleus of the unrivalled division which not many years afterwards, in the Peninsula, excited equal admiration from friends and enemies. Perhaps, as a select body, they were never equalled in the field, in any national service either in ancient or modern history. The south coast was also studded with Martello towers, which soon became famous as a new discovery in fortification. These towers have often produced most destructive effects with apparently very limited means. Being small, solid, and circular, it was difficult to get into them, and as they generally stood on a commanding point, above the range of a man-of-war's broadside,

they were found to be unpleasant customers for even large ships to come in close contact with. The first with which we became acquainted, and which gave the name to the family, and furnished the model for many erected since, stood on Cape Martello in Corsica, not far from St. Fiorenzo. It was furnished with two guns, and had a garrison of one officer and thirty-six men, yet continued to keep the whole British fleet under Lord Hood at bay for a week. He ordered this contemptible looking enemy to be attacked by a line-of-battle ship and a frigate. The ships anchored within point-blank shot and cannonaded the tower; but the stone walls, round and thick, threw off the balls, and the guns swept the decks of the men-of-war, caused fearful havoc, and being loaded with red-hot shot, compelled them to shear off, to avoid being blown up. A land battery was then erected, and the tower, being hopeless of relief, finally surrendered. This happened in 1794. Another similar case occurred in 1806, twelve years later. Sir Sidney Smith, cruising off the coast of Naples in the Pompée, a splendid eighty-four, ran close in-shore at Point Licosa, and gave battle to an old round tower, with a single traversing gun mounted on the top. After blazing away broadside after broadside without effect, until he lost in this idle quixotism a lieutenant, two midshipmen, eight seamen killed, and thirty-four wounded, he hauled off, and concluded, as he ought to have begun, by manning the boats, which pulled in rapidly, and landed the crews with a party of marines, who got round behind; whereupon the bold

defender of the tower, followed by his garrison, ran towards them, waving a white handkerchief, and surrendered, with many apologies, saying he had long been anxious to desert to the British whenever an opportunity offered, and that he was very sorry for what had happened, which entirely arose from the mistake of not sending him a civil summons before the firing commenced. Lord Cochrane (now Earl of Dundonald), when in command of the Imperieuse frigate, destroyed many of these towers on the coast of the Mediterranean, by means of a new species of saucisson invented by himself, which the sailors familiarly denominated "Cochrane's pair of breeches."

When Moore was employed on the coast preparing for the reception of the invading armament, Pitt was not a minister; but being warden of the Cinque Ports, he raised two battalions of 1000 men each, able-bodied, well-trained recruits, and in Moore's district. He frequently rode over to Shorncliffe, where the general was encamped, who delighted in conversing with this great statesman, and in explaining to him all his plans and preparations for defence in case of a landing. On one of these occasions Pitt said to him, "Well, Moore, but as on the very first alarm of the enemy's approach, I shall march to aid you with my Cinque Port regiments, you have not told me where you will place us?" "Do you see," said Moore, "that hill? You and your men shall be drawn up on it, where you will make a most formidable appearance to the enemy, while I with the soldiers shall be fighting on

the beach." Pitt was exceedingly amused with this reply, and laughed heartily at the proposed disposition. Less effective auxiliaries have sometimes produced a decisive result. Belisarius in his last Bulgarian campaign had only 300 soldiers with which to oppose an army. He posted them in a narrow defile, a repetition of the ancient Thermopylæ, and placed the peasants of the district in different bodies, on the flanks and rear of the advancing enemy, instructing them to brandish their staves, the only weapons with which he was able to provide them, so as to deceive their foes both as to their own numbers and efficiency. The feint succeeded, and the Bulgarians, to the amount of 2000 picked cavalry, thinking they were surrounded in an ambuscade, ran away before 300 warriors. When 1400 French landed at Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, in 1797, Lord Cawdor confronted them with the Welsh militia, and drew up a number of old women in their red cloaks and men's hats, on an eminence in reserve. The enemy took panic at what appeared a second line of regular troops, and surrendered at discretion. The Tartar generals of the Chinese, in the late war, expected to frighten the British by the unusual clangor of knocking two swords together; but there the ingenious device failed of the intended effect.

The alarm of invasion subsided, and a large body of regular troops, collected for the defence of England, became available for other purposes; but our ministers had not yet paid sufficiently dear for the folly of frittering away the resources of the nation by striking half

blows, and undertaking distant enterprises without a just calculation of means. They always wanted to be "up and doing," but they never made sufficient preparations. In September 1804, General Moore received official notification that his majesty intended to confer on him the order of the Bath. He was diffident and retiring by nature, and cared little for titles, but he could not fail to be highly gratified by a distinction then sparingly bestowed, and which he had fairly won by hard service.

Hostilities with Spain had commenced in 1804, the first overt act being the capture of the treasure frigates, after a fierce action, by Commodore Graham Moore, the general's younger brother. Towards the end of the year, our government conceived the idea that by a sudden attack, the great Spanish arsenal of Ferrol might be taken, the fleet seized, and the dock-yard destroyed. The failure of the previous attempt in 1800 they attributed, perhaps justly, to the inefficiency of the commander. Seven thousand men were now intended for the business, and Moore was to direct them. There was a general impression that the place was weak and would soon fall. This opinion was corroborated by three admirals. Moore thought differently, and proposed to make a personal examination in a single frigate while the preparations proceeded. This was acceded to, and his brother's ship was appointed to convey him to Ferrol. He assumed a fictitious name, not wishing to be recognised. The Spaniards, through some channel, had heard of the threatened attack, and were hastily making great preparations for defence. Moore landed

with Admiral Cochrane and his brother, under the pretext of sporting, and reconnoitred the place from the same eminence to which Sir James Pulteney had advanced with the previous expedition; from thence they obtained a bird's-eye view of the city, harbour, arsenal, and batteries. While they were on the hill making their observations, a Spanish outpost, suspecting their errand, gave notice, and they had a hard run for safety before they could reach the boats. A midshipman and two sailors were made prisoners. Had Sir John and his companions been taken, as they were none of them in uniform, the consequences might have been singularly unpleasant. The reconnoissance was necessarily imperfect, but Moore and the admiral saw enough to convince them that the Spaniards were on the alert, and that Ferrol was too strong to be taken by a *coup de main*. This report was fortunately listened to, the projected attack was given up, and many valuable lives were preserved which, in all human probability, would have been uselessly sacrificed.

Moore's next service was in Sicily, whither he repaired in 1806, being appointed second in command under General Fox, who superseded Sir John Stuart, after his campaign in Calabria, and the victory of Maida. Fox was infirm in health, and not particularly eminent in reputation, but he happened to be brother to the prime minister for the moment, and owed his post to fraternal regard. He was also appointed ambassador to the court of Palermo, and thus united two very responsible functions, which under our legislation are seldom com-

bined. It has been said that Stuart and Moore mutually disliked each other, and that the former could not endure to serve under an officer of whom he was particularly jealous. Whatever might be his motive, he applied for leave to retire and went home to England. The executive command remained with Sir John Moore, as he was consulted by General Fox on all occasions, and on the increasing ill health of his superior, which produced recal, he was appointed to succeed him. In the meantime, the second disastrous expedition to Egypt occurred, with which Moore had nothing to do, either by advice or participation. It was ill planned, feebly executed, and ended in a disgraceful failure, after a considerable display of bad generalship and worse diplomacy. As if to keep pace with our efforts by land, the naval expedition of Sir John Duckworth to the Dardanelles and back, formed an equally inglorious and simultaneous accompaniment. During Sir John Moore's stay in Sicily, he exercised his usual activity of mind and body, visited every part of that fine island so filled with classical associations, and noted the most eligible points of defence. He fixed on Castro Giovanni, a central point elevated on a lofty hill, the site of the ancient Enna, for the stronghold of the British army, and the base of his operations, if an invading enemy should elude our fleets, and effect a landing in force. It would be difficult to select in the whole world a spot containing more natural advantages for the intended purpose. The writer was once stationed there with a detachment, and turns

back to that early period of his service, with a freshness of recollection uneffaced by the lapse of more than forty years.

The domestic intrigues of Queen Caroline of Naples, her personal profligacy and political double dealing, together with the want of talent and integrity in all the creatures, favourites, and dependents by whom she was surrounded, were utterly disgusting to the manly, straightforward perceptions of Sir John Moore, and he kept aloof from all intercourse with them as much as possible. He thought only of the duty he owed to his own sovereign and country, and looked upon their interest as paramount to all other considerations. At last, the Queen, in utter despair at the stipulations of the treaty of Tilsit, requested to see him, and poured forth her sorrows and complaints in a long and confidential interview. At parting she said, "Great pains have been taken to prejudice me against you, and not without effect: but your plain, frank manners have removed every unfavourable impression, and nothing shall induce me to think ill again; for I perceive, Monsieur Moore, that you are an upright man, who flatters nobody. You are a little reserved and do not give your confidence easily. I esteem you the more highly on that account." This unprincipled daughter of Maria Theresa, and sister of Marie Antoinette, has not wanted advocates, who have called her both amiable and clever. Impartial history must decide that she was as destitute of public capacity as of private virtue. Her husband was only a fool, while her want of talent

was united with at least an equal degree of moral turpitude. She hated the English in her heart, and was continually plotting against them, until Lord William Bentinck shipped her off to Trieste in 1813, from which moment she ceased to be capable of exercising political mischief.

On the dissolution of the Fox cabinet in 1807, Lord Castlereagh resumed the mismanagement of the military affairs of Great Britain, and continued to give repeated proofs of his incapacity, until the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren and his duel with Canning produced a saving interval by his forced resignation. Sir John Moore, with a considerable portion of the troops allocated to the defence of Sicily, were withdrawn, with the view of anticipating Napoleon in Portugal. But they were too late; the royal family of Braganza fled to Brazil, and Junot entered Lisbon as a conqueror, on the 30th November. On the day following, Moore, who had been delayed by a long and stormy passage, arrived at Gibraltar. When he found that the object for which he had been sent was frustrated by events beyond his personal control, he left two regiments at the Rock, and, according to his orders, sailed with the remainder to England. The King and the Duke of York approved of his conduct, but some members of the cabinet, influenced by misrepresentation, were induced to believe that he had treated the court of Sicily with unnecessary violence. He quickly vindicated his proceedings, and proved the falsehood of the charge. Lord Castlereagh declared himself fully satisfied, and promised him speedy

employment. During a short interval of four months, he remained in domestic retirement with his mother and sister, at a house in Surrey, purchased for them by his brother Graham. It does not appear that Sir John Moore ever contemplated matrimony, although some have said that he was attached, and even engaged, to the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope. There is no evidence of this, beyond a sentence when he was dying, addressed to one of his aides-de-camp: "Stanhope! Remember me to your sister."

In April 1808, our Government determined to send an army to assist the king of Sweden in his heroic opposition to Buonaparte. It was not then known or believed that Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth was irretrievably mad, and his subjects thoroughly sick of his fantastic vagaries. Eleven thousand men, with artillery in proportion, were despatched to Gottenberg, under the command of Sir John Moore, to co-operate with the Swedish monarch, but not to be subject to his control, and to act according to circumstances. As usual, information was deficient, and no specific plan could be previously arranged. The movement was intended as a diversion, and a very futile one it proved. These same diversions are sadly misnamed, or so christened in contradiction, as *lucus a non lucendo.* When the abortive attempt against Cadiz, in 1800, was in progress, and there was much sailing backwards and forwards, while orders and counter-orders succeeded each other in endless succession, old General O'Hara, who commanded at Gibraltar, became furiously enraged, and asked what all

this nonsense meant? "It is a diversion, general," was the answer given by a staff official to the blunt veteran. "*Diversion!*" he exclaimed, "'tis a *diversion* truly, for all Europe is laughing at you." When the English troops arrived at Gottenberg, to their utter amazement they were forbidden to land, and forced to remain cooped up in the crowded ships. A strange reception from a friendly ally! After much delay and correspondence, which led to nothing satisfactory, Moore, accompanied by Colonel Murray, repaired to Stockholm, and had an interview with the king. They found him totally impracticable, and the general's clear penetration had no difficulty in discovering at once his mental disease. Amongst other schemes equally feasible, his Swedish majesty proposed that Moore should land his detachment at Wibourg, and take St. Petersburgh. At a second audience, when this was objected to, the king said abruptly, "Of what use are you if you won't act?" Then followed a third interview, embracing a discussion upon the invasion of Norway, which proved even more unsatisfactory than the others; after which the royal lunatic declared that the English troops should not land at all in Sweden, and virtually arrested Moore by ordering him not to leave Stockholm without permission. To this outrage he was determined not to submit; and the British envoy, Mr. Thornton, having in vain interposed his authority by remonstrance, Moore escaped in a calash with a government courier, got safe to Gottenberg, went on board the admiral's ship, and immediately sailed for England with his attendant forces. The ca-

binet highly approved of all his proceedings. There was some little cavilling as to his withdrawing from the arrest after putting the affair into the hands of Mr. Thornton, but a great preponderance of opinion was with him; and the King, through the Duke of York, expressed entire satisfaction at his decisive conduct. But the same sapient ministers who had pronounced him uncourteous to the Queen of Naples, again censured him for not submitting to the idle humours of the Swedish monarch. Although the expedition to Gottenberg proved barren of consequences, it was not without a mark by which to be distinguished and remembered. During the absence of these troops, a decree had gone forth for the abolition of *pigtails* throughout the British army. It bore date the 24th of July, and was hailed with universal delight. Sir John Moore's contingent had no sooner arrived in the Downs on their return, than a signal was made for all hair-cutters to proceed to head-quarters. Cadell informs us that, "as soon as they had finished on board the head-quarter ship, the adjutant, Lieutenant Russell, proceeded with them and a pattern man to the other troop-ships. The tails were kept till all were docked, when, by a signal, the whole were hove overboard with three cheers." The general himself, long before, as far back as 1800, had been remarked for what was thought by his elders the unsoldierlike innovation of giving up the time-honoured powder and queue, and wearing a crop.

From the Downs, the regiments that had been sent

to Sweden went round to Portsmouth, and from thence were instructed to proceed to Portugal without even disembarking. Sir John Moore was ordered to accompany them, but found, to his mortification and disappointment, that it was intended to reduce him to the position of third in command, and to place over his head, Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard; two officers, his seniors in rank, but infinitely below him in services and reputation. He went, nevertheless, with the true spirit of a soldier resolved to do his duty; but before his departure, he expressed in the plainest possible terms to Lord Castlereagh his sense of the unhandsome treatment he had received. That minister, who, like Talleyrand, never lost his temper under any accusation, listened and said little in reply. The folly of superseding good generals by bad ones, soon evinced itself; but the mischief was done. Sir Arthur Wellesley opened the Peninsular glories at Vimiero by a brilliant overture; but Burrard and Dalrymple stepped in, and withered up his victory into a convention, in which, astute diplomacy recovered all that arms had lost. When we remember what was done and undone, who is there that does not echo the satiric lamentation of the poet, as he sings,

"And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!

Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where scorn her finger points through many a coming year." *

Sir John Moore, on his journey to Portsmouth, drove to the country house of his aged mother and sister, and took leave of them, perhaps with a foreboding that they should never meet again. He had hitherto survived wounds and dangers, but had no reason to suppose that he bore a charmed life. Three years before, Nelson had sailed from the same port, at nearly the same age, and returned no more. Moore arrived with the troops under his immediate command, after the battle of Vimiero, and the subsequent armistice. He had no share in these transactions, regretted that he had been sent, and bore frank testimony to the merits of Sir Arthur Wellesley. On this point he spoke without reserve to Sir Hugh Dalrymple, and wrote as follows in his journal: "Sir Arthur's views were certainly right; he seems to have conducted his operations with great ability, and they have been crowned with success. It is a pity that when so much had been thrown into his hands, he had not been allowed to complete the work." On this point, also, in a letter to his mother, he says, "Sir Arthur Wellesley is undoubtedly an excellent officer, and nothing is more to be regretted than that, after he had commenced operations, he should have been interfered with. It is particularly to be lamented that he was checked and superseded."

* Childe Harold, Canto I. Stanza 26.

Dalrymple, Burrard, and Wellesley, returned to England in September, to attend the court of inquiry; and Moore, considerably to his surprise, when he recollected his last conversation with Lord Castlereagh, found himself selected for the chief command of an army to be employed in Spain. The change was so extraordinary that at first he could scarcely believe it; but as the appointment was accompanied by a private letter from the war minister, couched in the most friendly and confidential terms, all past dissatisfaction vanished from his mind, and he set himself to his work with hearty good will. On the 6th of October, Sir John Moore received the official dispatch by virtue of which he assumed the direction of a force of 20,000 men, to be conducted to the north of Spain, to co-operate with the Spanish armies; and was further instructed that an additional 10,000, under Sir David Baird, were about to sail for Corunna, to form a junction with him at convenient time and opportunity. The season was very late for the commencement of an offensive campaign; but the British ministers, after their usual practice, were sanguine in proportion to their defective information as to the real state of affairs. The force of the French was diminished, that of the Spaniards magnified, and the enthusiasm of the nation at large was represented, and believed to be, unbounded.

At that time we were unused to continental operations on the grand scale, and our commissariat department was without experience. Henry IV. of

France had said, in a prophetic sentence which had been verified more than once, that Spain was the worst country in Europe to make war in, for that small armies would be beaten, and large ones starved. It required six years of the genius and fortune of Wellington to prove the possibility of an exception on both points. But the dictum, coming from such eminent military authority, was not very encouraging to any general about to enter on the hazardous experiment. Sir John Moore, on entering Spain, was allowed to exercise his own discretion as to whether he should advance through Portugal, or, embarking at Lisbon, carry his infantry round to Corunna, and there at once effect his junction with Sir David Baird. For sound reasons he decided on the land march, although three hundred miles lay before him, ere he could unite his scattered divisions, and another three hundred must be traversed to place him on the banks of the Ebro, where active operations were expected to commence. When Baird arrived at Corunna, the authorities at first refused to allow him to land, which occasioned a vexatious delay, and his military chest was empty. Moore supplied him with a paltry loan of 8000*l.* from his own store, amounting only to 25,000*l.* Such were the finances supplied by the English Government for a great undertaking which they had persuaded themselves would turn the tide of the war. But though niggardly in providing for their own army, towards the Spaniards they had pushed liberality to the extreme point of waste and profusion. Within twelve months there had been sent

over, to meet the exigencies of the patriots, 2,000,000*l.* in money; 150 pieces of field artillery; 42,000 rounds of ammunition; 200,000 muskets; 61,000 swords; 79,000 pikes; 23,000,000 ball cartridges; 6,000,000 leaden balls; 15,000 barrels of gunpowder; 92,000 suits of clothing; 356,000 sets of accoutrements and pouches; 310,000 pairs of shoes; 37,000 pairs of boots; 40,000 tents; 250,000 yards of cloth; 10,000 sets of camp equipage; 118,000 yards of linen; 50,000 great coats; 50,000 canteens; 54,000 havresacks, with a variety of miscellaneous stores far too numerous to be recapitulated.* It might be supposed that an army numerically equal to that of Xerxes was ready for action in one huge body, on a boundless plain, and waiting only to have the arms and munitions placed in their hands. Many of the soldiers in Moore's ranks were newly levied, and though a portion of the officers were experienced in warfare of a different kind, few had ever seen a regular campaign in the field, remote from a fleet to supply their wants. The army marched from the neighbourhood of Lisbon in three columns, moving by Alcantara, Abrantes, and Coimbra, in the direction of Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo. Readers of these transactions must be careful how they trust the statements of unmilitary authorities, however brilliant their imaginations, and whatever may be their skill in rounding off a telling period. Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon, has stated that Sir John Moore "sent 10,000 men, under Sir David Baird, by sea, to Corunna;" and

* See Jones's account of the war in Spain.

that "the general science of war, upon the most extended scale, seems to have been so little understood or practised by the English generals at this time, that instead of the country being carefully reconnoitred by officers of skill, the march of the army was arranged on such hasty and inaccurate information as could be collected *from the peasants. By their reports* General Moore was induced to divide his army." Sir W. Napier in the van, followed by a host of professional writers, has shown how completely these assertions are opposed to the fact. Sir David Baird was sent direct from England. Sir John Moore divided his army undoubtedly, and directed the artillery and cavalry, with an infantry escort of 3000 men, under General Hope, by a circuitous route, and upon information which afterwards proved inaccurate; but it was derived from the reports of competent staff-officers and engineers who were employed on that especial service. The greatest general that ever lived, and the most experienced, is liable to the same mistake, and its consequences.

As the troops moved through Spain, they were enthusiastically hailed in the different villages and towns, particularly at Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca, and their splendid appearance excited universal admiration. At the latter place Moore received accounts of Spanish defeats and French reinforcements, which ill accorded with the sanguine representations of Mr. Frère, the British envoy, who had succeeded Lord William Bentinck, and had already begun to mislead and torment

him. This well-intentioned, but short-sighted diplomatist, surrendered what judgment he possessed, to the treacherous Don Thomas Morla, and the intriguing emigrant, Colonel Charmilly. Moore had already contemplated the probable necessity of a retreat. Frère suggested that he should advance and raise the siege of Madrid; an undertaking about as practicable at that moment as the capture of Paris. The British minister even insulted the general to the extent of requesting that if his advice was not adopted, his precious emissary, Charmilly, should be examined before a council of war. This, being interpreted into plain English, meant that Moore was unfit for the command, and he, Frère, would relieve him from it. Diplomatic arrogance has seldom reached such an extravagant height. Moore was justly incensed, and peremptorily dismissed the offensive emigrant, not only from his presence, but from the British lines altogether. He found himself placed in a very awkward predicament; deceived by the ally he came to assist, and misled by false intelligence and pernicious counsel from the minister in whom he was ordered to confide. Nevertheless he determined to persevere while there was a chance, and to advance northward, so as, if possible, to relieve Madrid, by drawing on himself the attention of the enemy, and to afford time to Andalusia and the southern provinces to rise and organise their forces. As a diversion the plan was attended by full success; but again, erroneous information compromised his army, and nothing but his own promptitude saved it

from destruction. On the 20th of December the whole British force was united in the neighbourhood of Mayorga, in excellent order, and ready for any operation their general might command. The actual number present under arms scarcely amounted to 24,000 cavalry and infantry, with sixty pieces of artillery. At this precise moment, the Spanish armies had been scattered to the winds, and 100,000 men, under the personal direction of Napoleon, were rapidly advancing to surround and overwhelm the British. "Moore,' exclaimed the French Emperor, "is now the only general worthy to contend with me: I shall advance against him in person!" The English commander was then preparing to attack Soult on the Carrion. The operation was one of time, to draw the Emperor from the south; but as eventual retreat was certain, it behoved Sir John Moore to look warily about him before he ventured to strike. Napoleon was nearer than he imagined, and had Moore fought and won the projected battle, he would have been entrapped and his line of retreat inevitably cut off. He escaped from the snare, carried his army across the Esla, instead of the Carrion, and the mighty host of Napoleon arrived too late. The retreat through Galicia, during the severest portion of the winter season, with its difficulties and privations, has been so often described by eloquent pens that it would be superfluous here to renew the harrowing details. Moore drew up his forces at Lugo, and offered battle to Marshal Soult, but that wary commander determined on a safer game. On the morning of the

11th of January 1809, the British army, worn down by losses and fatigue, approached Corunna. They had gained several marches on the enemy, and reached their haven, but found that the fleet of transports, ordered round from Vigo, had not arrived. Fortune seemed determined to give them no advantage.

Moore placed his diminished forces in position, in front of the city. The cavalry being no longer serviceable, marched in and prepared to embark. Many of the horses were shot, to prevent their being left to the enemy, and the infantry were provided with new firelocks and fresh ammunition. They began to recover spirit and discipline at the prospect of fighting, but their numbers were too weak to occupy the most advantageous ground, which was abandoned to the enemy. On the 14th, the French began to show themselves in force, and on the evening of that day, the transports from Vigo hove in sight, and soon after entered the harbour. During the night, and early on the morning of the fifteenth, the dismounted cavalry, the sick, the best horses, and fifty-two pieces of artillery were embarked. Twelve light guns were retained on shore, in case an action should become necessary. In the course of the 15th, the army of Marshal Soult took up a position confronting the British, and established a battery on a rocky elevation towards their own left, which completely enfiladed the English line. Moore's infantry amounted to 14,500 men. Soult numbered nearly 20,000, with a great superiority in artillery, and a chosen body of cavalry, in which arm the English

were entirely unprovided. There appeared little chance of an unmolested embarkation, and affairs looked desperate, but no council of war was called. Several general officers, of acknowledged merit and tried firmness, ventured to suggest to the commander-in-chief that he should open negotiations with the enemy for leave to retire to his ships on terms. He rejected the degrading alternative without hesitation, and resolved to abide the hazard of battle, if forced upon him. In the meantime preparations were made to withdraw the troops in position, towards the evening of the 16th, and there can be little doubt that the movement, though difficult, would have been effected with success. On the 13th, Sir John Moore had forwarded his last despatch to Lord Castlereagh, by Brigadier-general Stewart, the state of whose eyes unfitted him for further service: in this he briefly stated the events that had occurred, and the critical position he was in; and concluded by saying, "When I have more leisure, I shall write more correctly. In the meantime, I rely on General Stewart for giving your lordship the information and details which I have omitted."

It was late on the 16th, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when General Hope gave notice that the enemy's line was getting under arms, and an immediate attack appeared to be in contemplation. It appears strange that Soult did not commence earlier in the day, since he resolved to fight, and the approaching darkness would certainly favour the retreat of the British, should they, as the French commander confidently expected,

be driven in under the walls of Corunna, and compelled to embark during the night. Moore, on the contrary, expressed to Colonel Graham his intense satisfaction, when convinced that Soult had made up his mind to assail him. He only regretted the lateness of the hour, lest daylight should fail before he could sufficiently profit by the victory he anticipated. The battle began, and was fiercely fought on both sides. The enemy occupied with great advantage a commanding eminence towards their left centre, from whence a formidable field battery enfiladed the greater portion of the English line. From this battery the shots were fired by which the British commander and his second were struck down. There was little manœuvring throughout this stubborn fight, beyond attack and resistance. The dispositions were simple; every body understood them: and the French, beaten on all points, fell back as night came on. Their loss amounted to between two and three thousand men. That of the English was never officially returned, but was estimated loosely at about eight hundred. Their arms were new, their ammunition fresh, and their fire more steady and destructive than that of their opponents. The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major-generals Lord William Bentinck, Manningham, and Leith, and the guards under Major-general Warde. These were specially commended in the official report. Major-general Hill and Colonel Catlin Crawford, with the brigades on the left, ably supported the advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the

4th, 42nd, 50th and 31st regiments, with parts of the brigade of guards, and the 28th. If the French had been closely pursued, as their left was turned by Paget's reserve, their ammunition exhausted, and the river Mero in full tide behind them, with only one bridge for retreat, it appears almost certain that their repulse might (as at Vimiero, if similar advantages had been seized on the instant,) have been converted into a most signal overthrow. But Sir John Moore was killed, his second in command, Sir David Baird, disabled by a severe wound, and General Hope, on whom the charge devolved, knowing that it had always been intended to embark during that night, withdrew the troops from the field of their victory, without difficulty or confusion. Hill's division, which covered the movement, followed on the 17th from the citadel, and Beresford, with the rear-guard and the wounded, were the last who departed, on the subsequent day. The transports sailed; and thus ended the first British campaign in the Spanish portion of the Peninsula. But the sufferings and casualties of that ill-fated army were not yet terminated. A violent tempest separated the fleet; some ships were lost in sight of their own shores; brave men were drowned who had escaped the storm of battle, and the troops landing at different points in scattered destitution, spread exaggerated reports of their own losses, and for a time infected the nation with the gloom of despondency. The writer, then a young lad, happened to be at Portsmouth, waiting for an opportunity to join his regiment in Sicily. As he stood on the beach, looking on the

worn aspect and tattered habiliments of the men as they landed, and noted the pallid features of the wounded, who were carried ashore in cots, he received an early and a lasting impression of the calamities of war, and learnt that his outwardly attractive profession embraced more painful features, and more serious duties, than wearing a laced uniform, manœuvring on a field day, or fluttering in feathers and embroidery at a banquet or a ball.

Sir John Moore received his mortal wound soon after the action commenced. A cannon shot lacerated his left shoulder and chest, while he was in earnest conversation with Captain (now Lord) Hardinge, and struck him to the ground. With the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he was placed in a blanket, and moved slowly to the rear. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; but he stopped him, and said with true soldierlike feelings, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me." He was conveyed to his quarters in Corunna, where he lingered for several hours in intense agony, but still retained his habitual calmness and presence of mind; spoke kindly to all who approached, declared his satisfaction at the defeat of the enemy, and yielded up his spirit with the firmness of a soldier, a hero, and a patriot. As he had expressed a wish to be laid where he fell, the rampart of the citadel of Corunna was chosen for his resting-place. A working party of the 9th regiment turned up the earth, and before dawn, his

remains, wrapped in a military cloak, were consigned to the grave by the officers of his staff. The burial service was read by torch-light, and the distant guns of the enemy formed an appropriate accompaniment.

Sir John Moore was a model for all soldiers, a thoroughly amiable and upright man, and, as a commander, entitled to take a high position. We cannot include him with the exalted cohort which embraces some dozen names of unapproachable superiority; but we may place him above many who have been more fortunate, and who never encountered the same difficulties. It has been said by competent judges that he shrank under responsibility, underrated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly over-estimated those of his adversary. The late Lord Londonderry, who knew him well, says, "The British army has produced some abler men; and many, in point of military talents, were and are quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps never could, boast of one more beloved, not by his personal friends alone, but by every individual that served under him." His brother and first biographer says, "I shall not venture to sum up the character of a relative whom I loved and honoured, as I should be suspected of exaggerating his virtues, and of palliating the failings which are inseparable from human nature. I may, however, notice that his familiar letters give clear testimony of the affectionate warmth of his heart; while the estimation in which he was held by the greatest and best men of the times

in which he lived, together with the confidence they reposed in him, are proofs of their conviction of his innocence, fortitude, and judgment."

Maxwell speaks of him thus (Victories of the British Armies): "In every private relation, Sir John Moore's character was perfect — and his professional career had always been distinguished. Of no man had higher hopes been formed, and hence, probably, more was expected by his country than either his means or his talents could effect. By one party he was unjustly censured, by another injudiciously praised; and, in this ferment of opinion, it is difficult to say whether his military reputation was most endangered by the obloquy of his enemies, or the overpraise of his friends." Let us now hear the great historian of the Peninsular War, Napier. "Thus," says he, "ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, his strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, adorned by a subtle, playful, wit, gave him in conversation, an ascendancy that he could well preserve by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness; and every important transaction in which he was engaged, increased his reputation for talent, and

confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead."

The writer of this notice once heard an officer of rank and experience discuss at full length, in a select company, the professional merits of Moore and Wellington, under both of whom he had served. He gave the palm to Moore; but he spoke while Wellington was yet Sir Arthur Wellesley, and a very false impression of the Vimiero campaign had obtained general currency. The comparison is out of all measure, and cannot be sustained for a moment. A national monument in St. Paul's Cathedral preserves the memory of Sir John Moore in England.* His native city of Glasgow has honoured him with a statue. Corunna presents a marble record, with an epitaph by the learned Parr; and Marshal Soult ordered the following inscription to be engraved upon a rock, near the spot where his adversary fell: —

* This monument, executed by Bacon, junr., at the cost of four thousand guineas, stands in a conspicuous position in the south transept. The design represents the deceased warrior in the act of being lowered into his grave by Valour and Victory, while a third figure, supposed to represent the Genius of Spain, is placing a standard of triumph in the tomb. The inscription runs thus: "Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B., who was born at Glasgow, in the year 1761. He fought for his country in America, in Corsica, in the East Indies, in Holland, Egypt, and Spain; and on the 16th of January, 1809, was slain by a cannon-ball, at Corunna."

"Hic cecidit Johannes Moore, Dux Exercitus,
In pugnâ Januarii xvi. 1809,
Contra Gallos, à Duce Dalmatiæ ductos."

The cavils of those critics who have loudly condemned Sir John Moore's campaign in Spain, but without looking below the surface of events, may be answered, and as we think silenced, by the joint testimonies in his favour, of Soult, Napoleon, and Wellington,—great names, and high authority. The passages have been quoted before (by Napier), but the repetition here is just and appropriate. "Sir John Moore," says the first, in a letter to Colonel Napier, "took every advantage that the country afforded to oppose an active and vigorous resistance, and he finished, by dying in a combat that must do credit to his memory." This is much from an enemy who sustained his first defeat at the hands of the general whose conduct he commends. Napoleon more than once affirmed, at Elba and St. Helena, that if Moore committed a few trifling errors, they were to be attributed to his peculiar situation, for that his talents and firmness alone had saved the English army from destruction. "In Sir John Moore's campaign," said the Duke of Wellington, "I can see but one error: when he advanced to Sahagun, he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent officers to the rear to mark and prepare the halting places for every brigade; but this opinion I have formed after long experience of war, and especially of the peculiarities of a Spanish war, which must

have been seen to be understood; finally, it is an opinion formed after the event." *

General Hope, on whom the command at Corunna devolved, in his official letter to Sir David Baird, describing the close of the action, speaks of his deceased friend and superior in a tone of touching eloquence. He says, "To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss his country and the army have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me; but it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the consolation of every one who loved and respected his manly character, that after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour, by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamations of victory; like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served."

We conclude our sketch of this distinguished officer, by copying the general order issued on the occasion of his death, by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and read on parade to every regiment in the service.

* See Napier's Peninsular War, vol. i.

It contains, at the same time a panegyric, a history, and a lesson.

"The benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander do not terminate at his death. His virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions.

"In this view, the Commander-in-chief, amidst the deep and universal regret which the death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore has occasioned, recals to the troops the military career of that illustrious officer for their instruction and imitation.

"Sir John Moore, from his youth, embraced the profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier. He felt that a perfect knowledge and an equal performance of the humble, but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundations for subsequent military fame; and his ardent mind, while it looked forward to those brilliant achievements for which it was formed, applied itself with energy and exemplary assiduity to the duties of that station.

"In the school of regimental duty he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others.

"Having risen to command, he signalised his name in the East Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt.

"The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch of his profession obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and he became the companion in arms of that illustrious officer, who fell at the head of his victorious troops, in an action which maintained our national superiority over the arms of France.

"Thus, Sir John Moore, at an early period, obtained, with general approbation, that conspicuous station in which he gloriously terminated his useful and honourable life.

"In a military character, obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any one point as a preferable subject for praise. It exhibits, however, one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and so important to the best interests of the service, that the Commander-in-chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation. *The life of Sir John Moore was spent amongst the troops.*

"During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and soldier; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him, *the post of honour;* and by his undaunted spirit, and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory.

"His country, the object of his latest solicitude, will rear a monument to his lamented memory; and the Commander-in-chief feels he is paying the best tribute

to his fame, by thus holding him forth as an example to the army.

"By order of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief, Horse Guards, 1st February 1809,
HARRY CALVERT, Adjutant General."

The fall of Moore at Corunna loses nothing in comparison with the closing scenes of Epaminondas and Gustavus of Sweden, on the fields of Mantinea and Lutzen. We can fancy the British general to have borne a close resemblance to Montrose, in person, manner, and character. Both were equally worthy of being classed with Plutarch's heroes: valiant as Miltiades, devoted as Leonidas, inflexible as Aristides, and disinterested as Phocion. When the body of Brasidas was borne home upon his shield, his mother, with true Spartan patriotism, rejoiced that he had died in his duty. The aged and widowed parent of Moore had less of the heroine and more of the woman in her gentle nature. Some months after his death, she wrote to her surviving daughter: "I am endeavouring, as far as I am able, to submit to the will of God, and to trust in his mercy that it is for my dear John's eternal happiness that he has been snatched from this world; but my feelings are too strong for my reason, and I cannot bring my mind to be reconciled to his loss." At seventy-five she was not yet permitted to die in her misery, and wondered at her own tenacity of life.

It has been sung in poetry, and repeated in chronicle, that Sir John Moore was buried without a coffin.* That

* "No useless coffin enclosed his breast." *Wolfe.*

he was not arrayed in the usual habiliments of the grave, and that his "martial cloak" was substituted for a shroud, are admitted facts: but a living officer of high rank, who was present, has been frequently heard to declare that the remains of the lamented general were certainly enclosed in a coffin. There does not seem to be any sound reason to suppose the contrary. He died in a fortified town, occupied by his own troops; artificers and materials could undoubtedly have been found, if required; and the funeral did not take place until several hours after his decease.

No. II.

SIR DAVID BAIRD.

"Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit." — Hor.

GENERAL SIR DAVID BAIRD, Bart., G.C.B., K.C.

Born 1757.—Died 1829.

Sir David Baird was ever considered pre-eminently a fighting general: one of those daring spirits with whom battle was the breath of their nostrils, and who were never so thoroughly happy as when within the smoke and smell of gunpowder. We do not mean to imply that he was deficient in knowledge of his profession or tactical ability, and was merely a "beau sabreur" (as Murat has been called); but the peculiar character of his services, and some daring acts of intrepidity when in an inferior grade, had won for him the reputation of an executive arm rather than a reflecting head. Hence, he was ever one of the most popular of leaders, either as a captain of grenadiers, a colonel of a regiment, or a chief of division; and whenever he was employed there arose a universal expectation that something dashing would be achieved. He has been called, like Bayard, a warrior without fear or reproach, intending no guile, and believing in no treachery. Throughout a long life he made many friends, and never lost the esteem that he had once acquired. He was not given to talk of his own services and exploits, and was ever ready to bear testimony to the deeds of others.

He thought he had been treated with neglect, and inadequately rewarded, but he rejoiced when his comrades were successful; and though his application for a peerage was passed over without the courtesy of an answer, he never was heard to insinuate that those preferred were not thoroughly deserving. Let us take a glance at his life and services, and see how far they justified his own and his friends' expectations.

David Baird, the fifth son of William Baird, Esq., of Newbyth, in Scotland, was born in his father's ancestral mansion, in December 1757. His father died when he was eight years old. He never evinced much disposition to study, and seemed to have been born a soldier. As soon as he had completed his fifteenth year, he obtained an ensigncy in the 2nd Regiment of Foot, and joined them at Gibraltar in 1773. Having succeeded to a lieutenancy in 1776, he returned home on leave of absence, and ten new regiments being raised in the year following, he was gazetted to a company in Lord Macleod's Highlanders, the celebrated 73rd (afterwards the 71st), which was raised at Elgin. On the 7th of March 1779, he embarked for Madras, and sailed with the fleet under Sir Edward Hughes. Nearly a year elapsed before they reached their destination; a slow and tedious transit, presenting an unfavourable contrast to the lightning-like velocity of modern locomotion. Soon after, the war broke out with Hyder Ali, who was assisted by a large force of European troops, commanded by an active, clever, French officer, Colonel Lally. The British authorities

fell into the mistake to which they are somewhat prone, of despising and undervaluing the strength of their enemy, and accordingly they suffered in consequence.

Captain Baird's first initiation into active service was a rough one; it took place at Perambaukum, on the 10th of September, 1780, where Colonel Baillie, marching with a detachment of three thousand men to effect a junction with Sir Hector Munro, was intercepted and attacked by Hyder and his son Tippoo, with an enormous army, supported by no less than seventy pieces of cannon. It appears to be admitted by all accounts, that notwithstanding the overwhelming superiority of numbers on the side of the enemy, the steady valour and discipline of the English would have won a splendid victory; but by an unlucky chance of war, two of their tumbrils exploded, and left them without ammunition and deprived of the services of their own artillery, at a critical moment, when the opposing forces, having been continually repulsed, were on the point of a general retreat. In this desperate extremity, Colonel Baillie, although severely wounded, formed his men into a square, received and drove back thirteen different attacks of cavalry, and sustained for more than an hour and a half a tremendous fire of cannon and rockets. At length, further resistance being hopeless, Baillie tied his handkerchief on his sword as a flag of truce, and ordered Captain Baird, who was now second in command, to cease firing. Hyder agreed to give quarter, and the British grounded their arms. The cavalry then, commanded by Tippoo Saib in person, rushed upon the

unarmed troops before they could recover themselves, and cut down every man within reach. In the Indian wars, as well of that period as in the recent ones, there is more hand-to-hand fighting and a wider scope for personal prowess, than usually occurs in European campaigns. The greater part of Baird's company were literally hewn to pieces, and he himself, having received two sabre wounds on his head, a ball in his thigh, and a pike-thrust in his arm, fell senseless to the ground. His life was saved by a miraculous interference of Providence; for the disabled prisoners were trampled down by elephants or abandoned at night to the ravages of tigers and jackals lured by the scent of human blood. Hyder retreated after the action, to escape pursuit from Munro, to collect his living captives, and to distribute rewards for the heads of the slain. But where was Sir Hector Munro and his army during this sad catastrophe? Within sound of the firing. Why then did he not march at once in that direction to the relief of his surrounded comrades? As the clown says in Hamlet, when a puzzling question is put to him by his superior, "Mass! I cannot tell." To descant on these matters belongs more to general history than personal biography. It suffices to observe that Sir Hector faced to the right about and fled panic-stricken even to Madras, compelling brave and reluctant men to accompany him, although he commanded a much larger force than that with which Clive at Plassey, and Wellesley at Assaye, founded and confirmed an empire. So much does the result of war depend on individual character. When Baird resumed

consciousness on the fatal field of Perambaukum, he awoke to the full horrors of his situation, and found himself stripped and deserted amidst a pyramid of dead bodies. For some time he remained alone, but at length discovered a serjeant and private of his own company, living and wounded like himself. They raised him from the ground and gave him water, a luxury which none can fully appreciate but those who have been in a similar situation. They then crawled forward, hoping to reach the encampment of Sir Hector Munro, and not calculating on his retreating tactics. They saw nothing but small bodies of the enemy's troops in every direction, and apparently in perfect security, as if no foe was near them. Escape appeared impossible; accordingly they laid themselves down in hopeless resignation under a large tree, where Baird, in spite of mental and bodily suffering, slept soundly for many hours. Strange anomaly in the physical composition of man! Few repose more calmly than criminals on the night before execution, and the Indian has been known to sleep at the stake between the intervals of torture.

Captain Baird and his companions resolved to seek the French camp, and surrender themselves to a civilised in preference to a barbarous enemy. In this attempt they succeeded, and met with the reception which the soldiers of that gallant nation are ever ready to accord to brave opponents. But all prisoners were peremptorily ordered by Hyder to be delivered over to himself; remonstrance or interference was useless, they were sent under a guard, and given up to the tender

mercies of the tyrant of Mysore. After much suffering and marching with the army, Baird was transferred with others to a dungeon in Seringapatam, little anticipating that eighteen years later the shifting turns of fortune's wheel would place him a conqueror in possession of the fortress which he now entered as a helpless captive. Here, for the long space of three years and eight months, he endured all the horrors which want of air, starvation, manacles, infectious disease, neglected wounds, and the hourly apprehension of secret murder, could accumulate, to break down an intrepid heart and an iron constitution. But he sustained them all with unflinching firmness. Many of the prisoners died, and the survivors were finally released on the death of Hyder Ali, and the conclusion of peace with his son and successor, Tippoo. On their irons being knocked off, they had been so accustomed to those impediments, that it was a long time before they could sufficiently recover the use of their limbs to walk freely without them. When accounts reached England of the sufferings and indignities to which the captive officers were exposed, it was stated that they were fastened together, two and two, like wild beasts in a cage. When this was related to Baird's mother, the good old lady lifted up her hands and ejaculated, "The Lord help the puir chiel that's chained to our Davie!" She knew his temperament, and guessed his impatience under such loathsome restraint.

When Captain Baird rejoined his regiment at Madras, he was greeted with warm friendship and affection by

his brother officers; but he found, to his surprise and bitter mortification, that during his involuntary absence, a junior captain from the half-pay, Lord William Murray, had been recommended over his head for the majority, which was supposed to be vacant. A very unexpected return for his services and sufferings! The officers had remonstrated against this injustice, in a memorial to the secretary of state, before he returned amongst them; and it is pleasing to record, that the appeal was listened to, and the intended favouritism set aside. In 1787 he succeeded to the majority, in due course, and obtained leave of absence to return to Europe. While at home with his friends, an opportunity arose by which he was enabled to purchase the lieutenant-colonelcy of his corps, now numbered as the 71st; but he again encountered difficulty and opposition, which produced considerable delay before his object was accomplished. The interval of a few days only led to the accident of Lord Cavan, Lord Ludlow, and Sir John Moore being gazetted before him. He thus became their junior, and when he afterwards met these officers in Egypt and Spain, served under instead of commanding them. So slight are the causes that sometimes influence the destinies of men. In 1791 Colonel Baird returned to India, and on landing at Madras, found his regiment already in the field under Lord Cornwallis: he immediately proceeded to head-quarters, and was nominated to the command of a brigade of Sepoys. In this capacity he commenced his first campaign against Tippoo. At this time the Mahrattas

were our friends, and acting in close alliance with us against the Sultan of Mysore. Colonel Baird was present with his brigade, and bore an active share in the storming of the strong hill-forts of Nundy Droog and Savendroog; at the engagement in front of Seringapatam on the 6th February, 1792, and at the first siege of that renowned fortress, which was on the point of being carried by assault, and thus would have anticipated and rendered unnecessary the more celebrated feat of arms of 1799. But Tippoo offered to treat at the last moment, and submitted to terms, by which he purchased the safety of his capital, and gave up half his kingdom. The disappointment and consequent dejection of the troops exceeded all bounds; for the conquest was certain, the enemy was completely at their mercy, and they already began to calculate the rupees and pagodas. One of the stipulations was the surrender of Tippoo's two eldest sons as hostages. This was carried out with a stately ceremony, which has furnished the subject of an interesting painting. In this war Tippoo lost fifty thousand men, eight hundred guns, and sixty-seven forts, and paid down cash to reimburse the victors to the amount of three millions sterling. But he was still a sovereign, and his appetite for fighting was only checked for the moment, as he fully proved on the next occasion.

In 1793, the Indian Government determined on the capture of Pondicherry, and Colonel Baird was then appointed to the command of a European brigade; but the garrison were found to be in open mutiny, and the

place surrendered without resistance. He then proceeded to Tanjore, where for a short time he exercised the duties of civil resident, as well as those of military chief; but this amalgamation not suiting the system of the Company, he was superseded in the first capacity by a "political," who kept him in perpetual hot water, involved him in a carte and tierce correspondence with the Madras officials, and finally obtained his removal. Colonel Baird, being then stationed at Wallajahbad, devoted himself entirely to the discipline and internal economy of the 71st, which he brought to such perfection as to elicit a general order of the most complimentary character from General Sir Alured Clarke. Not long after, this distinguished compliment was counterbalanced by a most unexpected mortification. Instructions were transmitted to him to break up his regiment, to draft the men fitted for service into the 73rd and 74th, and to proceed within four days to Madras, with the colours, officers, non-commissioned officers, band, and drummers. No reason was assigned for this: military authorities order, but seldom condescend to argue. The soldier's duty is to listen and obey. Baird had been in the 71st from the day it was raised. After long service he had risen to the command, and during the six or seven years that he held that office had carried out the system which caused his corps to be quoted as a model. The scene which ensued resembled the parting of brothers, but Baird stifled all emotion, and simply said to his tried comrades, "My poor fellows, not a word,—there is the order, it must be obeyed." This harsh, arbitrary

custom of transferring the effective men from one regiment to another in India, without their consent, is now abolished; and for this act of justice the veteran soldier is indebted to one who was ever called, and proved himself, his true friend — the late Duke of York.

Colonel Baird felt that he had been ill-treated and was unpopular with the local government; but an expedition against Manilla was then in contemplation, and as he always wished to be in the field, he would have preferred remaining in India. The warlike demonstrations ended in nothing; he embarked with the skeleton of his regiment, as it is technically called*, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in December, 1797, on his homeward voyage. Here he received an unexpected offer from Lord Macartney, the governor of the colony, without the slightest solicitation on his part, to remain there with the rank and command of brigadier-general. This offer he accepted, and it was fortunate for him that he did so. Two strong, but young regiments, the 86th, and the Scotch brigade, were placed under his charge, and he soon rendered them as effective as any in the army list. Tippoo was restless, and, hating the English, began to intrigue again, and put himself in communication with the French at Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon, from whom he formed the most extravagant and ill-founded notions of support in case he struck

* "Who are you?" once said the general commanding at Portsmouth to a very fat sergeant, who presented himself to report his return from Jamaica, as the only survivor of his battalion. "Please, your honour," replied the Falstaff, "I am the *skeleton* of the 13th regiment."

another blow for the recovery of his lost ascendancy. Lord Mornington, afterwards Marquess Wellesley, penetrated his schemes, resolved to be beforehand with him, and was equally determined that this opportunity should be his last. On his way out he touched at the Cape, and derived from General Baird much valuable information respecting the political state of India when he quitted that country.

Towards the end of 1798, Baird received the welcome intelligence that he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, accompanied by orders to rejoin the army in India. A new war was on the point of breaking out, and additional distinction appeared to be courting him. Early in January, 1799, he arrived at Madras, and found the preparations in great forwardness, instigated by the presence of the Governor-General, who had come from Calcutta to expedite matters, and to be close to the expected scene of action. The army destined for the subjection of Tippoo was placed under the command of Lieutenant-General Harris, with head-quarters at Vellore. General Baird was ordered to take charge of the first European brigade, but found his inferior in rank, Colonel Wellesley, appointed to the leadership of a strong division. He remonstrated against this, but without effect. In his letter, he says, with apparent reason, "It must appear extraordinary to every one that a major-general, sent out expressly by his Majesty to serve on the staff in India (without any application on his part), should remain in command of three battalions, while a lieutenant-colonel serving in

the same army is placed at the head of seven or rather thirteen corps." The ostensible motive assigned was, that Meer Allum, the Nizam's son, expressly requested that his contingent should be commanded by the brother of the Governor-General. The reason, good or bad, was found to be sufficient. The whole force employed amounted to 31,000 men, and 6000 of the Nizam's cavalry, supported by auxiliary bodies. Tippoo's affairs assumed a very gloomy aspect, but it was certain that he would fight desperately in proportion as his case was hopeless. In addition to other difficulties, his exchequer began to deline, and disunion manifested itself in his councils. However, he took the initiative, crossed his own frontier, attacked the Bombay army under General Stuart, and sustained a damaging defeat. This was followed by a second repulse at Mallavelly, in which Baird's brigade were engaged, and by the 4th of April Seringapatam was closely invested. Then occurred the well known affair of the Sultaunpettah Tope, about which so much has been said and written, with the usual share of misrepresentation to suit the bias of parties. The matter, trifling in itself, has obtained notoriety from circumstances. The following we believe to be a correct statement of the truth, extracted from the best authorities: — A tope is a small wood or thicket. This particular one being a second time occupied by the enemy, and affording a convenient cover, General Harris ordered the 33rd regiment under Colonel Wellesley to expel them. The attack was made in the darkness of night; the enemy opened a

heavy fire of musquetry and rockets; the assailants fell into disorder and retreated, having lost several killed, and leaving behind twelve grenadiers prisoners, who were afterwards cruelly murdered, by holding them, and twisting their heads forcibly round until their necks were broken. Colonel Wellesley, who, with Captain Mackenzie of the light company, was leading the column, finding themselves deserted by their men, retired and endeavoured to regain the division. In the intense darkness they lost their way, and, after wandering through strange ground for several hours, reached the camp alone. Colonel Wellesley then with deep mortification proceeded to head-quarters to report what had happened; but finding that General Harris was not yet awake, he threw himself in his full accoutrements on the table of the dinner tent, and, worn out with fatigue and anxiety of mind, fell asleep. Until he roused himself it was unknown where he was, or what had become of him. In the meantime, General Harris ordered another detachment to be formed, consisting of the 94th regiment, two battalions of sepoys, and five guns, to make a fresh attempt upon the tope. Colonel Wellesley was again to command. As the 94th formed part of General Baird's brigade, he accompanied it to the parade, where he found General Harris walking about. All was ready, but Colonel Wellesley had not yet appeared. Harris became impatient, and ordered Baird to lead. He mounted his horse and called his aide-de-camp, but a generous feeling induced him to pause, and turning back to General Harris, he said,

"Sir, don't you think it would be but fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last night?" The General listened to this kind and considerate proposal: Colonel Wellesley appeared at the critical moment, put himself at the head of the party, and carried the tope in gallant style.

This early failure, so promptly retrieved when the opportunity offered, detracts nothing from the abilities or glorious after-career of the Duke of Wellington. Frederick of Prussia is not the less a great general, although in his first essay at Molwitz his genius slumbered, and he suffered his marshals, Schwerin and Kalkreuth, to win the battle for him. Murat once hesitated, and Lannes was seen to turn pale. But the frank generosity of Baird, in affording the opportunity to a rival which a natural jealousy might have withheld, is worthy of the warmest commendation. He was not fond of discussing the subject, but the true particulars occurred publicly on parade, and were too well known to be concealed or successfully mis-stated. After much fruitless negotiation, during which the siege works were actively pressed, the breach in the walls of Seringapatam was reported to be nearly practicable on the 3rd of May. General Baird volunteered his services to command the storming party, and the following day was named for the assault. The enemy placed many guns with a power of concentrated fire, round the indicated point of attack, which induced Baird to suggest to Colonel Agnew, the deputy adjutant-general, the advantage of an additional twenty-four hours' firing, to

clear away the defences, and thereby diminish the probable loss of life. Colonel Agnew replied, "If *you* knew our actual situation as well as *I* do, you would not think so. We have but two days' rice in the camp for the fighting men, and if we do not finish the business to-morrow, we must go." "I am answered, Sir," said General Baird; "either we succeed to-morrow, or you will never see me more."

The troops employed in the actual assault amounted to four thousand five hundred men, of which more than half were Europeans. The day was the 4th of May, the time, one hour after noon. The enemy were then expected to be reposing after their usual meal, and to be thrown off their guard. All arrangements being complete, General Baird stepped out of the trenches, and drawing his sword, exclaimed to the men, in the most gallant and animated manner, "Now, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers." An eye-witness says, "he led them forward with a cool, steady intrepidity, as if he bore a charmed life," while the shot fell around him in every direction like hail. The storming of Seringapatam, perpetuated by the pencil of Loutherbourg, enjoyed its full "tithe of talk," and was for a long time the "lion" of British achievement, until eclipsed by the greater glories of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian. It was nevertheless a gallant deed of arms, well planned and bravely executed. Tippoo fell in the breach with many wounds, more hardy than Moolraj of Mooltan, who, a murderer like himself, quailed and was admitted

to mercy. Above eight thousand of the Sultan's troops shared his fate, while the total loss of the Anglo-Indian army during the siege and assault amounted to sixteen hundred. We can fancy what must have been the feelings of General Baird when he found himself lodged as a conqueror in the palace, and not many paces from the spot where he had endured the horrors of a long and dismal imprisonment. Such strange retribution has seldom occurred in the career of an English general officer. But he was not permitted long to enjoy his conquest. He naturally expected to be appointed governor of the fortress he had taken, and began to employ himself vigorously in repressing plunder and restoring tranquillity; when Colonel Wellesley arrived with an order from General Harris to Baird to deliver over to *him* the command of Seringapatam on the very day following the assault. To use the expressive words of Baird himself, "before the sweat was dry on his brow, he was superseded by an inferior officer." Deep was his indignation, as may be supposed, but still it partook of no personal hostility towards the man who seemed destined to be his more favoured competitor. He always rendered full justice to his merits, and confidently anticipated his future exaltation. General Harris had issued a general order of thanks to the troops engaged in the storm before he received Baird's report. The consequence of this was, that several of the most prominent officers remained unnoticed. The awkward supplement then became necessary, in which the omissions were rectified. But Baird was not a man to sit

own quietly under the gross injustice that had been perpetrated in his own case. Accordingly he betook himself to his pen, and remonstrated with the commander-in-chief on the treatment he had received in not being permitted at least to deliver up to his superior, in the palace he had taken, the keys of Seringapatam. In this letter he went into many details, and wound it up by requesting that a copy might be forwarded to the Duke of York for the information of his Majesty. The style in which he wrote was manly and straightforward; but there was nothing contrary to the rules of the service, no strain of personal offence, and not a line that the strict laws of subordination did not fully justify. The official answer informed him that his letter was highly improper, including want of discretion and respect. That the Commander-in-chief was of opinion that an officer who thinks himself authorised to remonstrate with his immediate superior, can never be usefully employed under his command; and that if he continued to hold sentiments so opposite to the principles of obedience, he had permission to resign and proceed by the first safe conveyance to Fort St. George. This produced a second remonstrance from Baird, and a still more angry rejoinder from General Harris, with a desire that correspondence on the subject might there cease. All the letters are given at length, and fully commented on, in the Life of Sir David Baird, by the late Theodore Hook, written and published in 1832. While these disagreeable missives were in progress, the Prize Committee requested the Commander-in-chief to

present to General Baird in their name the sabre of Tippoo, as a trophy to which he was entitled by a superiority of claim; and General Harris "had the pleasure" of performing this duty in his own tent, and in presence of all the leaders of the army. The field officers, too, who had served under his command at the assault, conferred on him a similar distinction by the gift of a sword, valued at three hundred guineas, communicated through Colonel Sherbroke. The Governor-general, who had been created Marquess Wellesley, also honoured him with a letter of the warmest eulogium, and offered to recommend him either to the Company for a pension, or to the King for the Order of the Bath. As might be expected, he selected the honour in preference to the income; but the offer evaporated in words, and for many years he obtained neither. In the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, he was specially named, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Dundas, made his services the theme of a particular commendation.

When the war in the Mysore ended, for which General Harris was raised to the peerage, Baird received the command at Dinapore, in the Bengal Presidency. He accepted this for the simple reason that he could obtain no other. At the commencement of February, 1801, a force was assembled at Trincomalee for the intended capture of the islands of Java and Mauritius. Baird was instructed to repair to the point of union, and to take command of the expedition; but he did not obtain this appointment without a struggle, and some animated

controversy with the Governor-General, who would have baffled him if he could. On this occasion Colonel Wellesley submitted to be second in command. Batavia was to be first reduced, where Baird was to remain as Lieutenant-Governor, while Wellesley, with as many troops as could be spared, proceeded against Mauritius. Inflamed reports had continually been propagated of the strength of the latter place, and the large armament its conquest would require. The instructions were very clear, and all possible contingencies minutely provided for. Ample funds were allotted, and the whole undertaking assumed a most promising aspect. General Baird embarked on the 5th of February on board the "Phœnix," and all was ready for departure. On the 6th, Lord Wellesley received a letter from the foreign secretary at home, directing him to send a force to the Red Sea, to co-operate with Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the explusion of the French from Egypt. This had also been one of his own schemes, and to this the projected attempt against Java and the Isle of France was now diverted. To General Baird it was of little moment where he was to be employed, provided the direction led him against the public enemy. Colonel Wellesley was still to accompany him as second in command in this more distant and difficult enterprise; and the Governor-General, as if thinking there might be some coldness between them from previous events, earnestly recommended to Baird the most perfect confidence. His answer contains this characteristic passage: "It is unnecessary for me to assure your Lord-

ship that the talents of your brother, as well as of every officer in the army, shall have full scope. Trust me, my Lord, I harbour no little jealousy—all in my breast is zeal for my king and country."

After much delay and many contrarieties arising from misconstruction of orders, the expedition, sailing from different points, united at Bombay on the 3rd of April. Colonel Wellesley was here seized with a return of intermitting fever, which had previously attacked him at Trincomalee, and became so seriously ill that he was compelled to remain behind.* General Baird embarked without him on the 6th, and entered on an expedition such as has been rarely attempted at any period of history. On the 25th of April he reached Mocha, and, after some delay, proceeded thence to Jeddah. He would have taken his whole force to Suez and landed there, which would have most materially diminished the length and labour of the march across the desert to Cairo, but the season was too late, and the means of naval transport insufficient. On the 26th of May he embarked in Sir Home Popham's ship, the "Romney," and sailed for Kosseir; at which place he arrived on the 8th of June. The winds in the Red Sea blow six months from the north and six from the south. They are thus tolerably favourable for crossing at all times; but for a passage up or down, the season must be studied. On the 15th Admiral Blankett arrived, and was the bearer of a despatch from General Hutchinson,

* It is remarkable that the "Susannah," the ship in which he was to have sailed, was lost on the passage.

who had succeeded Sir Ralph Abercrombie, which informed Baird of the exact state of affairs in Egypt, and urged him to move forward towards Cairo and endeavour to effect his junction with the Grand Vizier. On the 30th of June he began his march, his force consisting of about 5000 fighting men, with attendant lascars and camp followers. The supply of camels was very scanty; and for a march across the desert of one hundred and twenty miles, before they could reach the Nile, there was no water but what could be carried or obtained by digging, with no certain information as to the most eligible places. Soon after the general arrived at Kosseir, and while he was reconnoitring the country in the neighbourhood, attended by his staff, he observed that the Arabs who accompanied them as guides invariably galloped away at some period of the day until they were out of sight, and after a certain space of time reappeared in their places. Convinced that these men must have some specific object in their regular movements, he, one day, without communicating his intentions to any of the officers, the moment he saw them dart away in their accustomed manner, dashed after them, and being himself mounted on a fleet Arab horse, succeeded in coming up with them just as they were assembled round some wells which they had dug in the sand. Taken by surprise, they seemed extremely anxious to conceal their resources, and actually began to fill up the wells on the general's approach. Upon this discovery, it is stated in Hook's Life of Sir David that he founded his successful plan of digging for water in

the desert. When the march once commenced, the object was to press on as quickly as possible; but from fifteen to twenty miles a day would be the utmost, even under the most favourable circumstances, that could be accomplished. Either as to the movements of the enemy, the Grand Vizier, or General Hutchinson, Baird's information was so vague and contradictory, that it behoved him to look well in advance, and on all sides, at every step that he moved. There was also hostility, disaffection, or treachery to be apprehended from the Beys of Upper Egypt, who had given ample proof that they were not to be depended on. The country through which the troops had to move was literally a desert, without vegetation or animal life. The greatest suffering arose from thirst, to alleviate which every man was instructed to carry a small pebble in his mouth; and puerile as the expedient may appear, it kept the tongue moist and proved generally successful. There were also the local grievances of dysentery, ophthalmia, and plague.

On arriving at Ghennah, Baird, who had received from Admiral Blankett, through a very circuitous route, intelligence that the French Governor of Cairo had capitulated, despatched an aide-de-camp down the Nile, to open, if possible, a communication with General Hutchinson, so as to regulate his own future proceedings. He thought there was no longer occasion for his reinforcement remaining in Egypt, and would very gladly have returned to India. In reply, he received a letter from Hutchinson, dated the 10th of July, in

which he expressed his opinion that although Belliard had surrendered at Cairo, he now would defend himself obstinately at Alexandria; and consequently that the co-operation of Baird's division might be of the greatest consequence. The mode he suggested for the advance was by taking forcible possession of boats, if necessary, and coming down the Nile. Baird had brought his troops to Ghennah with the loss of only three men, and, while halting there, reinforcements arrived at Kosseir: on the 31st of July, he himself, leaving the command of the forces in Upper Egypt to Colonel Murray, embarked on the Nile and proceeded with the main body, a sufficient number of large boats having been procured more readily than was expected. During the march across the desert from Kosseir, while they halted at Ghennah, and in the descent of the Nile to Cairo, the officers of the division of General Baird noted and verified by personal observation many of the extraordinary facts related by Bruce, and which obtained for that much vilified traveller the reputation of a fabulist of the school of Sir John Mandeville. Amongst other local marvels, they particularly remarked the moving pillars of sand, and the enormous sails and yards of the *djerms*, or country vessels which navigate the "Father of Rivers."

On the 8th of August General Baird reached Gizeh, opposite Cairo, and established his head-quarters on the small island of Rhouda, to which he removed on the 16th. The Nile is here about four miles in width. The residence of Murad Bey at Gizeh, in which many

of the troops were stationed, is described by Dr. Clarke as comprising barracks capable of holding 60,000 men, including a great proportion of cavalry, a cannon foundry, and everything necessary for carrying on an extensive and permanent system of war. By the 27th of August, Baird had assembled his whole force in the Isle of Rhouda, and on the night of that day began to move forward in the direction of Alexandria. His activity far exceeded the expectations of General Hutchinson, who in a letter had said, "I fear your corps cannot be collected at Gizeh before the end of September. They had left it before the end of August. Dr. Clarke has written a poetical account of a grand banquet given by the general at Rhouda, to which he and his companion were invited. He speaks of wax lustres, a magnificent pavilion, silk hangings, mahogany tables, and many gorgeous et ceteras, in little keeping with the privations of the desert. A dinner there was, in the mess-tent of the 10th regiment, with good store of viands and liquids; but the ornamental accompaniments are purely imaginary, and the description would impeach the doctor's veracity as a traveller, but that he has established it on better grounds. It is singular enough that in this same passage of his book he endeavours to vindicate Bruce from the charge of exaggeration; but the luxuries of his feast have been injuriously quoted in evidence of the effeminate habits of the Indian army. General Baird, with all his diligence, arrived too late to participate in the expected siege of Alexandria. He reached Rosetta with the first division on

the 30th of August, on which day Menou, finding resistance hopeless, proposed by a flag of truce to treat for surrender. His determination was no doubt influenced by the arrival of so large an addition to the English army by which he was beleaguered. On the following morning the capitulation was signed, and the advanced picquets of the British took possession of the outworks. The terms granted were similar to those which Belliard had obtained at Cairo. Baird having accomplished a most hazardous undertaking which turned out to be superfluous, nothing now remained but to lead his troops back again. After a considerable delay the European regiments were ordered to remain, while the Sepoys returned to India. On the homeward route they crossed the desert from Cairo to Suez, a distance considerably shorter than that from Ghennah to Kosseir. The intervening space of sixty-six miles was traversed in three successive divisions, and five easy marches each, without experiencing inconvenience, and with the loss of only three Europeans. The troops embarked at Suez and sailed down the Red Sea. On the 6th of July, 1802, the General anchored in Madras Roads, and proceeded to Calcutta as soon as the ship had replenished her water. He had been absent from India exactly fifteen months. Honours and rejoicings awaited his return, but a very short time elapsed before he was again called into active service.

The war with Scindiah and Holkar ushered in the year 1803. General Baird was appointed to command a division of the Madras army, and by the end of Ja-

nuary had advanced to the banks of the Toombudra, where active operations were likely to commence. Here a considerable portion of his troops were drafted from him to augment the detachment under General Wellesley, — a repetition of what had occurred in the campaign of the Mysore in 1799. He remonstrated at once, and finding that the Madras government was not disposed to fall into his views, solicited, and obtained permission to retire. The details of this correspondence are but imperfectly known; yet it is only fair to suppose that a man on all occasions so ready to take the field, would not on slight grounds relinquish an important post at the opening of a campaign. This resolution he was compelled to adopt, and quitted India, never again to return to the land where he had gone through much suffering, and achieved a full meed of glory. He proceeded homeward in an East Indiaman, the "True Briton," accompanied by several officers of his staff. The voyage was one of incident. A violent tempest prevented their making the Cape of Good Hope, and drove them to St. Helena, where, in consequence of the renewal of hostilities between England and France, the "True Briton" was detained for convoy, and the General, impatient of delay, transferred himself and suite to a South Sea whaler, which he engaged on his own account. In crossing the Bay of Biscay, they were chased and captured by a French privateer, but were suffered to remain on board the prize, on giving assurances, accompanied by an officer of rank as hostage, that they would consider themselves prisoners of war. The prize

then was despatched for Bourdeaux; but the officer in charge changed his course for Corunna, and during the same day was recaptured by the English frigate "Sirius," and conveyed to the squadron under Sir Edward Pellew. A cutter was on the point of sailing to join the fleet under Admiral Cornwallis, off Ushant, and in her, General Baird and his staff embarked. They had one or two more narrow escapes, but gained Falmouth in safety. As soon as the general reached London, it was decided by the authorities that, although retaken by an English cruiser, he had so pledged himself to the French government that he could not serve again until exchanged with a French officer of equal rank. This arrangement was effected with the French general Morgan, who happened at that time to be a prisoner in England; and almost immediately afterwards General Baird was removed to the staff of the Eastern district, under the command of Sir James Craig.

In July, 1805, the ministry determined on the reacquisition of the Cape of Good Hope, a most valuable colony, which ought never to have been given up. General Baird was selected to conduct this enterprise in conjunction with Sir Home Popham, who had co-operated so zealously and agreeably with him in the expedition from India to Egypt. His brigadiers were Beresford and Ferguson, names which afterwards became prominently distinguished on a more extensive field. The force employed consisted of six ships of war and between 6000 and 7000 soldiers. The enemy's garrison was reported to be weak, and as secrecy was recom-

mended, and the real destination of the expedition concealed, everything indicated a successful issue. On the 31st of August the armament put to sea; but, from contrary winds and boisterous weather, Madeira was not reached until the 20th of September. Steam had not yet, by a preceding shadow, indicated the approaching annihilation of space and time. On the 10th of November they arrived at St. Salvador, having lost a transport and an Indiaman, in the latter of which Brigadier General Yorke, who commanded the artillery, unfortunately perished. On the 4th of January, 1806, the fleet anchored off Table Bay; and on the morning of the 6th the troops were landed without opposition. A boat containing part of the 93rd regiment was upset by the violence of the surf, which is almost as dangerous there as at Madras, and thus five brave men were unfortunately drowned. Early on the 8th, General Baird moved towards Cape Town with his whole force, excepting a detachment under Brigadier Beresford which had been instructed to land in Saldanha Bay. He had no cavalry, and his artillery consisted only of of four six-pounders and two howitzers. The guns were dragged through the heavy sands by seamen from the fleet. The Dutch under General Janssens came out to dispute their passage, and a sharp action ensued. The enemy broke and fled to the interior, leaving a considerable number of killed and wounded on the field. The loss of the British fell below two hundred; but there was no more fighting. The want of cavalry prevented pursuit, and enabled the Dutch to carry off their guns,

of which they had twenty-five, very badly served. Cape Town surrendered, and Janssens followed the example, on the 16th. Thus, within a fortnight, the conquest of a great colony was happily achieved, without difficulty, and with very little loss. The measures adopted were bold and skilful, and the result is not to be undervalued because it was cheaply won. General Baird had been instructed, in the event of success, to assume the functions of civil governor as well as military commandant. He immediately set to work with his characteristic energy to ascertain the condition and resources of the province, and to improve both by every means in his power. The people generally were delighted to return to the sovereignty of England; the just administration of the new chief increased their feelings of loyalty and attachment, but he was not destined to remain long at his post.

Sir Home Popham, who was associated with General Baird in the operations against the Cape, and continued to command the naval forces on that station, had conceived an idea that the Spanish settlements in the Rio de la Plata were vulnerable to a *coup de main*, and made up his mind to the attempt, although in so doing he violated his express instructions and acted without orders. By urgent remonstrance he not only succeeded in bringing over General Baird to his opinion, but induced him to embark a portion of the garrison to assist in this hare-brained enterprise. These troops consisted of the 71st regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards much celebrated as Sir Denis) Pack, a detach-

ment of artillery-men, and a few light field-pieces. Brigadier-General Beresford, at his own particular request, was nominated to the command. The expedition sailed on the 14th of April, 1806. On the 30th, Sir Home Popham anchored at St. Helena, and from that island addressed a letter to Mr. Marsden, the Secretary of the Admiralty, in which he set forth all the arguments that occurred to him in justification of the bold step he had taken. General Baird in the meantime occupied himself with the administration of his colony, and received a dry and cold acknowledgment of his services in the capture. Sir Home Popham, continuing his quixotic adventure, reached the coast of South America, ascended the Rio de la Plata, and, transferring the troops to the smaller vessels, arrived opposite Buenos Ayres on the 24th of June. During the two following days the disembarkation was effected; and on the 27th the Spaniards, completely taken unawares, surrendered, after a mere show of fighting, to a handful of men whom they ought to have smothered alive. Intelligence of this success was forthwith despatched to the Cape, with an earnest entreaty from General Beresford for reinforcements, to enable them to keep the conquest so easily accomplished. General Baird, although reluctant to concur in the expedition at first, thought it most expedient to secure the advantages already gained, and, altering the destination of the 47th for India, on his own responsibility, despatched them at once to Buenos Ayres, with other detachments from his garrison. They arrived too late to avert the impending

mischief. The Spaniards took heart of grace, and, seeing the small number of the British troops, formed a secret conspiracy to recapture the city and repel the invaders. A French officer named Liniers assumed the direction of affairs, and it would be mere prejudice to deny that he exhibited both boldness and capacity.

On the 12th of August the British troops were attacked in every direction. Truth must admit that their information was bad, and they were taken by surprise. General Beresford, finding that he was in a serious dilemma, would have evacuated the place and re-embarked his men, but the state of the weather prevented any communication with the fleet. There was some sharp fighting in the great square, but the English found themselves exposed to a severe and galling fire from the tops of the public buildings and private houses. They were enclosed in a trap from which there was no escape. General Beresford, seeing that further resistance only uselessly sacrificed his men, was compelled to lay down his arms, on conditions which were violated by Liniers, who, contrary to his engagements, retained the English as prisoners of war. The loss consisted of about 165 killed and wounded, and 1300 were reduced to captivity. The British ministers at first rejoiced, but speedily fulminated in censure, when tidings of the ultimate disaster reached them. Sir David Baird* was re-called from the Cape with a pointed censure on his

* He had received the order of the Crescent from the Grand Seignior, with other English Generals employed in Egypt, and was permitted to assume the style and title of knighthood.

conduct, while Sir Home Popham was placed in arrest and ordered to return home immediately. On the 6th of March, 1807, the naval commander was tried by a court-martial for disobedience of orders, found guilty, and sentenced to be severely reprimanded, which was carried into effect according to form. While the court was yet sitting, and before they had come to any decision, General Whitelocke was sent out with increased forces to attempt a second capture of the city which had slipped through their fingers. Sir David Baird, on quitting the Cape, received complimentary addresses, couched in the warmest terms of respect and gratitude, from the Dutch and English inhabitants of the highest classes in the colony, and from all the constituted authorities in the provincial districts. Many of the most influential citizens accompanied him to the water's edge, and expressed strong wishes that he might soon return. He arrived in England in March, and found the ministry which had dismissed him no longer in power. The reign of "All the Talents" had terminated. During their interval of office they had done as much mischief as in them lay, and brought no small share of obloquy on the arms of England, by sea and land. Sir John Duckworth was sent up the Dardanelles and came back again; General Frazer was despatched to Alexandria, to leave the bones of many brave men bleaching on the sands of Rosetta; and General Whitelocke was placed at the head of the South American expedition, to render it impossible that they should stumble into success.

Sir David was consoled by his cordial reception from

the Duke of York, who signified through Colonel Gordon his entire approbation of every part of his military conduct. He was not long without employment, being appointed to the command of a division in the army under Lord Cathcart, destined for the siege of Copenhagen. Here again he met his friend and former colleague, Sir Home Popham, and also Sir Arthur Wellesley, with whom he had been brought in contact, not always agreeably, on several occasions in India. In Lord Cathcart's despatch, announcing the fall of the Danish capital and the surrender of the fleet, Sir David Baird was named with strong commendation. During the operations he was twice slightly wounded, but ever spoke of these casualties as trivial in the extreme. One finger of his left hand was broken by a musket-shot, and he was hit by another on the collar-bone. His favourite nephew and aide-de-camp, Captain Gordon, was riding with him at the moment. Sir David put his hand into his bosom and pulled out the ball, which had struck the bone and fallen downwards, flattened on the side that had come in contact with it. Captain Gordon took the ball from him and kept it ever after as a valuable memorial. On the return of the armament from Copenhagen, a camp of instruction, consisting of 13,000 men, was formed on the Curragh of Kildare, in Ireland; Sir David Baird was selected for this very important command.

In 1808, the Government determined to employ at least 40,000 men as an army of co-operation in Spain, and Sir John Moore was chosen for the general in

chief. Sir David, as second under Moore, embarked at Cork with a division of 11,000, and anchored at Corunna on the 13th of October, 1808. Instead of being received by the inhabitants and authorities with the enthusiasm he had been taught to expect, and with the welcome due to such disinterested allies, he was forbid to land, refused supplies, denied money or government bills, and harassed by delays and all kinds of tormenting objections. But he stuck to his purpose with untiring perseverance, and, in spite of every obstacle, completed his field equipments, and began his forward march on the 28th of the above-mentioned month, only six days after the permission to disembark the troops had arrived at Corunna. His movements, as well as those of Sir John Moore, were sadly complicated by the contraventions of the Spanish authorities, by false reports, and by conflicting information. The entire force which moved under his command comprised a body of 2000 cavalry, 11,000 infantry, and six brigades of field guns. They were all good troops, first battalions in excellent condition; and the three hussar regiments, the 7th, 10th, and 15th, under Lord Paget, proved of what metal they were made, whenever an opportunity occurred of bringing them in contact with the enemy. All that the army wanted was the practical experience which repeated campaigns could alone enable them to acquire. Baird, with remarkable prescience, began to establish magazines at Astorga; but, foreseeing the probability of a retreat, in a letter to Sir John Moore, dated the 3rd of November, he expressed a doubt whether that town, at

no great distance, might not be too far advanced. By the 20th of November, the whole division was concentrated at Astorga. On the 28th of that month, Sir John Moore, who was at Salamanca, had determined to retreat upon Portugal, and wrote to Baird, suggesting to him to fall back on Corunna, but deliberately, and by instalments, to prevent the enemy from becoming too confident. In this letter, he further directs his lieutenant, on his arrival at Corunna, to embark and sail for the Tagus, adding, in an emphatic sentence, "*for when the French have Spain, Portugal cannot be defended.*" If he could have lifted up his head in 1810 and 1811 from his lonely grave on the ramparts of the Spanish fortress, he would have seen in the lines of Torres Vedras, on the mountain ridge of Busaco, on the plains of Fuentes d'Onoro, and in the long trail of Massena's retreat, a direct falsification of his own prophecy.

Sir David Baird prepared to obey the instructions of his superior, and made his arrangements for a retreat on the line indicated; but urged by the remonstrances of Romana and the Spaniards, he delayed as long as it was possible. There have been discrepancies of opinion and contradictory statements by various writers of excellent authority respecting these transactions; but we think it appears clearly demonstrated that Baird acted under orders, and commenced no retrograde movement on his own authority. Sir David had reached Villa Franca, on the road back to Corunna, when another communication from Sir John Moore stopped him, and in the words of the missive, instructed him to face to the right

about and return, bag and baggage, to Astorga. He had changed his plan on an inflated representation of the patriotism of the people of Madrid, who talked of burying themselves under the ruins of that city, at the very time when their leaders were secretly treating for an unconditional surrender to the French Emperor. Moore felt that it would be ungenerous to desert them, and determined to risk a hazardous stroke in order to give them a chance. This letter was dated on the 5th of December, and the English general appears to have been fully aware that he might be running his head into the lion's mouth, for he observes, "I mean to advance bridle in hand, for if the bubble bursts, and Madrid falls, we shall have a run for it." Sir David instantly proceeded to obey his new orders, sent off three cavalry regiments to join Sir John Moore, called back the brigades, one of which had retired as far as St. Jago on the road to Vigo, and finally on the 20th of December, the long-anticipated junction of the two armies was effected at Mayorga. On the following day Sir John determined to advance and attack Soult on the Carrion. Every heart beat high with the anticipation of the long-deferred battle, and with the confident hope of victory. Sir David Baird's division, destined to move against the bridge, was already formed, by eleven o'clock at night, in columns of march, and the order to move forward was on the point of being given, when suddenly the general was desired to attend Sir John Moore, who had just received information, in a despatch from the Marquess of Romana, of the movements of

Napoleon, who, having utterly dispersed the Spanish armies in his front and rear, was hastening with rapid strides and an overwhelming force to cut the English off from Gallicia. Under these circumstances, a victory over Soult would only increase their danger and render extrication impossible. The safety of Moore's army was reduced to a calculation of hours, all idea of offensive operations was abandoned, and with the ensuing daylight the faces of all were turned towards Gallicia. There can be no doubt that the decision was that of a master in his art, and the rapidity with which the changed plan was carried into execution bore with it its own commentary in the rescue of the army. Yet deep was the disappointment in the minds of the many thousands who obeyed the order without comprehending the causes by which their general had been driven to issue it. "It would be no easy matter," observes Lord Londonderry, in his narrative, "to describe the effect which this unlooked-for event produced upon every man and officer in the army. The troops, who had long panted to meet the enemy, and who but an hour ago were full of life and confidence, suddenly appeared like men whose brightest hopes were withered, and their favourite expectations overthrown. Few gave vent to their feelings, either by complaint or murmur, but all retired to their quarters in a state of sullen silence, which indicated more powerfully perhaps than any words could have done, the extent of the mortification under which they laboured."

The incidents of the retreat are too well known to

demand recapitulation. Moore, hard pressed, offered battle at Lugo, which Soult refused; but the French Marshal engaged readily at Corunna, with great advantages and the expectation of an easy victory. The steady valour of the English sprang up with a rebound, together with their discipline, as soon as the chance of combat presented itself. The French were soundly beaten, but the English general died in his duty, and slept in a soldier's grave. The brunt of the action, at the commencement, fell on Sir David Baird's division, which was posted on the right, and exposed to the raking fire of a heavy French battery of artillery, sweeping through their ranks from a commanding eminence. Very early in the action, Sir David, who was conspicuous by his activity and animation, was struck high on the left arm, at about an inch from the shoulder, by a grape shot, which also wounded him severely in the side. He did not fall from his horse, but dismounted, almost stunned by the violence of the blow. On recovering his recollection he made an effort to remount, but finding that impossible, and the pain of his wound becoming almost intolerable, he was compelled to retire to the rear, accompanied by one of his aides-de-camp, Captain William Baird. He was first conveyed to his quarters in Corunna but almost immediately carried on board the "Ville de Paris," in which ship he had previously arranged to embark for England when the army should be withdrawn. Notwithstanding the pain of a blow which had literally shattered the bone to pieces, his countenance and manner were so calm and unchanged, that several officers whom

he passed as he was *walking* into Corunna, were perfectly unconscious that he was even wounded. As soon as his hurt was examined, it appeared to the surgeons that amputation was absolutely necessary, which he requested might be performed without delay. The bone was splintered so near the cap of the shoulder, that it became indispensable to remove the arm out of the socket. His biographer (Hook) says, on the authority of an officer present, "the preparations for this painful, and at that period, unusual operation, were immediately made; and during its progress Sir David Baird exhibited the same firmness of nerve which so eminently distinguished him in every occasion through life. He sat, leaning his right arm on a table, without uttering a syllable of complaint, except at the moment when the joint was finally separated, and then one single exclamation of suffering escaped his lips. The wound, however, was one of complicated danger and difficulty, for the shot which shattered the bone of the arm to pieces, inflicted another severe injury in the side, from which Sir David suffered severely for many years." *

* Similarly heroic endurance was exhibited by a brother officer, and intimate friend of the writer of these pages, Captain Donald M'Kenzie, of the 21st Fusiliers, a stalwart Highlander, whose leg was disabled by a cannon shot at Bergen of Zoom, in 1814. When told that amputation must be immediately resorted to, he sat in a chair holding the limb with his own hands, until the operation was over. He then asked to see it and, looking some time, exclaimed, "There is but one such left in the King's service, and here it is," slapping his remaining leg. He lived to the patriarchal age of eighty, married, and died respected by all who knew him.

The "Ville de Paris" had received on board upwards of sixty officers (several of whom were wounded) and above a thousand men of different regiments. The admiral permitted her to part company, and proceed at once to England that she might not be delayed by the heavy sailing transports. A furious tempest accompanied the warriors returning to their native shores. The passage was accomplished in four days, "during which period," says Colonel Sorell, his military secretary, "I was almost constantly at his bedside. His mind incessantly dwelt upon the events of the campaign, and his anxiety for the safety of the troops during the stormy weather that prevailed, was so intense as literally to endanger his recovery. On his arrival at Spithead, he was met by his brother, General Joseph Baird, and on the following day was disembarked and carried from the landing-place by sailors, on a litter, to the apartments which had been prepared for him at Portsmouth, amidst the sympathy of the populace." The *Morning Chronicle* of the 28th and 30th of January, contains the following particulars from a Portsmouth correspondent:

"*Portsmouth, Jan. 26th.*—Sir David Baird has no fever. He is in good spirits. His appetite is good, and upon the whole he is wonderfully well. The boisterous weather to-day prevented his coming ashore from the "Ville de Paris;" he will to-morrow if it moderates. It is a wonderful fact that the spirit, zeal, and energy of this officer enabled him to support himself in the field more than an hour after he received his wound, holding up his arm.—*Jan. 27th.*—At noon Sir David was landed in a large

cot, which is used for swinging ladies on board ship in. He was carried in the arms of several of the crew of the "Ville de Paris," to Mrs. Bilstead's lodgings in the High Street. A crowd of persons assembled, whose hearts seemed big with the sight. They were so affected as not to be able to utter a word. The huzzas which would have attended his landing were repressed by the affecting appearance of Sir David, whose fine manly figure and countenance seemed worn with fatigue, anxiety, and pain. We are, however, happy to say that he is as well as can be expected."

As soon as the state of his wound permitted, he was conveyed to London, but although the operation of removing the arm had been performed with considerable skill, its nature, and the unfavourable circumstances under which it took place, made it long before a perfect recovery was effected. In the meantime he received the Order of the Bath, an honour rather tardily bestowed, when it is remembered that the Governor-general of India, Lord Wellesley, considered him entitled to it ten years before, for his services at Seringapatam. On the 13th of April, 1809, he was created a Baronet, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his elder brother, Mr. Baird of Newbyth. This distinction he considered so inadequate to his claims, that he was disposed to decline it, but yielded to the solicitations of his friends. Having devoted his life hitherto entirely to his profession, he now thought of domestic happiness, and on the 4th of August, 1810, married Miss Campbell Preston, niece of Sir Robert Preston of Valley Field, Bart. He was

then fifty-three, robust and healthy, easy in fortune, ripe in fame, and might look forward to many years of tranquil enjoyment. After his marriage he generally resided in Perthshire, on an estate which his lady inherited from her maternal grandmother. He had always been fond of field sports, which he was still able to enjoy, was on horseback for several hours every day, and *shot* (although with one arm) as he himself said, as well as ever he did in his life.

In 1820, he began to yearn after his old avocations, and applied for the command in Ireland, to which he was appointed in February, and exercised that duty during the visit of King George the Fourth in the year following. In June 1822, the office was reduced on principles of economy, which, like many similar experiments, have been afterwards found to cut with a double edge. The place of commander of the forces was supplied by that of a Lieutenant-General Commanding; and Sir David, being disqualified by his rank for the inferior appointment, was removed from the superior one. On retiring, he received most flattering communications from the Duke of York and the late Sir Robert Peel, at that time secretary of state for the Home Department. This was the last incident of his public life. In the autumn of 1823, his favourite horse fell with him, as he was returning in the evening from a ride; and although he remounted and made light of a severe hurt, the consequences were more permanent than had been at first expected. In the winter he proceeded to London, but while there was seized with a

giddiness, followed by a long and violent attack from which he never completely recovered. In 1829, although his health was evidently broken, he went once more to the metropolis to be present at a levee, on his appointment to the governorship of Fort George. Before he could reach Edinburgh on his return, his illness had so increased that he was with great fatigue and difficulty removed, on the 20th of July, to his residence at Fern Tower, and there he terminated his honourable course on the 18th of August. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, in gratitude for many acts of charity while he resided amongst them, raised a tablet to his memory in the parish church of Crieff. A more sumptuous monument was erected by his widow, on a romantic and beautiful hill on her own estates, in the form of an obelisk, suggested in shape and dimensions by Cleopatra's Needle at Alexandria.

When we consider how lavishly honours and rank have been sometimes bestowed upon slender grounds, it will perhaps be conceded that the services of Sir David Baird were inadequately rewarded. A general opinion prevailed that a peerage was destined for him about the time of his death, but he himself had no reason whatever for believing the rumour. In the tardy honours that he did receive, the principle of *bis dat, qui cito dat*, appears to have been forgotten. Yet nothing is more true than that promptitude in giving heightens the favour, which loses much of its grace and value by delay.

Sir David Baird's appearance was soldierlike and

prepossessing. His fine manly figure and dignified deportment produced a feeling of respect, which acquaintance confirmed. An intimate friend and brother officer, General Middlemore, has thus sketched his character, and corroborating testimony has proved that the portrait is not overcharged: "There was something about him which gave at once the most perfect confidence. His countenance bespoke a mind spotless from guile or subterfuge; you felt that truth beamed in all his features,—it was impossible to doubt him; you might implicitly place your life, and honour, and happiness, on his bare word—he *could not* deceive; and as he was firm and inflexible upon every point of discipline and duty, so was he incapable of injuring a human being. With the courage of a hero, his heart was as kind and gentle as a woman's." This is the description of a noble warrior, one of whom Scotland is justly proud, and who may be prominently held up to future generations as a model to study from, and an example to emulate.

No. III.

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA.

"The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest;
And half reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the welcome guest."

COLLINS.

FIELD MARSHAL THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA, K.G., G.C.B., &c., &c.

Born 1768.—Died, 1854.*

This gallant soldier was long spared to enjoy his honours and repose, and lingered with the living generations of men to the patriarchal age of eighty-six; surviving his great commander rather more than eighteen months. This longevity is the more remarkable, as during a series of years he suffered incessantly from excruciating attacks of tic-douloureux; a physical infliction in itself sufficient to break down and wear out an iron constitution, and which was supposed to have been occasioned by the inevitable haste attendant on the amputation of his leg on the field of Waterloo. The noble veteran died at Uxbridge House. His remains were removed from London for sepulture in Litchfield Cathedral. As hundreds gazed on the stately funeral procession passing in solemn pageantry along the streets, attended by the carriages of royalty, and by those of half the aristocracy of the land, they felt that another link was snapped which connected the present with the past, and almost the last of the remaining memorials swept away which told of the deeds of an

* This memoir is enlarged from one, by the same writer, which appeared originally in "Bentley's Miscellany," June, 1854.

earlier age, the modes and manners of which were as unlike the present, as the antiquated toga of a Roman consul when compared with the succinct and graceless garb of a modern senator.

Lord Anglesea closed his long career on the morning of the 29th of April, 1854. The world from which he departed was so different from that wherein he first beheld the light, that when he looked back he must have found a difficulty in recognising his own identity, or in thoroughly understanding his own feelings. Within that cycle of time comprehending fourteen years less than a single century, the changes which would suffice for many have been rapidly crowded. In early youth he saw the great struggle for American independence, and the loss of our transatlantic colonies replaced by the colossal growth of the Indian empire. Through his vigorous manhood he fought in the wars engendered by the French Revolution, and bore a distinguished part in the final conflict. In his decline and old age he rested under the shadow of a forty years' peace, and marked the miraculous development of mechanical science and commercial industry, which peace and international intercourse can alone carry to perfection. Finally, he closed his eyes on the outburst of a general war, of which the profoundest politicians can neither calculate the issue nor the duration.

The family of Paget has become connected with many of the most ancient and noble houses in England, although their own distinction would be considered in Wales or Westphalia as of recent origin. The name is

not to be found in Doomsday Book, or in the roll of Battle Abbey. The immediate founder of their honours was Sir William Paget, the celebrated secretary of state to Henry the Eighth, who was also one of the executors and legatees of that redoubtable autocrat. William Paget received the rudiments of his education under the famous Lily, master of St. Paul's school, who died of the plague in London in 1522. He was a renowned scholar and pedagogue, but is better remembered by the Latin grammar which bears his name than by his obsolete poems and tracts. Passing through the university of Cambridge, Paget obtained admission into the family of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and was thence introduced into political life. In the twenty-first year of Henry the Eighth, he was despatched to France to obtain the opinions of the learned doctors of the Sorbonne, touching his royal master's divorce from Queen Katherine of Arragon; and was subsequently employed in many secret missions. He must have possessed rare political qualities (and a pliant temperament withal) to retain permanently the confidence of such a capricious employer. Sir Anthony Denny was another instance that even "Henry of the many wives" could be constant in friendship. By Edward the Sixth, Paget was made a Knight of the Garter, and elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Paget, of Beaudesert, in the county of Stafford. On the early death of King Edward, he espoused the interest of Mary with zealous exertion, and after she became Queen, was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Lord Privy Seal. When

Elizabeth ascended the throne, on the death of her elder sister, he applied for and obtained leave to retire from official employment. He was old and weary of courts, and had outlived the brief ascendancy of his party. But Camden says that her Majesty "retained a warm affection and value for him, though he was a zealous professor of the Roman Catholic creed." The title became extinct after the lapse of about a century and a half, in default of heirs male. The only daughter of the seventh and last lord, married Sir Nicholas Bayley, Bart. In the person of their son Henry (who resumed the name of Paget) the barony was revived in 1770. He was afterwards advanced to the Earldom of Uxbridge in 1784. This nobleman, who may be considered the restorer or second founder of the family, left many children, including six sons, nearly all of whom rose to distinction in the public service, and received rewards; while he himself was considered one of the most accomplished ornaments of the court of George the Third. His eldest son, Henry William, was the late lamented Marquess; the second, William, a post-captain in the navy, died, unmarried, in 1795; the third, Arthur, was employed in various diplomatic capacities, and received the Grand Cross of the Bath; the fourth, Edward, also attained the rank of G.C.B., and was a general officer of much ability and experience.* He lost an arm at the passage of the Douro, in 1809; conducted the reserve with equal skill and courage during Sir John Moore's

* A brief memoir of his life and services is included in this series.

campaign, including the battle of Corunna; and was taken prisoner on the retreat from Burgos, in 1812, being then second in command under Lord Wellington. The fifth, Charles, was a Vice-Admiral of the White, and a Knight Commander of the Bath; and the sixth, Berkeley Paget, died in 1842. It is seldom that so many honours are attained by different branches of the same race in the public service. The Napiers form another remarkable instance. Not long ago, four of that family might have been seen at the same levee, wearing the insignia of knighthoods won bravely at the point of the sword.

The late Marquess of Anglesea was born on the 17th of May, 1768, anticipating by one year the advent of three illustrious military contemporaries, whose names will ever be associated with his, and who all saw the light in 1769 — Soult, Wellington, and Napoleon. He succeeded his father as second Earl of Uxbridge, in right of primogeniture, in 1812. He was present at the funeral of the great Duke, in November 1852, which may be considered his last appearance in public life; and on that occasion he was distinguished amongst the aged veterans with whom he was associated, by the hale vigour with which he braved the inclemency of the weather. Of the decorated warriors who stood round the coffin of their chief as it descended into the vault, more than half have been summoned within the short period that has since elapsed, to follow him to their final resting-place. It would be difficult now to assemble a full gathering of Waterloo warriors, in the hall

where they often met to commemorate the glories of the past.

In aristocratic England, the representative of hereditary title and property seldom encounters the drudgery of a profession or the hardships of a military or naval life. The squire or lord expectant usually remains at home to look after the estate and tenantry, and to assist his father in exercising charity and hospitality, while his younger brethren uphold the credit of the family abroad, and build up their own fortunes by personal exertion. Nevertheless, on the breaking out of the great continental quarrel, in 1792, when the uprooting of the Bourbon dynasty in France startled every monarchy in Europe, the young Lord Paget, leaving his lineal honours to abide the course of nature, determined in the meanwhile to carve out a name for himself. He had received his early education at Westminster, and passed through Christ Church, Oxford, in the ordinary routine, with repute, if not with distinction. But natural inclination, and an early taste for military pursuits, marked him for a soldier rather than a statesman or a scholar. His motto was, not "*Cedunt arma togæ*,"— let arms yield to the gown, — but, let the laurels of the sword herald in the dignity of the senate. Active in habits and enterprising in spirit, graceful in form and conspicuous in manly beauty, the most accomplished horseman in England, where every gentleman is more or less a centaur, and endowed with fearless courage, he combined all the personal requisites of a gallant leader, a knight of the middle ages, and a paladin of the earliest

days of chivalry. He has not inappropriately been termed the British Murat, and the shade of that dauntless though ill-fated child of valour has no occasion to shrink from the professional association. As modern cavalry generals, they were unequalled in dash and daring, except perhaps by Ziethen and Seidlitz, those renowned hussars of Frederick of Prussia. The Englishman had more of prudence and concentrated skill in the ardour of battle than the French leader; less of vanity and brusquerie in his personal deportment. Both were eminently handsome men, and perfect riders; but Murat had seen many more fields, and was accustomed to war on a grander scale: his life was a succession of gigantic battles. His love of finery and embroidered uniforms was excessive, and exhibited with such incongruous taste, that the pestilent jokers of Paris fixed on him the soubriquet of "*Le Roi Franconi.*" There was a something, too, of theatrical display in the brilliant costume of Lord Anglesea, as we have often noticed him in our own green days (*Eheu, fugaces labuntur!*) resplendent at a review, as colonel of the 7th Hussars, which suggested still more closely a comparison with the showy monarch of Naples, the brother-in-law of Napoleon the First.

Many years after the deaths of Murat and Napoleon, when Lord Anglesea was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a general officer of note, at his own table, when the conversation turned on Waterloo, said, "My Lord Anglesea, Buonaparte affirmed repeatedly at St. Helena, that if Murat had led his cavalry on the 18th of June, he would have broken the English squares and won the

battle." Every eye turned from the speaker to hear the answer. Lord Anglesea looked, listened, paused for a moment, and gently tapping his wine glass, as was sometimes his custom, replied very quietly, "No, he would not; nor ten Murats!" Murat never saw a square of English infantry on the battle field; and if he had, he would have found a more impenetrable wall of adamant than the great Russian redoubt he so gallantly carried at Borodino, or the solid column of Turks, which his impetuous charge drove headlong into the sea at Aboukir.

Lord Paget, in 1793, raised amongst his father's tenantry, the 80th Regiment of Foot, or "Staffordshire Volunteers," a corps which has ever been distinguished by its gallantry, and whose colours are emblazoned with the names of many fields of glory, from Alexandria to the banks of the Sutlej. When the battalion was completed to six hundred men, he received the command, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and when four hundred more were added, he was offered the full colonelcy, which, with rare discretion and modesty in so young a man, he declined to accept, on the ground of his not having as yet seen any foreign service. His father, who had been a soldier himself, honoured with the private intimacy of George III., eagerly seconded the disposition of his son and heir to participate in the great convulsion of war by which the whole continent was at that time agitated, and which, if not checked, threatened to roll onwards to the shores of England, so long unprofaned by the footsteps of a foreign enemy. Lord Paget, with his

regiment, one thousand strong, embarked at Guernsey, joined the Duke of York's army in Flanders, in 1794, and was attached to the division under Sir Ralph Abercromby. By that time many valuable opportunities had been lost, errors committed, and defeats encountered. English valour had been negatived by a blind ministry, and treacherous allies conducted by incompetent commanders. Nothing remained to be gathered in from a most promising harvest, unexpectedly blighted, but dearly purchased experience, hard fighting without glory, and the inevitable winding up of a ruinous retreat, instead of a triumphant advance to the capital of the enemy. The correspondence and journals of the late Sir Harry Calvert, published so lately as 1853, have opened many eyes as to the true details of these disheartening operations, and removed the blame from shoulders which have so long undeservedly borne it, to those which are more justly entitled to sustain the unenviable burthen. The inexperience and want of skill of the Duke of York, had long been set down as the leading causes of failure. It now appears, from clear evidence, that he held no independent command, and was never suffered to act on his own judgment. His remonstrances were overruled or neglected. In common justice he ought not to be held responsible for the ill success of measures he had not the authority to direct. No plan of campaign originated with him: the attempt on Dunkirk was a conception of the home government, who took care to cripple their general by two leading deficiencies, the want of a sufficient siege train

and the absence of naval co-operation. As the tragic drama drew towards its conclusion, the English, as usual, after paying all, and fighting all, were thrown upon their own resources, and compelled to retire into Holland before overwhelming numbers, while the Prussians held back altogether, after receiving enormous subsidies, and the Austrians marched off and left the Duke of York to extricate himself as best he might. The Duke of Brunswick, the Emperor Francis, the Generals Mack, Clairfayt, and their colleagues, successively directed (or rather confounded) the combined operations; but they were mere pigmies in the hands of Dumouriez and Pichegru, who wielded the fiery valour of republican France with the energy of giants. The Emperor of Austria deserted his army at a critical moment, after a decisive defeat; abandoned his faithful subjects of the Low Countries utterly without protection; and, with shameless duplicity, continued to pocket the English subsidies, while he was secretly treating with the French to betray and desert the common cause. The King of Prussia also received 1,200,000*l.* sterling from England, on the condition that a powerful force would join Clairfayt in May, 1794, to co-operate in the defence of Flanders; but not a Prussian soldier ever took the field for that purpose. A humorous poem of the day, written by a keen observer, who saw what he describes *, thus comments on these glaring facts:—

* See "An Accounte and impartial Narrative of the War, comprising the Campaigns of 1793–1794, and the Retreat through Holland to West-

"More and more every moment we're led to despise
Our valiant, our good, and our faithful allies ;
And simple John Bull far too nobly behaves
To a tribe of such pilfering, pitiful knaves.
There's *Frederick* * would pick out his money, heart, soul, and
Life, to obtain a few acres of Poland.
And lately we hear that the pious *she-bear* †
A few hundred thousands expects as her share,
For having growl'd forth for us many a prayer.
But alas! in this instance, old adages fail,
Or the prayers of the righteous would surely prevail.
Great *Cæsar* ‡ talks loud of a want of supplies,
And repeats, in his slumbers, the word 'subsidize:'
And PITT says no reason on earth can be shown,
Why he should n't have *snacks* in the shape of a loan!"

Nevertheless, our Government went on paying, fighting trusting, and betrayed, with blind infatuation.

Years after this sad experience of the helpless incapacity and double-dealing of the continental monarchs, circumstances and expediency again led the British cabinet to trust them a second, a third, and a fourth time; to embrace them with fraternal affection, and to re-subsidize them with millions upon millions of our money, as if we had a California on the banks of the Thames, and the purse of Fortunatus in the premier's breeches pocket.

In the campaign of 1794, Lord Paget distinguished himself by superior bravery where all were brave; par-

phalia, by an Officer of the Guards, in two volumes: London, 1796," which ran through several editions, and contains a very amusing and apparently authentic detail of everything that occurred, even to the most minute adventures and private anecdotes of Head-Quarters.

* King of Prussia.

† Empress Catherine of Russia.

‡ Emperor Francis of Austria.

ticularly in the storming of the lines at Turcoign, on the 17th of May, and in many actions fought to check the rapid pursuit of the enemy; who, with overwhelming numbers, hotly pressed the British troops as they retired through Holland into Westphalia, and finally embarked at Bremen. Lord Cathcart's brigade was commanded by Lord Paget during these operations, and formed the rear-guard. The latter had drawn a sharp sword in this apprenticeship to the trade of war, but he sheathed it without laurels, for on those fields there were none to be gained. The military fame of England had not yet begun to brighten in the horizon.

On his return to England in 1795, Lord Paget was transferred from the 80th Foot to the 7th Hussars, and stationed at Ipswich, with that and other bodies of cavalry placed under his immediate command. Here he laid the foundation of, and reduced to practice, the system of discipline which effected an entire reform in cavalry manœuvres, and materially tended to render that important arm, hitherto neglected, the formidable instrument which it subsequently proved in the fields of the Peninsula, and on the crowning day of Waterloo. Towards the close of 1799, he accompanied the expedition under the Duke of York, intended to deliver Holland, but which, again owing to the incompetence of the British cabinet, with some difficulty delivered itself from an inferior enemy, by a convention. Lord Paget a second time witnessed some sharp fighting, and achieved personal credit: but the annalists of our country will not

select that year, or that arena, as the period or place from whence to date flattering reminiscences.

In the general attack made by the combined English and Russian divisions, at Alkmaar, on the French, under Brune and Vandamme, on the 2nd of October, 1799, Lord Paget was attached to the corps under the Russian Commander-in-Chief, D'Essen, posted on the sand hills, when his brilliant cavalry movements contributed essentially to the advantages obtained that day, under very unpromising circumstances. Late in the evening, the French horse, having been repulsed in an attempt upon the British artillery, were charged by Lord Paget's brigade, and driven back with heavy loss, nearly as far as Egmont-op-Zee. In the despatch he was named with all due honour as follows: — "Lord Paget distinguished himself by his usual spirit and ability in the command of the cavalry, and his Lordship's exertions are deserving of every praise." During the operations of this day, the 15th Hussars found an opportunity of brilliantly distinguishing themselves, with a paucity of loss which appears almost incredible. Two, and afterwards three troops, charged twice, and overthrew five hundred chosen French horsemen, organised and armed on the model system. The account is thus clearly given in the "Historical Record" of the regiment: —

"Moving along the sea-shore towards Egmont-op-Zee, the columns under Sir Ralph Abercromby encountered a strong body of infantry amongst the sand-hills, with a numerous force of cavalry and artillery to their left

on the beach, when a severe contest ensued, in which the steady bravery of the British infantry triumphed. After forcing the enemy to fall back for several miles, the cavalry, advancing along the beach as the infantry gained ground amongst the sand-hills, the columns halted in front of Egmont. The British artillery moved forward to check the fire of the enemy's guns, and two troops of the 15th Light Dragoons advanced to support the artillery. Lord Paget posted the two troops in ambush behind the sand-hills, and the French general, thinking the British guns were unprotected, ordered 500 horsemen forward to capture them. The guns sent a storm of balls against the advancing cavalry; a few men and horses fell, but the remainder pressed forward and surrounded the artillery. At this moment, the two troops of the 15th sallied from their concealment, and, dashing amongst the assailants, drove them back upon their reserves, and then returned to the liberated guns. The opposing squadron having rallied, and feeling ashamed of flight before so small a force, returned to the attack. They had arrived within forty yards of the 15th, when a third troop of the regiment came up, and a determined charge of the three troops drove the enemy back again with severe loss, the 15th pursuing above half a mile. The loss of the 15th was *three men and four horses killed;* Lieutenant-Colonel James Erskine, nine men, and three horses wounded."

In this fruitless battle of the 2nd of October, we claimed a victory without much to show in support of the assumption, except one or two such subsidiary incidents as we

have recorded above. Our movements were badly combined, both before and after, and in the fight itself; and another encounter on the 6th, by no means improved the state of affairs. After a short campaign of three weeks, we retired, dispirited and disunited, to our original lines of the Zuype, from whence we had advanced full of confidence. The English and their Russian allies mutually mistrusted and disliked each other; all were tired of the business, and nothing remained but to make the best terms they could for re-embarkation. In the final retreat, the ready services of Lord Paget were recognised by his being entrusted with the difficult and dangerous duty of protecting the rear. While thus engaged, a skirmish took place, in which some pieces of our cannon were captured by the enemy. Lord Paget, with a single squadron, made a desperate charge upon the force of General Seinon, amounting to seven times his own strength, put them to the rout, re-captured the British guns and five of the enemy's, while he himself sustained a mere nominal loss.

After the ill-digested campaign of 1799, Lord Paget remained several years at home, devoting himself to the discharge of his regimental duties, studying his profession, and unremittingly employed in perfecting the system of discipline which he had introduced into the cavalry. In 1802 he became a Major-General, which removed him from the immediate command of the 7th Hussars, but this regiment he always considered his own, and watched over it with anxious solicitude. In 1808, having reached the rank of Lieutenant-General, he was ordered to Spain with

two brigades of Light Cavalry, comprising the 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th Hussars, to strengthen the corps under Sir David Baird, then on their march through Gallicia, to effect a junction with the main body commanded by Sir John Moore, at that time rapidly advancing on Salamanca. Lord Paget's force was numerically small, but perfect in equipment and every other requisite for active service. He disembarked at Corunna, but many difficulties attended his progress. Forage and supplies were not easily obtained, even for money. The Spanish people were apathetic, almost hostile, toward the generous allies who came to shed their blood freely in the common cause. At length, through great energy and perseverance, and after some contradictory movements arising from false information, the division of Sir David Baird, cavalry and infantry, reached Sir John Moore on the 24th of November, on the very night when that skilful, though unfortunate and unjustly maligned general, was compelled to abandon a well-concentrated forward movement, and to commence his disastrous, but, at the same time, masterly retreat before the concentrated hosts of Napoleon, exceeding in number one hundred thousand men. The cavalry alone counted twelve thousand more than the whole force of the British commander. His retreat was attended by privation, suffering, fatigue, and losses; but he left no artillery or other trophies behind him, sustained no overthrow in the field, offered battle, when half way, to an enemy who refused to accept the challenge, in many combats taught that enemy to respect

his sword, and finally carried off his army by a stout encounter and a hardy repulse, instead of an inglorious capitulation. Here, again, the result was full of disappointment, although the progress of the campaign had been accompanied by brilliant examples of heroism, which prepared the world for the English victories of the ensuing six years.

On many occasions Lord Paget brought his cavalry into play, with equal skill and courage, often with inferior numbers, and always with a triumphant result. One of the most important occurred at Sahagun, when he overthrew six hundred picked dragoons with four hundred of the 15th Hussars, killed more than twenty, and took thirteen officers and one hundred and fifty men. At Mayorga, with two squadrons of the 10th, he charged a much superior body of the enemy belonging to the corps of Ney, advantageously posted on a rising ground, defeated them with slaughter, and captured above one hundred prisoners. But his most brilliant achievement was at Benevente, when with the cavalry pickets, the 10th, and a part of the 3rd German Hussars, he completely outmanœuvred and dispersed six hundred of the light cavalry of the Imperial Guard, under the eye of Napoleon himself, and commanded by one of his favourite aides-de-camp, General Lefebvre Desnouettes. In this smart encounter, the British, who were much less numerous than the enemy at the commencement, lost fifty killed and wounded. The French left fifty-five on the field, and seventy prisoners, besides their general and several other officers. Sir W. Napier says,

"According to Baron Larrey, seventy other wounded men escaped, making a total loss of about two hundred excellent soldiers." Lefebvre Desnouettes had compromised himself by crossing the Esla at a ford, and advancing incautiously into the plain without support. Lord Paget saw his error at a glance, and fixed him with the rapidity of lightning. When a prisoner, the French general was asked why he did not re-pass the river at once, as soon as he saw that his flanks were turned, and his retreat in danger of being cut off? "It was impossible," he replied, "for the Imperial Guard, who had won Austerlitz and Friedland, to retire without fighting before any enemy in any position, and with the Emperor close at hand."

It was always the hard fortune of Lord Paget to join armies of which he had to protect the retreat, and at the same time he never failed to distinguish himself in that unpromising and disheartening service. When the British army arrived at Corunna, the cavalry, who up to the last mile had done their duty with unwearying spirit and alacrity, were no longer available. The nature of the ground on which the final stand was made, prevented their being brought into the line of battle. Here occurred one of the extreme "calamities of war," which Callot has engraved with such appalling fidelity. Hundreds of the horses had perished, the greater part of those still surviving were foundered, and it was impossible to embark all, in the face of the rapidly approaching enemy. There was nothing left but to destroy them,—a most painful and reluctantly adopted

alternative. Accordingly, they were picketed on the strand, and as the men loaded their pistols and carbines to shoot the faithful associates of long marches and many privations, rough and hardened soldiers were observed to shed tears like children. The attachment of a dragoon for his horse is a tie of affection which none can understand but those who have felt and witnessed it; a blending of human with animal sympathies, for the exercise of which the ordinary tenour of peaceful existence affords no opportunity.

Lord Paget returned to England in 1809, in time to command a division of the large army under the Earl of Chatham, which the wisdom of ministers despatched to perish ingloriously in the marshes of Walcheren, when their aid, thrown in at the favourable crisis, would have enabled Lord Wellington, victorious at Talavera, instead of retiring on the frontiers of Portugal, to have driven the French army, in the absence of Napoleon, beyond the Pyrenees. As often as the pen of the chronicler, in tracing the course of past events, is arrested by this sad episode, his hand wavers, and all feelings of national exultation are subdued by deep but unavailing regret. Succeeding cabinets seldom profit by the severe lessons which are manifestly intended for their instruction, or take warning from the follies of their predecessors. It would be well if they would do this; but as such an effect is not to be looked for, we may next wish that it were possible to drop the curtain of eternal oblivion on that incomprehensible mistake. The generations that follow us will read of it with incredulity, or

lift up their hands in wonder, and marvel how the energies or resources of any nation could survive such home thrusts, such mortal wounds, from their own rulers. And yet these are the men who were afterwards praised and semi-deified for conducting a great war to a great conclusion, when for years they had done their worst to produce the certainty of failure. Had not Napoleon rushed madly into the suicide of Moscow, not even the genius and fortune of Wellington could have restored the balance or equalised the chances of the combat. Such ministers remind us of the two incompetent admirals, who, having blundered into a victory in spite of themselves, when labouring hard to accomplish a defeat, were thus eulogised by Sir Boyle Roche, "To give the devil his due, they were greatly indebted to Providence."

From 1806 to 1812, Lord Paget sat in the house of Commons as representative for Milbourne Port, when the death of his father, in the latter year, removed him to the house of Peers as Earl of Uxbridge; but, though gifted with strong sense and clear penetration, a legislative assembly was not his most congenial sphere of action. In 1814 the world seemed in repose, but the sudden and most unexpected outburst of Napoleon from Elba, in March, 1815, again called forth the embattled hosts of Europe, and threatened a repetition of the many sanguinary fields by which a precarious peace had been with such difficulty obtained. Lord Uxbridge was immediately appointed to the command of the allied English and Belgian cavalry in the vast but motley

army assembled under the Duke of Wellington's orders on the frontiers of Flanders. Before he left London, he sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for the well-known full-length portrait which has since been engraved, representing him in his uniform as colonel of the 7th Hussars. The picture was painted for King George the Fourth, and is now in the possession of her present Majesty. One day, during the progress of the painting, Lord Uxbridge mentioned to the artist that the sitting he was then giving him must be the last, as he was under orders to join the army on the continent forthwith, to take part in the military operations consequent on Napoleon's escape and resumption of imperial authority. Sir Thomas expressed great regret at this impediment to the completion of his work, and said, "I know I have given your lordship a great deal of trouble, but I hope, nevertheless, you will contrive to let me have one sitting more. All I now want is to finish the right leg; there is something about it I am not satisfied with, and an hour to-morrow would enable me to alter it." Lord Uxbridge replied: "I am sorry to say that is quite impossible; I must be off very early in the morning, so the leg must remain till I come back again." "It is a singular fact," he observed, when relating the story, "that the leg Sir Thomas wanted was the very one I left behind me at Waterloo, and he had to paint from the cork substitute instead of the original." This anecdote may appear to be invented or coloured up for effect, but it comes from the lips of

the Marquess himself, who had too great a veneration for truth to exaggerate even in a trifle.*

On the 17th of June, Lord Uxbridge with the cavalry, covered the retrograde movement of the army from Quatre Bras to the position of Waterloo, and found opportunities of executing some brilliant charges, which checked the pressure of the enemy, and prepared him for the obstinate resistance of the morrow. The service was one of great danger, and most gallantly performed. While the British columns were still entangled in the narrow streets of Genappes and filing over the bridge, Napoleon's advanced cavalry attacked the rear-guard with such vigour, that Lord Uxbridge felt the necessity of a decisive stand with his own horse, until time was obtained for the entire extrication of the infantry. The 7th Hussars, assisted by some squadrons of the 11th and 23rd Light Dragoons, boldly charged the French lancers following them, who were supported by a strong body of cuirassiers. The French halted, levelled their lances in "serried phalanx," and repelled the attack. A second effort was made, with equal daring and a similar result. The Life Guards were then instantly ordered up, and being led in person to the charge by Lord Uxbridge, fell upon lancers and cuirassiers, scattered them in all directions, and forced them back in great disorder upon their own reserves. The enemy then made no further attempt to embarrass the retreat of

* He related it to Mr. Ross, the artist, whilst he was engaged two or three years ago, on the portrait which now hangs in one of the rooms of the Senior United Service Club.

the allies, except by a distant cannonade, which produced more noise than mischief. The British army took up the position of Waterloo at their leisure, and sternly awaited the final conflict. The operations of the 17th of June led to remarks and the circulation of reports prejudicial to the credit of the brave 7th Hussars, who had suffered considerable loss. To set all this at rest, and to show the facts as they occurred, their gallant colonel, ten days after the battle of Waterloo, addressed a letter to his regiment, which has been recently quoted in the "United Service Magazine," * but is so characteristic of the man and the soldier, that no apology is necessary for the repetition. It ran as follows: —

"Brussels, June 28th, 1813.

"My dear brother officers, — It has been stated to me that a report injurious to the reputation of our regiment has gone abroad, and I do not, therefore, lose an instant in addressing you on the subject. The report must take its origin from the affair which took place with the advanced guard of the French cavalry near Genappes on the 17th instant, when I ordered the 7th to cover the retreat.

"As I was with you and saw the conduct of every individual, there is no one more capable of speaking to the fact than I am. As the lancers pressed us hard, I ordered you (upon a principle I ever did, and shall, act upon) not to wait to be attacked, but to fall upon them.

* In June, 1854.

The attack was most gallantly led by the officers, but it failed. It failed because the lancers stood firm, and had their flanks completely secured, and were backed by a large mass of cavalry.

"The regiment was repulsed, but it did not run away; no, it rallied immediately. I renewed the attack; it again failed from the same cause. It retired in perfect order, although it had sustained so severe a loss; but you had thrown the lancers into disorder, who, being in motion, I then made an attack upon them with the 1st Life Guards, who certainly executed a very handsome charge, and with the most complete success. This is the plain honest truth. However lightly I estimate lancers under ordinary circumstances, I think, posted as they were, they had a decided advantage over the hussars. The impetuosity, however, and weight of the Life Guards, carried all before them; and whilst I exculpate my own regiment, I am delighted in being able to bear testimony to the gallant conduct of the former. Be not uneasy, my brother officers; you had ample opportunity, of which you nobly availed yourselves, of taking revenge on the 18th, for the failure of the 17th; and, after all, what regiment, or which of us, is certain of success? Be assured that I am proud of being your colonel, and that you possess my utmost confidence. Your sincere friend,

"ANGLESEA, Lieutenant-General."

In the great battle of the 18th of June, the cavalry bore a most conspicuous share, and many historians

have testified to the skill and valour with which Lord Uxbridge discharged the arduous duties dependent on his personal exertions. He was throughout in the thickest of the fight, galloping from squadron to squadron, watching every changing current of the tide, and escaped all casualties, until, by almost the last cannon that fired, he received a severe wound in the right knee, which rendered immediate amputation necessary. The limb was buried in the garden of the small house opposite to the village inn at Waterloo where the operation was performed.* The facts here stated are universally known; the subjoined details relative to the immediate cause of his wound may be relied on, as coming from himself. Foreseeing the probability of losing or wearing out his charger during a long and arduous battle, he had ordered his groom to be close at hand, at a given spot, with a re-mount in case of accidents. Just as he was preparing to head the last charge of cavalry, his horse was killed; he looked round for his man, but, as a matter of course, he was not to be seen. He had taken care of himself and the cattle, and removed to a respectable distance. A troop-horse was caught and brought to Lord Uxbridge, which he instantly mounted.

* On a board affixed to the tree, above the grave, the following inscription was written, and might be seen for some time afterwards, until it was replaced by another in French, on the stone that covered the grave in which the limb was buried: —

"Here lies the Marquess of Anglesea's leg,
Pray for the rest of his body, I beg."

There is something absurd, almost objectionable, in any mortuary epitaph, under such circumstances.

The stirrups were too short, and prevented his knee from lying close home to the side, according to his practised seat. But there was no time for pause or alteration; he galloped to the front, and received the shot he would have escaped had his right knee been in its proper position.

At an early part of the day, when Picton's division repulsed D'Erlon's attack at the point of the bayonet, Lord Uxbridge seized on the moment, and executed a charge with the Royal Dragoons, Scots Greys, and Enniskilleners, by which the French infantry of that corps, already broken and in confusion, were utterly dispersed. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners were the trophies of this brilliant feat, which, for the quickness and intrepidity of its execution, and its complete success, has rarely been equalled, and certainly never surpassed. As Lord Uxbridge galloped up, he was received by a general shout of gratulation. In masterly style, the three regiments were wheeled instantly into line, presenting a magnificent front of about thirteen hundred men; then came another loud cheer, followed by the sweeping whirlwind which bore down all before it.

Sir Hussey (afterwards Lord) Vivian, a most distinguished cavalry officer, who commanded a light brigade at Waterloo, thus expresses himself as regards the cool judgment and personal daring of Lord Uxbridge, in a letter which has been printed before: "After having seen my brigade occupy the position he had assigned it (preparatory to the closing charge), Lord Uxbridge

left me to proceed to Vandeleur's brigade, which had followed mine from the left of the line, and which his lordship posted on the right and rear of mine, to act as a reserve to it. Lord Uxbridge shortly returned to me, and finding the fire still heavy, and the enemy evidently in great force immediately in our front, he asked me whether we had not better advance and charge. The smoke at this moment was so dense on the side of the hill that it was scarcely possible to see ten yards before us; and consequently, no enemy being visible, I observed that as my brigade was in perfect order, I thought it would be advisable not to hazard an attack, whereby we might be thrown into confusion which it would be difficult to repair; that if the enemy appeared on the crest of the hill through the smoke, by a sudden and unexpected charge on them we could no doubt drive them back. His lordship then dismounted from his horse, and advanced himself, on foot and unattended, down the hill, in hopes to be able to see under the smoke, and make his own observations. I rode down to him, and begged him not to expose himself so; on which he returned, saying he agreed with me in thinking that I had better remain steady, ready to attack if the enemy appeared; and mounting his horse, he left me to join the Duke." "I mention this anecdote," Sir Hussey Vivian adds, "in justice to Lord Uxbridge; it will prove to those who imagine that in the management of the cavalry on that day he was at all incautious (and such I know there are) how little they understand his real character. As a proof of his intrepidity, and the readiness with which

he exposed himself, it is not necessary;—to these qualities every one does justice."

On the field of Waterloo, the exertions of Lord Uxbridge were second only to those of the great commander of the allied host. For his services in that short but conclusive campaign of three days, he was, on the 23rd of June, created Marquess of Anglesea by the Prince Regent, and subsequently a Knight of the Garter, sharing largely in the admiration, honours, and rewards, with which a grateful country hailed her victorious warriors.

Four years after the continental peace of 1815, Lord Anglesea was promoted in a brevet to the rank of full General in the British army. Several foreign orders of knighthood had previously been conferred upon him. His life rolled on without military employment, for the nations of Europe were quiescent, and no foreign enemy called forth the might of England to the field. Field sports, yachting, and attention to his estates, occupied his time. On the death of Lord Liverpool, in 1827, Mr. Canning was ordered by the King to form a new administration. The Duke of Wellington having become Commander-in-Chief, Lord Anglesea succeeded him as Master-General of the Ordnance, with a seat in the cabinet. On the 1st of March, 1828, he was nominated to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Agitation, both political and religious, had then reached a height which bordered on rebellion. O'Connell was at the zenith of his popularity, and his harangues were productive of subscriptions, which, though extracted from one of the

poorest nations in the world, supplied him annually with a royal revenue. But the stream of supply was filtrated through so many channels before it reached his pockets, that the figures reported on paper must be reduced at least fifty per cent. before we can make an approximate calculation of the sum actually available for the purposes for which it was collected. Still it was a thriving trade while it lasted, and fed for many years a fruitful succession of famishing demagogues.

As Lord Anglesea was known to be of liberal principles in politics, and a favourer of the great question, so long pending, of Catholic Emancipation (which he had voted for when to do so was almost a service of danger), his appointment to the Vice-royalty of divided and ever weeping Hibernia was hailed as the dawn of freedom by the leaders of agitation; while his high personal character as a soldier and a gentleman, made him equally acceptable to the ultra-tories and supporters of exclusive Protestant ascendancy. On the day of his assuming office, instead of entering Dublin, as usual, in the slow, solemn formality of a cumbrous state carriage, he rode in on horseback, attended by a graceful cortege of aides-de-camp and officers. An air of chivalry was thus communicated to the procession, well suited to the bearing of the man, and the impulsive temperament of the people he was sent to rule. He became in truth, for a time, the cynosure towards which admiring eyes were turned; "the expectancy and rose of the fair state — the observ'd of all observers!" His first vice-royalty, which lasted only a single year, was an interval of undiminished

popularity; all parties seemed to forget the office in attachment to the individual. When he was removed, on a misunderstanding with the ministry of the day, he rode out again, as he had entered, on horseback, at a foot's pace, and attended to the point of embarkation at Kingstown by the joyous acclamations of half the inhabitants of the Irish metropolis. But no Lord Lieutenant of Ireland can expect to achieve permanent approbation. If his reign exceeds twelvemonths, his credit totters. For the first year he may be a demi-god; in the second, he is sure to offend many because he cannot satisfy their overflowing expectations; and in the third, he is inevitably repudiated by all. It has been often a matter of surprise that any high-minded, well-revenued, and independent English nobleman, a prince on his own estate, and a sovereign within the sphere of his local influence, could be found ambitious of assuming a post which is in itself a shadow rather than a substance, and seems more suitably carved out for a hungry, convenient *diplomate*, pitchforked into the peerage on a special emergency. During his precarious tenure of office, he is a mere mockery of royalty, "a king of shreds and patches," responsible without power, a nominal dispenser of place without solid patronage, a puppet in the hands of the home secretary, a viceroy with another viceroy over him; badly paid, expected to spend double his official allowance, while all the time he is accused of parsimony; lauded to-day, hooted to-morrow, and not unfrequently kicked out by his own party at five minutes' notice, if he cannot reconcile impossibilities, disentangle a knot

more complicated than that on the chariot of Gordius, or elucidate a problem more incomprehensible than the riddle of the sphinx. The government of Ireland has hitherto been, and appears likely to continue, a political paradox,—a puzzle without solution, the labyrinth of Minos, unprovided with the clue of Ariadne.

During the year following that of the rebellion which never exploded (1848), it was currently said and believed that the annual ball on that St. Patrick's Day was the winding up of the time-honoured festivities of Dublin Castle; and that the incumbent representative of royalty, Lord Clarendon, would prove "the last of the Mohicans." The fiat went forth from the house of Commons, but a few words from the Duke of Wellington suspended its execution. On this discussion, the national apathy of Ireland was very remarkable. With the exception of the metropolis, the country seemed to care little which way the matter went. The citizens and shopkeepers of Dublin, who were directly interested, stirred themselves and got up a petition; but Cork, Belfast, Limerick, Waterford, Clonmell, Galway, other large towns, and distant counties, exhibited a most petrifying indifference. The question is evidently not postponed *sine die*, and when it comes on again, we are much mistaken if it does not pass into law with scarcely a murmur of opposition. The sons of living elders will see whether the result is for good or evil.

While Lord Anglesea was in Ireland, during his first lord-lieutenancy, the Duke of Wellington became premier. Dr. Curtis, the titular Catholic primate of

Ireland, on the strength of an intimacy formed during the Peninsular war, addressed an urgent letter to him on the great topic of emancipation. The Duke for once departed from his systematic caution, and in his answer said, "I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question." The letter found its way, as was most likely it would, into the hands of O'Connell, to whom it proved a welcome instrument, of which he adroitly availed himself. The Catholic Association saw in it a beacon of light which directed their hopes and stimulated their exertions. Dr. Curtis replied to the Duke in a long epistle, of which he sent a copy to the Lord Lieutenant. The Marquess, in his answer, stated unguardedly that he had, up to that period, been ignorant of the Duke's real sentiments on the subject, and proceeded to discuss them at full length with the Romish prelate, offering advice, and delivering his own opinions. The letter, though well meant, was certainly calculated to do more harm than good, and to increase the difficulties of a cabinet much at variance on this particular point. The Duke was deeply offended, and removed the writer from his vice-royalty; but, within a very few weeks after, brought in, and carried himself, the bill he had hitherto so strenuously opposed. In 1830 the Duke retired, and Earl Grey and the whig party succeeded to office. In December of that year, Lord Anglesea received the government of Ireland, but he found himself on his return, with diminished worshippers where he had formerly been a universal idol; and in a few months, almost unnoticed when he drove

or rode about the streets. The great panacea of emancipation had done nothing towards tranquillising the country, which had become more dissatisfied and disturbed than ever. When he left Ireland before, his parting word of advice was, "Agitate!" a short trisyllable replete with dangerous interpretation. When he came back a second time, he found coercive measures indispensable; and in rather a contemptuous ebullition of temper, declared that he would control Ireland with four gun-brigs. Neither of the expressions was soon forgotten; but between alternations of force and conciliation, he restored as much order as could be expected in those stormy days.

Lord Anglesea was fond of the theatre, which he warmly patronised, and greatly enjoyed the characteristic humour for which the Dublin galleries had long been proverbial. But even they, had become gloomy, morose politicians, overflowing with sectarian bile or fomented grievances; and noisy shouts of "O'Connell," and "Repale," were beginning to supersede the merry laugh, the interchange of humorous repartee, and the rich practical fun which formerly filled up the intervals between the more legitimate performances. On his last visit to his private box, when he had recently given great offence to the democratic party by supporting Chief Justice Doherty against O'Connell, as he sat behind the curtain, screened from the view of the audience, he observed, "How dull and stupid the galleries have become! It seems as if all spirit had left them. I doubt if they could get up a good hiss, even if I were to show myself."

Declining health more than departed popularity induced him to send in his resignation in 1833. The Marquess Wellesley was appointed to succeed him, to whom he paid the high and unusual compliment of remaining to consign over the office in person. From that time he scarcely ever took a prominent part in political affairs, and held no ostensible employment except that of Master-General of the Ordnance, for the second time, under Sir Robert Peel's administration; but he was constantly before the public, cruising in his yacht, walking in the streets of London, or riding in the parks; and up to extreme old age, exhibited the same perfect horsemanship by which he had ever been pre-eminently distinguished, and which made those who had witnessed the feat remember how he bore away the palm of competition, when, with the Duke of Wellington and the young hereditary champion Dymocke, he backed down Westminster Hall, at the grand coronation banquet of George the Fourth, on the last exhibition of that old feudal pageant. He was also remarkable for never changing his peculiar costume either in winter or summer, and for driving a curricle long after that once universally fashionable and elegant, but now exploded equipage, had become a tradition of the past, and a relic of a former generation.

In 1842, the colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) was conferred on the Marquis of Anglesea, and at the brevet of 1846, he attained the rank, so sparingly bestowed, of a British Field Marshal. His Lordship was twice married. First, on the 25th of July, 1795,

to Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Jersey; and again in 1810, to Charlotte, second daughter of Charles, first Earl of Cadogan. By these two ladies he had a numerous family, the greater portion of whom survive him. He was succeeded in the marquisate and his other hereditary honours and estates, by his eldest son, Henry, late Earl of Uxbridge, who, in 1832, was summoned to the House of Peers in his father's barony of Paget. The mansion and park of Beaudesert, near Litchfield, in Staffordshire, belonged originally to the bishops of the diocese, and were granted by King Edward the Sixth to Sir William, afterwards the first Lord Paget, a nobleman of whom Fuller observes that a foreign potentate said, "He is not only fit to represent kings, but to be a king himself." The same compliment might have been paid to the personal demeanour of his last deceased personal descendant. Peace be to the ashes of the brave old warrior! There may have been more skilful tacticians and greater generals, with more extended opportunities, and a longer list of dazzling victories; but a better soldier, a truer knight, and a more courageous gentleman, never drew a sword in the battle-field. He was a model to which our young nobles and military neophites may look up with respect, and study with advantage. Equally fearless, independent, courteous, kind, affectionate, honourable, and high bred, he presented a true type of the ancient aristocracy, a race of men hastening to their extinction, and of which but few coeval examples still remain. While such indi-

viduals exist amongst us, we feel that we are connected with another age; but as they drop one by one, the ties are broken, until the isolation becomes complete. It is a salutary lesson, as well as an impressive spectacle, to look on the bier of the veteran leader, as his body is borne to the tomb, surrounded by the emblems and companions of his glory: to listen to the solemn chant in the cathedral, until, wrapt in reverie and carried away by imagination, we almost persuade ourselves that his departed brethren in arms who have preceded him, start from repose at the sound of the funeral dirge, and stand in shadowy line to welcome the arrival of an honoured comrade.

No. IV.

SIR EDWARD PAGET.

"Homines virtute metimur, non fortunâ."

CORNELIUS NEPOS.

GENERAL SIR EDWARD PAGET, G.C.B.

Born 1775.—Died 1849.

We cannot quit the family of Paget without a brief notice of the above-named excellent officer, who was ever considered one of the brightest ornaments of the service, either in his professional or private character. The casualties of war dealt unkindly by him, and checked his opportunities more than once, when they appeared to be in full career. He was the fourth son of Henry, first Earl of Uxbridge, and a younger brother of the late Marquess of Anglesea. Born on the 3rd of November, 1775, he entered the army in March, 1792, as a cornet and sub-lieutenant in the first Life Guards. He obtained a company by purchase, a few months afterwards, in the 54th Foot, a majority in the same regiment in November, 1793, and a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 28th, in the following year. In that rank he served through the campaigns of 1794 and 1795 in the Low Countries, and was present at the siege, sortie from, and evacuation of Nimeguen in 1794. In 1796 he was ordered to Gibraltar; and a portion of his regiment being detached to serve as marines in Sir John Jervis's fleet, he participated in the naval action off Cape St. Vincent, fought on the 14th of February, 1797. In 1798 he was promoted to the rank

of full colonel; and in 1800 joined the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, still in command of the 28th regiment of foot. The conduct of this gallant corps, under their brave leader, both in the landing at Aboukir on the 8th of March, 1801, and the battle of Alexandria, on the 21st, was marked by the admiration of the whole army, and obtained for it an undying reputation, amply sustained in many subsequent and more extended fields.

The battle of Alexandria commenced before daybreak by a furious attack on the right of the British position at a ruin called the Roman Camp, manned by the 58th regiment. The 28th stood close to the 58th in a redoubt on their right flank, bordering on the sea, and a wing of the 42nd, brought up rapidly by Brigadier-General Oakes, covered the left flank of the 28th. In this part of the field, Lanusse, a good and experienced officer, commanded on the French side, and Sir John Moore on the English. The fighting was close and deadly. The enemy penetrated the British position in more than one point; and the 28th regiment were engaged at the same time to their front and to their rear. The rear rank merely faced about, and stood back to back with their comrades, delivering a decided but steady fire in opposite directions. It was the first time such a strange formation had ever taken place in actual warfare; and the incident has furnished an endless theme for the discussion and admiration of all who have written on the subject. We have often wondered, when pondering over this remarkable incident

in war, which may happen again, why the present system of sizing by ranks has not long since been altered in the British service. At present, the giants are in the front, the pigmies in the rear. According to the Prussian drill, the front and rear ranks are equalised. This plan entirely does away with the necessity of countermarching battalions, whether in line or column, when a complete change of front is required. "Right about, face" is the only word of command that would become necessary, and the movement would then be complete. A short man in the rear rank, as it is at present constituted, cannot come down to the level to fire, with a tall man in his front. His half-pace to the right will not do much for him, as the shoulders of the front-rank men are much higher than his own; and he must either rest his musket on them, and deliver an innocuous discharge at an elevated angle, or thrust his weapon through, breaking the contact which discipline requires. The suggestion has been laid before the authorities; they have not yet considered it worthy of attention; but it may still become the rule of the service. We are old enough to recollect when it was considered impracticable to counter-march a close column on its own ground, and once received a severe reprimand for showing, with line, rule, and compass, that a company, section, or subdivision, could not wheel (on what was then called a movable pivot) by the word "Inward flank, step short; outward flank, step out." This would have required from the outward flank, seven-league boots at least; and such wheelings were always of necessity un-

steady and broken, until the simple alteration of "inward flank, mark time," reduced the whole matter to the mathematical precision of clock-work.

During the heat of the fighting at Alexandria, Colonel Paget, while animating the 28th with voice and example, was struck down by a severe wound in the neck, which he thought was mortal, and made a remark to that effect to his friend and leader, General Moore, who was speaking to him at the time and coincided in the opinion. The colonel was, however, lifted up and placed upon his horse again, until weakness and loss of blood compelled him to leave the field. In a few weeks he recovered completely, and sustained no permament inconvenience from the hurt. At the close of the Egyptian campaign, Colonel Paget and the other commanding officers, who had served immediately under Sir John Moore, presented him with a sword in testimony of their regard. The present was accompanied by the following letter from Colonel Paget*:—

April 21st, 1802.

"Sir,—The commanding officers of those corps who had originally the good fortune to be placed under your command, in the reserve of the army of Egypt, have commissioned me to present a sword to you in their name, and to request that you will accept and consider it as a token of their unbounded esteem. It would be presumptuous in me, Sir, to point out to you what are those rare talents you possess, the application of which has rendered you the object of so much veneration to the

* See "Life of Sir John Moore," by his brother.

regiments which had the honour to serve under your immediate orders. I must therefore content myself with entreating you to believe that, whatever these are, they have not been less successfully exerted in promoting the interest of His Majesty's service, and in confirming the glory of our native country throughout an arduous and very memorable campaign, than they have been in fixing, on a basis never to be shaken, the affection and admiration of those in whose names I have the honour to subscribe myself, with every sense of respect, Sir,

"Yours, &c. &c.,

"EDWARD PAGET."

The sentiments here contained are equally creditable to the person addressed, and to the writer and his associates. Sir John Moore replied as follows:—"I have had the honour to receive your letter to me in the name of the officers commanding the corps which composed the reserve of the army of Egypt, together with the sword which they have done me the honour to present to me. Such a present, from men themselves so distinguished, and whose conduct has merited so much praise, cannot fail to be equally flattering and pleasing to me, in whatever light I consider it—as a mark of their approbation, or a token of their friendship and regard.

"I beg that you and those gentlemen will accept of my warmest thanks. Be assured that I shall be proud of wearing their sword upon every occasion; and when it becomes necessary to draw it, I hope it may be at the head of men like them, and those they commanded, who

leave little else to their general than to emulate their example, and second their ardour, in the road to fame and honourable distinction.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

"JOHN MOORE."

The peace of Amiens sent all military men to the shelf for a brief interval. In 1805, Colonel Paget became a major-general, in which capacity he went to Cuxhaven with General Don, and afterwards to Sicily, where he remained a considerable time, under the command of General Fox. In 1809 he was appointed to a brigade in Sir John Moore's army on his advance into Spain. During the memorable retreat to Corunna, this brigade formed the reserve and acted as rear-guard. They were continually engaged, for many successive days, in close skirmishing with the enemy; and in all of these the skill of their general, with their own courage and well-sustained discipline, won for them the warmest praises of the commander-in-chief. We have heard officers who were present speak in such terms of the conduct of General Paget throughout this arduous service, and recount so many anecdotes of his personal bravery, ready talents, and unshaken firmness, that we regret much their journals have not been published, and that we are not authorised to quote from them more than by this brief allusion. Suffice it, that General Paget established his character as one of the most rising officers in the British army. At Constantino, near Lugo, in particular, a smart action was fought in

which he and the reserve distinguished themselves under the immediate eye of the commander-in-chief. There is a hill above Constantino; and Sir John Moore was apprehensive that, in descending, the column under General Paget would be seriously annoyed. To protect this movement, he halted the Rifle Corps and Horse Artillery on the top of the hill; and as the road was winding and exposed, this position was favourable. In the mean time, the main body of the reserve continued their retreat. The enemy, perceiving that if they advanced they would be exposed to the fire of our guns, halted for more than half an hour behind another eminence, which screened them. As soon as the rear of the reserve had nearly reached the bridge of Constantino, and were completely extricated, the artillery and rifles retired also, and the whole passed over without loss. The enemy here discovered that they had been unnecessarily cautious, and poured down the hill in imposing masses. General Paget was ordered to defend the bridge and the banks of the river, with the 28th and 95th, while Sir John Moore in person drew up the 52nd, 20th, and 91st regiments on strong, elevated ground near the river. The Horse Artillery were likewise well posted. The position was hardly taken when the attack commenced. Large bodies of cavalry and dismounted chasseurs attempted to pass the bridge; but the well-directed fire of the artillery, and the compact steadiness of the rear-guard, drove them quickly back. They repeated their efforts without success, and continued skirmishing until night, their numbers always

augmenting; but General Paget resolutely maintained his post until late in the evening, when he received orders to retire to Lugo, where on the subsequent day the whole army was drawn up in order of battle.

In the retreat to Corunna, several attempts were made to destroy bridges; but they failed more than once from the deficiency of tools, and perhaps from haste or defective engineering. The subject was much discussed by many officers, who condemned the imperfect mode in which what was considered a formidable obstacle to the advance of the enemy had been carried out. General Paget at length mentioned this to Sir John Moore, and pressed him to destroy more bridges, and with more complete execution. Sir John, in answer, requested him to look around and examine with him more minutely the nature of the rivers over which these bridges were thrown. He pointed out to him, that the infantry and cavalry could usually pass a little above or below the bridge; and that the obstruction to artillery would be quickly repaired by an army constituted like that of the French; that it must likewise be recollected that the destruction of these strongly consolidated bridges could not be soon effected, and that the troops must halt during that time. So that, when this loss was deducted, it would be found that the advantage gained was much less considerable than had been imagined. Whenever any important point could be attained by blowing up a bridge, he thought it certainly should be done without hesitation, but felt persuaded that General Paget would agree with him that, where the advantage

was less, it would be a cruel measure to do such lasting mischief to those allies we came to benefit, as to ruin, for a length of time, the communications of their country. This was the defence that Sir John Moore made for what some ready censurers considered a neglect; but which convinced General Paget, while it increased his esteem for his friend and commander.*

During the battle of Corunna, Paget was posted in the rear to cover and sustain the right of the English line, which was threatened on the flank by the French cavalry. His position bore a strong resemblance to that of Cæsar's six chosen cohorts at Pharsalia. At a critical moment he made a most judicious and decisive advance, which completely checked the enemy, and assisted materially in securing their defeat. His ability was mentioned with warm commendation in General Hope's detailed account of the battle to Sir David Baird. Sir John Moore entertained a warm regard for General Paget, of which his dying moments afford ample testimony. While questioning Colonel Anderson as to the safety of his friends, and a few moments only before he expired, he asked, "Is Paget in the room?" Receiving an answer in the negative, he added, "It is General Paget I mean—he is a fine fellow—remember me to him most kindly."

The Battle of Corunna, as is well known, was fought on the 16th of January, 1809; and the British army sailed for England on the 18th. In the month of

* See "Narrative of Sir J. Moore's Campaign in Spain," by James Moore, Esq.

April of the same year, Paget, having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, received the command of the first division of the British army then preparing to advance from the environs of Lisbon to Oporto, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley. The force assigned to his direction consisted of two brigades of infantry and twelve guns. During the advance they were engaged in skirmishes at Albergaria and Grijon; and on the morning of the 12th of May, the army was concentrated on the banks of the Douro opposite to the city of Oporto. The French were taken by surprise; and Sir Arthur Wellesley lost not a moment in his determination to force a passage, although three large barges were the only means of transit at his disposal when the hazardous operation commenced. To pass a broad and deep river in the presence of an enemy is apparently a rash and difficult undertaking; yet it rarely fails when boldly and skilfully attempted. History both ancient and modern, supplies many examples of success, amongst which may be specially cited the passage of the Douro by Sir Arthur Wellesley in 1809; that of the Lech by Gustavus Adolphus in 1631; and the forcing of the Granicus by Alexander the Great, 334 B.C.

Opposite to the high ground on which Sir Arthur Wellesley had taken his stand to survey the coming scene of action, the eye of the English general caught the view of a large unfinished building on the opposite side called the "Seminary," easily accessible from the river, and surrounded by a high wall, enclosing an area

sufficient for two battalions in order of battle. The building commanded every thing in its vicinity, and at once presented an efficient *point d'appui*. A single boat crossed first, with an officer and a party of the Buffs; and within a quarter of an hour this small detachment found themselves occupying a post in the centre of the enemy's army. Another boat followed; General Paget crossed in the third; but by this time the alarm was given, the drums beat to arms, and the French hurried from all quarters, but in confused masses, to dislodge the assailants. From the roof of the Seminary, Paget was struck down by a dangerous wound; but Hill was at hand to take his place, and the fall of one general was immediately supplied by the presence of another. The English were now reinforced, the remainder of the troops crossed rapidly, and Oporto was won. The operation is brilliantly described in Napier's History.

The severity of General Paget's wound occasioned the amputation of his right arm, and forced him to return to England, resigning his command at the opening of what promised to be an arduous and glorious campaign. Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his official account of the capture of Oporto, says, "In Lieutenant-General Paget I have lost the assistance of a friend, who has been most useful to me during the few days which have elapsed since he joined the army. He had rendered a most important service by taking up the position which the troops afterwards maintained, and in bearing the first brunt of the enemy's attack."

General Paget, for his services and wounds, was created a Knight of the Bath, and in 1812 returned to the Peninsula to fill the distinguished office of second in command under Lord Wellington, vacated by Sir Thomas Graham in consequence of an attack of ophthalmia which rendered him incapable of duty. Sir Edward joined the army on the retreat from Burgos; and in a few days after, while the British divisions were scattered and divided in passing through a thick forest not far from Ciudad-Rodrigo, he was intercepted by a patrole of French cavalry, and carried off, as it might be said, from the midst of his own men. At first they thought they had secured the English commander-in-chief; and the evil fortune might have occurred as readily to Lord Wellington, as he also was continually riding between the columns, and without an escort. Paget was hurried off to France, and remained a prisoner until the close of the war. His brilliant prospects were terminated by captivity; and his name was no more to be coupled with the exploits of his gallant countrymen. The reflecting mind pauses here to ponder on the strange vicissitudes of a military life, and the inexplicable dispensations of Providence. This brave soldier had youth, health, strength, elevated position, acknowledged ability, the esteem of his equals, the love of his soldiers, and the full confidence of his great commander. Yet with all these advantages, and apparently ascending to the summit of fortune's ladder, a rude reverse shook him down, and limited for ever his ambitious hopes of a higher rise in the profession he

loved, and in which he so ardently desired to achieve a great and glorious name.

The capture of General Paget is thus mentioned in Lord Wellington's public despatch to Lord Bathurst: — "I am sorry to add, that we have had the misfortune to lose Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Paget, who was taken prisoner on the 17th of November. He commanded the centre column; and, the fall of rain having greatly injured the roads and swelled the rivulets, there was an interval between the 5th and 7th divisions of infantry. Sir Edward rode to the rear alone to discover the cause of this interval; and as the road passed through a wood, either a detachment of the enemy's cavalry had got upon it, or he missed the track, and fell into their hands in the wood.* I understand that Sir Edward was not wounded, but I cannot sufficiently regret the loss of his services at this moment."

The following kind letter was written to the captive general by his commander†:—

"Head-quarters, 19th Nov., 1812.

"My Dear Paget,

"I did not hear of your misfortune till more than an hour after it had occurred; nor was I certain of it till the enemy attacked our rear-guard, and the firing had continued for some time, and I found you were not on the field; and you will judge of my concern by the sense which I hope you feel I entertain of the cordial assistance which I received from you during the short

* Sir Edward Paget was remarkably near-sighted.

† Wellington Despatches, vol. ix.

time you had been with us. I cannot account for your misfortune, excepting that you were alone, and could not see the approach of the enemy's cavalry.

"That which must now be done is to endeavour to obtain your exchange. I have no French general officer in the Peninsula; but I beg you to make it known to the King, and to the Duke of Dalmatia, that I will engage that any general officer they will name shall be sent from England to France in exchange for you. If you should find that there is any prospect of your being exchanged, I recommend to you to endeavour to prevail upon the King not to send you to France. It is not necessary to enter into the reason for giving you this advice. If the King, or the Duke of Dalmatia will not name an officer to be exchanged for you, the sooner you are sent to France the better. I send you some money (200*l.*). I will take care of your friend Marlay. You cannot conceive how I regret your loss. This is the second time that I have been deprived of your assistance at an early period after you had joined us, and I am almost afraid to wish to have you again; but God knows with what pleasure I shall hear of your being liberated, and shall see you with us.

"Believe me, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."

The applications for his exchange were fruitless, as Napoleon would not consent to any cartel.

Sir Edward Paget was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, upon the retirement of the Marquess of

Hastings in 1822, but he did not retain the appointment for any considerable time. In 1824, he planned the operations against the Burmese in the first war, which was brought to a successful termination under the immediate command of Sir Archibald Campbell. In 1825, he suppressed with a strong hand the mutiny of a sepoy regiment which had refused to march because of some alleged difficulty in obtaining carriage. The avowed cause was supposed to be a pretence, and that there was a deeper plot behind. Sir Edward ordered two European regiments, the Royals and the 47th, to fire upon the rebellious corps, and by this determined measure prevented the spread of disaffection, which, at that juncture, might have ended in a second Vellore, or have perilled even the British empire in the peninsula of Hindostan.

In 1825, Sir Edward Paget returned to England, and having reached the rank of a full general in the army, in 1837, succeeded to the governorship of Chelsea Hospital, which office he continued to hold to the day of his death. He was also colonel of the 28th regiment, and a member of the board of general officers. He died at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 13th of June, 1849, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Sir Edward was twice married: first, in May, 1805, to Frances, daughter of William, first Lord Bagot, by whom he had one son, Francis Edward, in holy orders, and rector of Elford, in the county of Stafford; and, secondly, in 1815, to Lady Harriet Legge, daughter of George, third Earl of Dartmouth. By this lady he

had eight children, three sons and five daughters, who all survived their father. The general was a very handsome man, courteous in deportment, mild in manner, and kind in disposition.

No. V.

LORD BERESFORD.

"O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Rous'd them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And rais'd fair Lusitania's fallen shield."

SIR W. SCOTT'S *Vision of Don Roderick.*

GENERAL LORD VISCOUNT BERESFORD, G. C. B.

Born 1768.—Died 1855.

THERE are few names in British military annals which have been more frequently made the subject of general discussion than that which heads the present memoir, and none more entitled to honourable notice in the ample list of those who have devoted a long life to the service of their country. The professional career of Lord Beresford was equally remarkable for the activity and variety by which it was characterised. It extended over every quarter of the globe, and embraced more travelling by sea and land than fell to the lot of any individual we can readily recal, although to strengthen memory we turn to the pages of ancient as well as to those of modern history. In all that he undertook we find bold adventure, unusual success sometimes chequered by reverse, perseverance, courage amounting to the display of reckless daring, and more tactical skill than some severe critics are disposed to acknowledge. It has been generally supposed that this distinguished soldier was born in 1770, but we have sufficient reason to believe that the date affixed above is the more accurate period of his birth. The difference is unimportant. When a veteran can number eight complete decades, and has advanced well into the ninth, a year or two on

either side of the calculation matters little in casting up the sum total.

We learn from the peerage that William Carr Beresford, born in Ireland, was the son of George de la Poer, first Marquess of Waterford. The gallant Admiral, Sir John Poo Beresford, who died in 1844, was his brother. The future marshal was sent in his sixteenth year to the military academy at Strasbourg, where he had not remained twelve months, when he received, in August 1785, his first commission as Ensign in the sixth Foot. He thus commenced a soldier's life, about three years after the close of the American war, and arrived in Nova Scotia, where his regiment was stationed, in the spring of 1786. Here, while on a shooting excursion, he was unfortunate enough to receive a wound from the gun of a brother sportsman, which deprived him of the sight of his left eye. In 1789 he purchased a Lieutenancy in the 16th (of which regiment he subsequently became Colonel), and returned to England in 1790, when he obtained promotion to a company in the 69th Foot, and served as an officer of marines on board the "Britannia," the flag-ship of Admiral Lord Hood. It was much the custom in those days to employ the regular regiments as marines in line-of-battle ships. Early in 1793, Captain Beresford embarked at Cork with his battalion, for foreign service, and formed a portion of the army which took possession of Toulon. His name was mentioned with honour in the despatches of Lord Mulgrave, who held the temporary command of the British troops, with

the rank of Brigadier-General. The French artillery during this siege, as we need scarcely remind our readers, was directed by Napoleon Buonaparte, then a young and unknown officer, struggling into notoriety by the force of innate genius.

After the evacuation of Toulon, in November 1793, the English commanders determined to attack Corsica, less with the view of permanent conquest, than to dispossess the enemy of the forts they occupied at different points of that island. Captain Beresford assisted in the assault of the celebrated tower of Martello, in the bay of St. Fiorenzo, and distinguished himself so much in the course of these and other operations that he was promoted to a Majority on the reduction of the fort, and immediately afterwards obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in a newly raised regiment, which was ultimately distributed amongst others. Both these steps were acquired during the year 1794, and in 1795 we find him commanding officer of the 88th, Connaught Rangers. Before the expiration of that year, Colonel Beresford embarked with this corps, for the West Indies, to serve in the expedition against the French Islands, under Sir Ralph Abercromby. The fleet, convoyed by Admiral Christian, sustained a series of tempests, unprecedented even in British naval history, and being several times dispersed and compelled to put back, the expedition was retarded and the forces scattered. Many of the ships foundered at sea; some found their way disabled into English ports, others were taken by the enemy, and a small part only were able to

weather the storm and proceed to their original destination. Two companies of the 88th, commanded by Captain Trotter, were all that reached the West Indies. Of the remainder of the corps, some were in the captured vessels, some in those which put back to England, and a crazy transport, in which one division under Captain Vandeleur was embarked, was actually blown through the Straits of Gibraltar as far into the Mediterranean as Carthagena. Here the vessel was frapped together, and with great difficulty navigated back to Gibraltar, where the men were removed out of her, and on loosening the frapping, the transport fell to pieces. The two companies which gained the West Indies, after being employed in the reduction of Grenada and St. Lucie, returned to England in the autumn of 1796, when the whole battalion was again assembled, and embarked under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Beresford, for Jersey, where its numbers were once more raised to the full establishment by recruits from Ireland. Colonel Beresford was ordered with his regiment to India, but arrived at Bombay on the 10th of June, 1800, when the war was over, and too late to share in the laurels of Seringapatam. He had scarcely more than settled himself in cantonments, when he was ordered to proceed to Egypt, by the Red Sea, being appointed to the command of a brigade (of which the 88th formed a portion), in the army under Sir David Baird, destined to reinforce Sir Ralph Abercromby. The diversion was skilfully planned, and would have proved highly important had the war con-

tinued, but the fighting was over before Baird's division joined the main body, and they reached Alexandria only in time to witness the surrender of Menou. Nevertheless, the march across the desert from Kosseir to the Nile, was an enterprise of great difficulty and novelty in English warfare, achieved with skill and perseverance, which reflected the highest credit on all concerned. Colonel Beresford led the advanced column, and proved himself a hardy as well as an able pioneer. The marches, which occupied fourteen days, were comparatively short, and confined either to the night or early morning. The great local obstacle lay in the uncertainty of finding halting places where springs could be discovered, and in the utter impossibility of carrying a sufficient supply of water in *mussacks* or water-bags transported on camels. Across a waste of more than one hundred and twenty miles in extent, there was neither verdure, shelter, nor animation. Even serpents, lizards, antelopes, and ostriches, the usual inhabitants of the most dreary deserts, were absent from this unbroken solitude. There were no lakes or pools of water, brackish or sweet. The very birds seemed to avoid the entire region, as one of pestilence and death. The temperature under a scorching sun varied from 108 to 120 degrees. Bruce's description of a march over this same ground, with a comparatively small caravan, will supply some idea of what must have been the sensations of an army under similar circumstances. He says of their starting, "When all was ready, the party, at a funeral pace, slowly advanced into the gloomy region of

the desert. There was nothing in the prospect to excite the energies of the mind, or to arouse the feelings. Men, and camels, and horses, drooping as they went, seemed alike to be aware that the courage they had now to exert was only of a passive description—all that was required of them was to suffer! Anger, hatred, and other revengeful feelings, which, like brandy, too often make men careless and insensible to danger, afforded them no such excitement. They had not the savage pleasure of contending with human beings. The burning sand, and the burning sun, it was out of their power to injure."

When the care and incessant toil of the officers had overcome the expected obstacles which presented themselves in opposition to the progress of the army, a new misfortune assailed them. The troops who had advanced first under the command of Colonel Beresford were attacked with a dreadful dysenterical complaint, brought on by the badness of the water, the overpowering heat of the weather, and the exertion of marching in such a climate over such a country after a long confinement on ship-board, where, indeed, their food (consisting almost entirely of salt provisions) had not a little contributed to render their constitutions more susceptible of the malady which so severely assailed them. It is very remarkable that the English soldiers suffered less than the Sepoys and native Indian followers attached to the force. But they were accustomed to be fed on more substantial food, were endowed with greater physical strength, and felt the superiority of

their own condition. There were no murmurs of complaint, no indications of relaxed discipline, and no deviations from the ordinary submissive silence. It is not in the field of battle alone, when bullets are whizzing round his head, when the blood and energies are excited by example, and the spirit of emulation conquers the momentary dread of danger, that the true soldier evinces his constancy and dauntless heart. The qualities of stern endurance are more powerfully illustrated under the long, harassing march, the comfortless bivouac, the drenching rain, the scanty supply of rations, the ill-furnished hospital, and the destroying tempest. The noble bands who surmounted the perils of the sandy deserts of Egypt, who went calmly down in their ranks on the deck of the "Birkenhead," or who died unmurmuring in the lazar-houses of Balaclava and Scutari, were heroes as deserving of immortality as the devoted companions of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, or the daring thousands who fell without a thought of retreat before the breaches of Badajoz.

When peace was concluded in 1802, Sir David Baird returned to India with the greater portion of his contingent, but Colonel Beresford with the 88th remained in Egypt until removed to England in 1803. In 1805 he joined the expedition against the Cape of Good Hope, under Sir David Baird, with the rank of brigadier-general; but being detached with his brigade by the commander-in-chief to make a diversion by landing in Saldanha Bay, he had no opportunity of taking part in the field operations which led to the defeat of the

Dutch General Jannsens and the surrender of the capital. Sir David Baird says in his despatch, "Public as well as personal considerations induce me to lament the absence of Brigadier-General Beresford, from whose talents and experience I should have derived the most essential assistance in our disputed and difficult progress from Leopard's Bay."

In 1806 Sir David Baird suffered Sir Home Popham, the naval commander acting in concert with him, to prevail upon him to allow a portion of the garrison of the Cape, consisting of the 71st regiment, a small detachment of artillery, and a few light pieces, to embark in one of the wildest schemes which ever entered the head of a roving adventurer, much less that of a British commodore with limited powers. This was no other than the conquest of the great city of Buenos Ayres in South America and the adjoining territory, considerably exceeding in extent the area of the United Kingdom. Brigadier-General Beresford earnestly solicited and obtained the command of the land troops. This great enterprise he and his naval coadjutor fully expected to accomplish with a mere handful of men and two or three ships of war. On the score of prudence, Baird may be blamed for being persuaded by his subordinates; but his own temperament was bold and enterprising, and he yielded easily to congenial arguments. Sir Home Popham, too, as it afterwards appeared in evidence on his court-martial, deceived him as to the extent of his instructions from the home government. He was not either directly or indirectly permitted to

employ the squadron under his control in any service unconnected with the conquest and preservation of the particular colony of the Cape.

Away went the Commodore and General Beresford, in the middle of April, on their mad buccaneering enterprise, leaving the Cape without the protection of a single armed vessel to guard it from insult. A French gun-brig could have anchored in Table Bay with impunity. Touching at St. Helena they induced the governor to give them one hundred and fifty native infantry from his small garrison, and one hundred artillerymen. This reinforcement swelled the military sum total to 1025 men. They also expected to be able to land about 800 seamen from the ships of the fleet.

Leaving St. Helena, they steered direct for the Rio de la Plata, and arrived at the mouth of that great river in the beginning of June. It was now debated whether they should attack Buenos Ayres or Monte Video in the first instance; and a dash at the capital being unanimously preferred, the troops were removed from the line-of-battle ships into the transports and frigate that accompanied the expedition, in which, after surmounting with great skill and perseverance the difficulties of a most intricate navigation, they arrived before Buenos Ayres on the 25th of June, and on the following day disembarked without resistance at the Punta de Quilnies, about twelve miles from the city. A considerable body of Spaniards (principally cavalry), placed on a height at two miles distance, witnessed the landing of the British without attempting the slightest opposi-

tion. General Beresford, having only halted to collect his small force in one compact body, marched against the enemy at about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 26th. They fled precipitately at the first fire, leaving behind them their artillery, consisting of four field-pieces, and nothing more was seen of them throughout that day.

Beresford remained on the ground he had won to rest his troops and secure the captured guns. After a few hours' delay he pressed boldly forward. No serious opposition occurred after this first success, and no difficulty of importance, except the passage of a river which it was necessary to cross before getting to Buenos Ayres; but this being effected with the help of rafts and boats, the bridge having been burnt by the enemy, General Beresford entered the city on the 27th of June. The viceroy had previously abandoned his post and fled inland to Cordova with the small body of troops under his immediate command. The Spanish authorities were completely taken by surprise and panic-struck.

While the small army was thus employed in the conquest of Buenos Ayres, the line-of-battle ships of the squadron made demonstrations before Monte Video and Maldonado, in order to alarm and occupy the garrisons of those places. It afterwards appeared that the regular troops of the colony were stationed in the two advanced fortresses, while the defence of Buenos Ayres, supposed from its situation to be less exposed to attack, had been committed to the militia. To this accident and to the misconduct and timidity of the viceroy, who

was quite inexperienced and incapable of directing military movements, the success of an expedition, undertaken not more in defiance of the rules of discipline than in opposition to the dictates of prudence, may in a great measure be attributed. If the Spaniards had been handled with common ability, Beresford's weak detachment (it was no more) must have been swallowed up to a man, either on their rash advance or after they had entered the outskirts of the city.

In justice, however, to the British commanders it must be stated that in the execution of their enterprise, they acted fully up to the maxim that "*dans la guerre, audace est presque toujours prudence,*" and displayed equal promptitude, boldness, and intrepidity. After victory, too, they showed much forbearance and moderation in their treatment of the vanquished. Although the town was perfectly defenceless when the English army advanced and took possession, favourable articles of capitulation were granted to the inhabitants; and not only was the private property of individuals on shore religiously respected, but the coasting vessels found in the river, which by the laws of war are good prizes to the captors, although valued with their cargoes at one million and a half of dollars, were restored by proclamation to the rightful owners. Policy had, no doubt, its share in this liberal conduct, for there were not seamen to spare from the fleet to navigate these numerous vessels, and if they had been destroyed, the views of traffic in which the expedition originated must have been entirely frustrated. These coasters afforded

the only means of maintaining a commercial intercourse with the interior, except the expensive and, in the existing state of the country, uncertain communication by caravans. Jack saw what he considered his lawful *exuviæ* slip through his fingers, and wondered sullenly at the delicacy he was quite unable to understand.

The spoil notwithstanding was considerable. About one million two hundred thousand dollars of hard public money (*pesos duros*) were found in the town and sent to England. Besides this, other public property in quicksilver and Jesuit's bark to the value of near three million of dollars was seized for the benefit of the captors; but before it could be secured on board-ship, the place, as we shall speedily have to relate, was retaken by the enemy. Great was the joy in London and throughout the British empire when the news of the capture of Buenos Ayres arrived. The unauthorised nature of the enterprise was forgotten for the moment or winked at by the ministers, and the names of Popham, and particularly Beresford, sounded from every mouth, coupled with the general admission that they were two officers of the brightest promise in both services.

Sir. H. Popham issued a sort of circular manifesto to the principal mercantile and manufacturing cities of Great Britain, announcing and certainly not underrating the value of the market he had opened. He spread widely and rapidly the most exaggerated notions of his conquest, and, as was naturally to be expected from so unprecedented an address from such responsible authority, led to many rash and improvident mercantile specu-

lations, the result of which, in the sequel, caused the adventurers to lament bitterly their credulity. The delusion was almost universal, and with an ample allowance for ignorance, unaccountably great. It was forgotten that Buenos Ayres and other parts of South America had always been supplied with English goods through Spanish or neutral bottoms; and although a direct trade might increase the demand, it was not likely to rise in anything like a proportion to the sanguine expectations of the excited public.

Inexhaustible mines; fertile and salubrious plains; an innocent, unoffending population cruelly oppressed by their former masters, gratefully repaying with submission and ready obedience the British valour that had rescued them from slavery; these were the false and flattering images that dazzled every eye and banished sober or cool reflection from every brow. It was not considered that our new acquisition was eighteen hundred miles distant from the mines of Potosi; that the intermediate country was inhabited by a hardy, roving, unsettled, half-civilised race, expert in the management of their horses and spears, and as invincible and inaccessible in defensive war as the flying Parthians of old, or the modern nomadic tribes of the Arabian desert. The fact was equally passed over, that Buenos Ayres itself owed its wealth and importance, not to its natural resources, derived from the productive but uncultivated territory that surrounds it, but to its accidental and artificial pre-eminence as the capital of an extensive government and an emporium be-

tween the mother country and her more distant colonies.* Those who knew anything of the geography or political condition of South America were sensible that the possession of Buenos Ayres, although inconvenient to Potosi and Peru, no more led to the subjugation of those countries than the possession of Macao or Hong Kong leads to the conquest of China. They foresaw that our invasion, whatever might be its ultimate consequences, would in the first instance destroy the established channels of commerce, and they were far from feeling confident that it would open others in their room. They allowed that Buenos Ayres was an excellent agricultural farm, but they also contended that it would require a vast outlay in alterations and improvements before it could afford a profitable market for our manufacturers. But such qualifying reasoners were few in number, and amidst the general delusion they were unheeded as of no account.

When intelligence first reached the government of Sir Home Popham's unauthorised departure from the Cape, and meditated invasion of South America, orders were instantly despatched to recall him, and put a stop to his expedition. These orders were too late, and when the news of the success arrived, the objections to the original plan were drowned in the universal joy at the fortunate result. A conquest which the ministers would not have sanctioned, they lacked the resolution to abandon; or possibly, deceived by the ease

* Buenos Ayres is situated on the La Plata, two hundred and twenty miles from the sea: the river at the city is twenty-one miles in breadth.

with which a great victory had been gained, they gave in to the popular madness, and made up their minds that the continent of South America had only to be attacked, and immediate submission must follow as a matter of course. It cannot fairly be said that the government countenanced or promoted the sanguine calculations of the mercantile community, beyond issuing the customary orders in council (September 17th, 1806) for regulating the trade of his Majesty's subjects with the countries that fall under his arms; but on the other hand, no pains were taken to dissipate these errors, or to undeceive the public with respect to the grossness of their illusion. It also appears that the British cabinet, in resolving to maintain this unexpected conquest, were far from adopting the system best calculated to achieve their object. When the immense extent and scattered population of the Spanish colonies are considered, and the habits, prejudices, and character of their inhabitants taken into the account, it must be obvious that no foreign power could reduce to obedience and retain in subjection such expanded regions so amply provided with the means of defensive warfare, except by gaining over the different races of the country and attaching them to the interests of the invader.

But however discontented with their existing government, none but the refuse of any people will join an invading army of foreigners, unless with the hope of obtaining freedom and independence by their assistance. We ought, therefore, either to have renounced all views upon the continent of South America, or to have pro-

claimed to its inhabitants that in the exercise of legitimate war, we were seeking to establish their independence, and ready to conclude with them treaties of commerce and alliance, as also to pledge ourselves, if they accepted our offers, to make no peace with their present rulers in which they should not be included and recognised as free and independent states. If we were not prepared to make such a declaration, it must be confessed it was honourable in our government not to excite popular insurrections in the Spanish colonies until they had made up their minds to support them throughout; for nothing could have been more base as a principle, or more unsound in policy, than to have encouraged the colonists to take up arms against their sovereign and afterwards to abandon them to his vengeance. This has been too often done and excused, but multiplied precedents and sophistical arguments cannot change wrong into right, or establish national credit on the basis of treachery.

But long before the system proposed to be followed with Buenos Ayres came to be discussed in the British cabinet, the settlement had once more reverted back into the power of the enemy. The Spaniards had been taken by surprise and beaten by a handful of men, because attacked where they were unprepared for resistance; but no sooner had they recovered from their panic and ascertained the contemptible strength of their opponents, than, ashamed of defeat under such circumstances, they began to concert measures to expel the invaders. Emissaries from Buenos Ayres excited the

country people to arms, and an insurrection was organised in the heart of the city, under the very eye of the English commander-in-chief, who seems to have been lulled into an unaccountable apathy and indifference; and which entirely escaped detection or suspicion, until it had arrived at maturity, and was ready to burst into action. The chief promoter and director of this well-organised plan was a certain Colonel Liniers, a French officer in the Spanish service. Some said he had been originally a pastrycook, others a solicitor; but it mattered little, for the man proved himself an active soldier, endowed with executive daring and considerable resources. This Liniers crossed the river in a fog, on the 4th of August, 1806, unobserved by the English cruisers, and landed at Conchas, above Buenos Ayres, bringing with him about one thousand men from Monte Video and Sacramento. Encouraged by this reinforcement, the armed levies from the country, which were defeated by General Beresford in a sally, advanced again to the city, and summoned the castle to surrender (August the 10th). The whole male population of the town were now in arms, and the danger appeared so imminent from overwhelming odds, that the English commander determined to evacuate the place, and retire to the ships; but this was prevented by the boisterous state of the weather; and after a desperate action on the 12th, in the streets and great square, in which Beresford's small band were attacked with incredible fury, and severely galled by a destructive fire from the windows and balconies of the houses, they were com-

pelled to cease resistance and lay down their arms. A mortifying close to such a brilliant opening.

The terms on which they surrendered became afterwards a subject of warm dispute and recrimination between General Beresford and Liniers, who assumed, in virtue of his superior energy, rather than by regular appointment, the command-in-chief of the Spaniards. The loss of the British on the 12th of August, amounted to two officers, two sergeants, one drummer, and forty-three rank and file killed; six officers, seven sergeants, ninety-five rank and file wounded, and nine missing, making a total of one hundred and sixty-five. Nearly the whole of these casualties were occasioned by the fire of the inhabitants from the tops of the houses and churches. Sir Home Popham, in his despatch, expressed great indignation against the Bishop for allowing a gun to be placed on the roof of one of the sacred edifices, which completely commanded the castle. This he pronounced an indelible stigma on his sacred character; but war sanctions many extreme measures, and fighting prelates are by no means scarce in military records. Many of the greatest battles have been fought on a Sunday, and churches and grave-yards are unscrupulously converted into military posts when stern necessity commands.

During the action in the streets of Buenos Ayres, the personal exposure of General Beresford rendered his escape a subject of wonder. The gallantry of the 71st, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Sir Denis) Pack, who was severely wounded,

excited the admiration and respect of their enemies,* and a great proportion of the loss fell on that brave corps. The British troops who surrendered amounted in all to thirteen hundred men. The Spaniards confessed that they had seven hundred killed and wounded, out of an aggregate force exceeding ten thousand.

The articles of capitulation agreed that the English army should march out with the honours of war, and be embarked for England, not to be considered eligible to serve again until duly exchanged; and that the Spanish troops taken on the first surrender of the place, should be at once released for the British officers who fell into their hands on the recapture. It is quite certain that these terms were duly ratified and signed by Liniers, and afterwards broken; for the whole of the English were detained as unconditional prisoners of war, and marched up the country. Beresford and Pack were

* Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B., was a native of Kilkenny, and one of the most dashing leaders of a brigade in the Peninsular war. There is not a name in the British army more familiar, nor was there any officer of his day more distinguished for zeal, personal activity, and the most intrepid courage. He was scarred with wounds, and covered with glory. But he had a very restless, uneven temper, which led him to interfere so much with the minor details of duty, that his popularity was less than his high military qualities deserved. When he escaped from confinement in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, in 1807, and got down to Monte Video, he was appointed to the command of a provisional battalion, formed from the different regiments, and stationed at Colonia. His fidgetty disposition took a fresh impetus, probably from being so long in forced *abeyance*. One morning there appeared written in chalk on the door of a barn, the following distich:—

"The devil break the gaoler's back,
That sent him to us, Denis Pack!"

offered their parole, but they refused to accept the indulgence, as they even then meditated an escape, which they subsequently were enabled to effect.

It is due to the memory of Liniers to state, that he admitted having agreed to receive the British as temporary prisoners of war, who would be forthwith exchanged; but his government maintained that our forces had surrendered at discretion. Liniers honourably but ineffectually protested against this gross breach of faith.

Thus terminated the first expedition to Buenos Ayres. Of the second, under General Whitelocke, on a much more extensive scale, it is only necessary here to advert to the issue, which proved infinitely more disastrous and disgraceful. Such were the bitter fruits of an enterprise, undertaken without authority, and originating in a direct breach of public duty, which, though extenuated by circumstances, and surrounded with a halo of gallantry, was adjudged by the sentence of a court-martial (on Sir Home Popham) to be "highly censurable, not for the general good of his Majesty's service, and deserving of a severe reprimand."

We left General Beresford a prisoner in Buenos Ayres. After the storming of Monte Video on the 3rd of February, 1807, by the vanguard of the second expedition, under Sir Samuel Auchmuty, he was ordered to proceed to a town two hundred leagues inland, and was already between forty and fifty leagues from the capital, when two Spanish officers in the family of the governor, who had been endeavouring to enter into

some political negotiation with him, proposed to assist and accompany him in making his escape. This with much difficulty was effected, and the General, after being secreted for three successive days in Buenos Ayres, reached the banks of the Rio de la Plata in safety, embarked with his companion Colonel Pack in an open boat, and sailed down the river until they fell in with an English cruiser which took them on board. The arrival of General Beresford was an event as pleasing as it was important and unexpected. Being perfectly acquainted with the views of the leading men and the real state of the country, the information he afforded proved to be of the utmost value. But soon after this, Whitelocke arrived to take the chief command, and the expedition was doomed.

General Beresford took no part in the second attack on Buenos Ayres. He returned to England in 1807, and was soon after promoted to the rank of Major-General. In the winter of that year, an expedition was sent to take possession of Madeira, which was thenceforward retained in trust for the royal family of Portugal. Admiral Hood and General Beresford directed this service. The latter remained at Madeira as governor and commander-in-chief until August, 1808, when he received orders to join the British army in Portugal. He was too late to participate in the battle of Vimiero; and the first duties he was called upon to discharge were those of commissioner, for settling with Kellermann the disputes that sprang up every day respecting the terms on which Lisbon had capitu-

lated. He then accompanied Sir John Moore's army on the advance into Spain, was present during the retreat, at the battle of Corunna, and actively employed in covering the embarkation of the troops. His brigade were the last British soldiers of that devoted army who quitted a land where they had suffered so much, in which they had been left completely stranded by the people they came to assist, and from whence they returned to find themselves and their commander vilified by mouthing orators, who cared little for truth, so long as they were furnished with a topic.

In February, 1809, Beresford returned a second time to Portugal, for the purpose of organising and taking the command of the army of that kingdom, under the authority of the Prince Regent of Portugal, with the high promotion of Marshal in his service, and the local rank of Lieutenant-General in our own.

The Portuguese government had wisely requested that an English officer of ability and experience might be sent out for this most important duty. The first selection fell upon Colonel Le Marchant, at that time Lieutenant-Governor of the Military College; but he could not be spared; and officers of much higher rank were then proposed for the office. The Portuguese themselves expressed a wish to have Sir Arthur Wellesley, but his consent was quite out of the question. It has been stated that Sir John Sherbrooke, Sir John Murray (of Tarragona reputation), Sir John Doyle, and even the Marquess of Hastings, were candidates for the post; but that powerful parliamentary interest secured

the preference to General Beresford. How he should possess superior influence to such a man as the Marquess of Hastings is not very intelligible, but the decision in his favour led to the expression of jealousy and discontent at the time on the part of those who thought they had equal or superior claims, and the existence of the feeling has been repeated since. The result soon proved, however, that the choice was judicious, and the right man had been secured for the work.

When General Beresford undertook the task of making soldiers of the Portuguese, the military reputation of that people stood at a very low ebb in the estimation of the world. Between corruption, neglect, want of discipline, desertion, the absence of pay and food, and a most inefficient set of officers, the army had dwindled down almost to a perfect nonentity. The labour of resuscitation was Herculean, but Beresford went to it with untiring zeal and perseverance. He was invested with unlimited power; and the military code of Portugal, although rusty from disuse, was coercive, severe, and precisely defined. In a few months the gradual change became evident, and long before the conclusion of the war, the Portuguese found themselves, even to their own surprise, worthy to stand by the side of the best soldiers in Europe. Quick, fiery, and easily excited, they are, nevertheless, orderly and docile; and when well and justly treated, capable of the warmest attachment to their leaders. The system adopted by Beresford was severe and unflinch-

ing, even to tyranny; but it was also administered with the strictest impartiality, and untinctured by personal prejudice, favour, or affection. By what other means could a helpless rabble be converted into a brave and formidable army? A court-martial and the lash were ever ready for the slightest breach of discipline, whether plundering, pilfering, sloth, intemperance, passion, quarrelling amongst each other, stabbing with the knife, or even the shadow of intended disorder. Generals may be easily named entitled to take place above Beresford, in directing the energies of large armies in the field; but in organisation—in the art of making soldiers, in all the details and arcana of practical discipline—he stands without a rival. The abilities herein displayed are less brilliant and exalted than those required to plan complicated campaigns and win great battles, but they are quite as rare, and equally valuable. Napoleon's consummate knowledge of human nature and vast superiority of mind, were ever most powerfully evinced in placing everybody in the exact situation best calculated to call forth his peculiar attributes. We have read in respectable print that the Duke of Wellington used to say that "Lord Beresford and Lord Hill were the only two English generals who could take an army out of Hyde Park in face of an enemy." We incline to think he never used the expression, which, like many others, may have been fathered on him without foundation; but neither of the officers named require such hyperbolical and excessive praise to establish their reputation.

It has been often supposed that the Portuguese army under General Beresford was entirely officered by Englishmen; but this is a mistake. There were many English officers, but there were also many Portuguese. The commands of regiments and brigades, with the higher staff appointments, were principally given to foreigners. This system, gradual at first, extended by degrees, and perhaps was carried to an injudicious extent, which produced some mischievous consequences, and engendered dangerous intrigues. The value of the newly disciplined troops soon began to be felt. When Sir Arthur Wellesley advanced to drive Soult from Oporto in May, 1809, General Beresford had by that time been able to bring into the field twelve thousand good soldiers, whose cooperation acted importantly on the results of the campaign. He attacked the French in the north of Portugal, crossed the Upper Douro, drove Loison's division back to Amarante, and pursued the retreating enemy in conjunction with the main force under Sir Arthur Wellesley, until Soult's army was utterly disorganised and passed the frontier in confusion and disgrace.

After the campaign in the north, General Beresford returned to Lisbon, and dedicated his attention exclusively to the improvement of the Portuguese army. When Massena invaded Portugal in 1810, and Lord Wellington retired before his overwhelming force, he resolved to make a stand at Busaco, partly because it was (as it proved) an impregnable position, and partly to bring the Portuguese troops fairly into play, and to

prove in the heart of their own country what they could be valued at in a fair field of battle. The result fully equalled his expectations. They were severely and closely engaged during a sharp fight, and fully vindicated their own honour and the talents of their trainers. They exhibited steadiness and bravery equal to the occasion, and as creditable to themselves as to the men who had disciplined and led them on. Before the close of 1810, General Beresford received the ribbon of the Bath, when that restricted dignity embraced a very narrow constituency. The order of the Tower and Sword was also conferred upon him by the Portuguese government; and he was created, in addition, Conde de Trancoso in Portugal.

When Lord Wellington retired to the lines of Torres Vedras, General Beresford found time to recruit the Portuguese army, and as Massena finally retreated to the northern frontiers, Lord Wellington entrusted Beresford with a most important detached command, to hold Soult in check in the south, and to retake the fortresses which had fallen into the hands of the enemy in that quarter. Olivenza fell rapidly, and Badajoz was invested, but the fortifications being of great extent and strength, with a sufficient garrison, the siege made little progress. The place was the key of all the French operations, its preservation of the most vital consequence, and Soult accordingly marched from Seville with a large army to its relief. Beresford, leaving a portion of his forces to hold the garrison in check and defend the trenches, drew up at Albuera, and prepared to measure himself with

the renowned French marshal. We approach the conflict of Albuera, the great event in the life of the subject of our memoir. He found himself on the morning of the 16th of May, 1811, at the head of a large but motley force, exceeding thirty thousand men, of which not more than one fourth were British. The rest were Spaniards who had been often beaten by the same enemy before, and Portuguese yet in their noviciate, but much more to be depended on. The Spanish generals, Blake and Castanos, were not only incapable, but dogmatic, obstinate, and given to oppose everything. Soult, on the opposite side, led twenty-three thousand picked veterans of one nation, animated by one spirit, and with the most unbounded confidence in their commander. His abilities and reputation were of the highest order, and he took the initiative, which in itself comprises many favourable chances. A more complete force than that which he commanded never entered a field of battle, and he himself never beheld before him such a golden promise of decisive victory. Volumes of the most angry controversy have been written on this action, and the arguments on either side would be more convincing if they evinced less display of personal invective. Beresford has been accused of writing himself some of the pamphlets which appeared in his defence, and also of indulging in unbecoming egotism. This may be correct or not, but we can scarcely wonder that he should be strongly excited in the decline of life, after reposing for many years on his laurels, at an attack being made from a formidable quarter, which

tended to strip him of every leaf. In some previous operations at Campo Mayor, of a secondary quality, he seems to have committed a blunder, and lost an opportunity, which, according to the letters of young enthusiastic officers of inferior rank, diminished, nay, almost destroyed, the confidence of his army in the talents of their commander. But such documents are not to be received as conclusive or exclusive evidence in such important matters of history. Nearly all young men are prone to censure their seniors, and to deliver hasty opinions in the ardour of inexperience.

As the battle of Albuera has given rise to so much commentary, and the tactics of the English general in command have been so severely criticised, we deem it but just, in a personal memoir, to give his despatch to Lord Wellington, and thus to allow him to tell his own story.

"Albuera, 18th May, 1811.

"My Lord,—I have infinite satisfaction in communicating to your Lordship that the allied army, united here under my orders, obtained, on the 16th instant, after a most sanguinary contest, a complete victory over that of the enemy commanded by Marshal Soult; and I shall proceed to relate to your Lordship the circumstances. In a former report I have informed your Lordship of the advance of Marshal Soult from Seville, and I had in consequence judged it wise entirely to raise the siege of Badajoz, and prepare to meet him with our united forces, rather than, by looking to two objects at once, to risk the loss of both.

"Marshal Soult, it appears, had been long straining every nerve to collect a force which he thought fully sufficient to his object for the relief of Badajos; and for this purpose he had drawn considerable numbers from the corps of Marshal Victor and General Sebastiani, and also, I believe, from the French army of the centre. Having thus completed his preparations, he marched from Seville on the 10th instant, with a corps then estimated at 15,000 or 16,000 men, and was joined on descending into Estramadura by the force under General Latour Maubourg, stated to be 5000 men. His Excellency General Blake, as soon as he learned the advance of Marshal Soult, in strict conformity with the plan proposed by your Lordship, proceeded to form his junction with the troops under my orders, and arrived at Valverde in person on the 14th instant, where, having consulted with his Excellency and General Castanos, it was determined to meet the enemy and give him battle.

"On finding the determination of the enemy to relieve Badajos, I had broken up from before that place, and marched the infantry to the position in front of Valverde, except the division of Major-General the Hon. G. L. Cole, which, with 2000 Spanish troops, I left to cover the removal of our stores.

"The cavalry, which had, according to orders, fallen back as the enemy advanced, was joined at Santa Marta by the cavalry of General Blake; that of General Castanos, under the Conde de Penne Villemur, had been always with it. As remaining at Valverde, although the

ground was stronger, left Badajos entirely open, I determined to take up a position (such as could be got in this widely open country) at this place, thus standing directly between the enemy and Badajos. The army was therefore assembled here on the 15th instant. The corps of General Blake, though making a forced march to effect it, only joined in the night, and could not be placed in position till the morning of the 16th instant; when General Cole's division, with the Spanish brigade under Don Carlos de España, also joined, and a little before the commencement of the action. Our cavalry had been forced on the morning of the 15th instant to retire from Santa Marta and joined us here.

"In the afternoon of that day the enemy appeared in front of us. The next morning our dispositions for receiving him were made, being formed in two lines nearly parallel to the river Albuera, on the ridge of the gradual ascent rising from that river and covering the roads to Badajos and Valverde, though your Lordship is aware that the whole face of this country is everywhere passable for all arms. General Blake's corps was on the right in two lines, its left, on the Valverde road, joined the right of Major-General the Hon. William Stewart's division, the left of which reached the Badajos road, where commenced the right of Major-General Hamilton's division which closed the left of the line. General Cole's division, with one brigade of General Hamilton's, formed the second line of the British and Portuguese army.

The enemy, on the morning of the 16th, did not long

delay his attack. At 8 o'clock he was observed to be in movement, and his cavalry was seen passing the rivulet of Albuera, considerably above our right, and shortly after, he marched out of the wood opposite to us a strong force of cavalry and two heavy columns of infantry, pointing them to our front, as if to attack the village and bridge of Albuera. During this time, under cover of his vastly superior cavalry, he was filing the principal body of his infantry over the river beyond our right, and it was not long before his intentions appeared to be to turn us by that flank, and to cut us off from Valverde. Major-General Cole's division was therefore ordered to form an oblique line to the rear of our right, with his own right thrown back; and the intention of the enemy to attack our right becoming evident, I requested General Blake to form part of his first line and all his second to that front, which was done. The enemy commenced his attack at nine o'clock, not ceasing at the same time to menace our left; and after a strong and gallant resistance of the Spanish troops, he gained the heights upon which they had been formed. Meanwhile the division of Major-General the Honourable William Stewart had been brought up to support them, and that of Major-General Hamilton brought to the left of the Spanish line, and formed in contiguous close columns of battalions, to be movable in any direction. The Portuguese brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier-General Otway, remained at some distance to the left of this, to check any attempt of the enemy below the bridge. As the heights the enemy had

gained, raked and entirely commanded our whole position, it became necessary to make every effort to retake and maintain them, and a noble one was made by the division of General Stewart, headed by that gallant officer. Nearly at the beginning of the enemy's attack a heavy storm of rain came on, which, with the smoke from the firing, rendered it impossible to discern anything distinctly. This, with the nature of the ground, had been extremely favourable to the enemy in forming his columns, and in his subsequent attack.

"The right brigade of General Stewart's division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne*, first came into action, and behaved in the most gallant manner; and, finding that the enemy's column could not be shaken by fire, proceeded to attack it with the bayonet; and while in the act of charging, a body of Polish lancers (cavalry), which the thickness of the atmosphere and the nature of the ground had concealed, (and which was, besides, mistaken by those of the brigade, when discovered, for Spanish cavalry, and therefore not fired upon,) turned it; and being thus attacked unexpectedly in the rear, was unfortunately broken, and suffered immensely. The 31st regiment, being the left one of the brigade, alone escaped this charge, and under the command of Major L'Estrange, kept its ground until the arrival of the 3rd brigade under Major-General Houghton. The conduct of this brigade was most conspicuously gallant; and that of the 2nd brigade under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable A. Abercromby, was not less so. Major-General Houghton, cheering on his

* Now Lord Seaton.

troops to the charge, fell pierced by wounds. Though the enemy's principal attack was on this point of the right, he also made a continual attempt upon that part of our original front at the village and bridge, which were defended in the most gallant manner by Major-General Baron Alten, and the light infantry brigade of the German Legion, whose conduct was in every point of view conspicuously good. This point now formed our left, and Major-General Hamilton's division had been brought up there, and he was left to direct the defence of that post, whilst the enemy's attack continued on our right, a considerable proportion of the Spanish troops supporting the defence of this place.

"The enemy's cavalry, on his infantry attempting to force our right, had endeavoured to turn it; but by the able manœuvres of Major-General the Honourable W. Lumley, commanding the allied cavalry, though vastly inferior to that of the enemy in number, his endeavours were foiled. Major-General Cole, seeing the attack of the enemy, very judiciously bringing up his left a little, marched in line to attack the enemy's left, and arrived most opportunely to contribute, with the charges of the brigades of General Stewart's division, to force the enemy to abandon his situation and retire precipitately, and to take refuge under his reserve. Here the Fusilier brigade particularly distinguished itself.

"The enemy was pursued by the allies to a considerable distance, and as far as I thought it prudent with his immense superiority of cavalry; and I contented myself with seeing him driven across the Albuera.

"I have every reason to speak favourably of the manner in which our artillery was served and fought; and Major Hartman, commanding the British, and Major Dickson, commanding the Portuguese, and the officers and men, are entitled to my thanks. The four guns of the horse artillery, commanded by Captain Le Fevre, did great execution on the enemy's cavalry; and one brigade of Spanish artillery (the only one in the field) behaved with equal gallantry and was well served. We lost in the misfortune which occurred to the brigade commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne (whom General Stewart reports to have acted, and was then acting, in a most noble manner, leading on his men in admirable order), one howitzer, which the enemy, before the arrival of the gallant General Houghton, had time to carry off, with 200 or 300 prisoners of that brigade. After he had been beaten from this, his principal attack, he still continued that near the village, on which he never could make any impression, or cross the rivulet, though I had been obliged to bring a great proportion of the troops from it to support the principal point of attack; but the enemy seeing his main effort defeated, relaxed in his attempt there also. The Portuguese division of Major-General Hamilton, in every instance, evinced the utmost steadiness and courage, and manœuvred equally well with the British. Brigadier-General Harvey's Portuguese brigade, belonging to General Cole's division, had an opportunity of distinguishing itself when marching in line across the plain, by repulsing,

with the utmost steadiness, a charge of the enemy's cavalry.

"It is impossible to enumerate every instance of discipline and valour shown on this severely contested day; but there never were troops that more valiantly or more gloriously maintained the honour of their respective countries. I have not been able to particularise the Spanish divisions, brigades, or regiments that were particularly engaged, because I am not acquainted with their denominations and names; but I have great pleasure in saying that their behaviour was most gallant and honourable; and though, from the superior number and weight of the enemy's force, that part of them that were in the position attacked were obliged to cede the ground, it was after a brave resistance, and they continued in good order to support their allies; and I doubt not his excellency General Blake will do ample justice on this head, by making honourable mention of the deserving. The battle commenced at 9 o'clock, and continued without interruption till 2 in the afternoon, when the enemy having been driven over the Albuera, for the remainder of the day there was nothing beyond cannonading and skirmishing.

"It is impossible by any description to do justice to the distinguished gallantry of the troops, but every individual most nobly did his duty, which will be well proved by the great loss we have suffered, though repulsing the enemy; and it was observed that our dead, particularly the 57th regiment, were lying as

they had fought, in ranks, and every wound was in the front.

"Major-General the Hon. William Stewart most particularly distinguished himself, and conduced much to the honour of the day; he received two contusions, but would not quit the field. Major-General the Hon. G. L. Cole is also entitled to every praise; and I have to regret being deprived for some time of his services by the wound he has received. Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. A. Abercromby, commanding the 2nd brigade, 2nd division, and Major L'Estrange, 31st regiment, deserve to be particularly mentioned; and nothing could exceed the conduct and gallantry of Colonel Inglis* at the head of his regiment. To Major-General the Hon. William Lumley, for the very able manner in which he opposed the numerous cavalry of the enemy, and foiled him in his object, I am particularly indebted. To Major-General Hamilton, who commanded on the left during the severe attack upon

* It was on this occasion that the 57th obtained the sobriquet of the "Die hards." During the action, while they were exposed to a terrific attack in front, and a flank fire of artillery, Colonel Inglis continued riding up and down the line, calling out, "Die hard, my boys, die hard!" And they did die very hard, for not a man stirred; and when the regiment marched out of action they were commanded by a subaltern. The late Sir C. C ———, who was an angry man, easily excited to passion, and full of crotchets, could not endure the 57th. When they were quartered in Valenciennes with the 3rd division, during the time of the army of occupation, he never failed to attend garrison parade when they gave the guards, to have the pleasure of abusing them. His usual climax was this: "Fifty-seventh, you are the plague of my life; you give me more trouble than the whole division. You are a nuisance; you are the d—est regiment in the service."

our right, I am also much indebted; and the Portuguese brigades of Brigadier-Generals Fonseca and Archibald Campbell deserve to be mentioned. To Major-General Alten, and to the excellent brigade under his orders, I have much praise to give; and it is with great pleasure I assure your lordship that the good and gallant conduct of every corps, and of every person, was in proportion to the opportunity that offered for distinguishing themselves. I know not an individual who did not do his duty. I have, I fear, to regret the loss to the service of Colonel Collins, commanding a Portuguese brigade, his leg having been carried off by a cannon shot. He is an officer of great merit; and I deeply lament the death of Major-general Houghton, and of those two promising officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Myers and Lieutenant-Colonel Duckworth . . . . .

(Here follow praises of the Spanish Generals and soldiers, which assuredly they did not deserve.)

"I annex the return of our loss; it is very severe*, and in addition to it is the loss of the troops under his Excellency General Blake, but of which I have not the return. The loss of the enemy, though I cannot know exactly what it is, must be considerably greater. He has left on the field of battle about 2000 dead, and we have taken from 900 to 1000 prisoners. He has had five generals killed and wounded; of the former, generals of division Werle and Pezim, and Gazan and two others amongst the latter. His force was much

* 4547 killed, wounded, and missing.

more considerable than we had been informed of, as I do not think he displayed less than from 20,000 to 22,000 infantry, and he certainly had 4000 cavalry, with a numerous and heavy artillery. This overbearing cavalry cramped and confined all our operations, and with his artillery, saved his infantry after its rout. He retreated after the battle to the ground he had been previously on, but occupying it in position; and on this morning, or rather during the night, commenced his retreat on the road he came, towards Seville, and has abandoned Badajos to its fate. He left a number of his wounded on the ground he had retired to, and to whom we are administering what assistance we can. I have sent our cavalry to follow the enemy; but in that arm he is too powerful for us to attempt anything against him in the plains he is traversing. Thus we have reaped the advantage we proposed from our opposition to the attempts of the enemy; and whilst he has been forced to abandon the object for which he has almost stripped Andalusia of troops, instead of having accomplished the haughty boasts with which Marshal Soult harangued his troops on leaving Seville, he returns there with a curtailed army, and what perhaps may be still more hurtful to him, with a diminished reputation.

"In enumerating the services received from the officers of my own staff, I must particularly call your Lordship's attention to those of Brigadier-General D'Urban, Quarter-Master General to the Portuguese army, and which I cannot sufficiently praise, though I can fully appreciate. On all occasions I have felt the

benefit of his talents and experience, and more particularly on this, when both very essentially contributed to the success of the day. And here I cannot omit the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Hardinge, Deputy Quarter-Master General to the Portuguese troops, whose talents and exertions deserve my thanks. To the services of Lieutenant-Colonel Arbuthnot (Major in his Majesty's service) I am also much indebted; he is the bearer of this to your Lordship, and is fully enabled to give you any further information you may desire, and is most deserving of any favour your Lordship may be pleased to recommend him for to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"W. C. BERESFORD,

"Marshal and Lieutenant-General.

"P. S. Major-General Hamilton's division and Brigadier-General Madden's brigade of Portuguese cavalry, march to-morrow morning to re-invest Badajos on the south side of the Guadiana."

English generals do not, as Russian commanders always do, write two despatches, one for the public and the other for the government. They dare not falsify or misstate broad facts; yet they sometimes colour a little to enhance their own credit. For this reason, and with this conviction, the cautious historian or biographer, will not build his conclusions or take his details solely from this foundation. It would be difficult to discover from General Beresford's account, that the

Spaniards literally gave way in confusion from ground which they ought never to have occupied; that the intemperate courage of General William Stewart, utterly blinding his judgment, destroyed a brigade; and that the advance of the fourth division under General Cole, which decided the battle, was a movement made without the knowledge or concurrence of the commander-in-chief. The facts are too well established to admit of dispute, and, therefore, the reputation of General Beresford must bear these qualifying deductions whenever the subject is discussed. Perhaps his greatest error was in risking a battle at all under the circumstances in which he found himself; and it would be difficult to excuse his placing the Spaniards on the right, in the most critical and exposed post, and his not occupying the hill on that flank beyond his actual position, of which Soult took every advantage, and under cover of which he regulated his movements. It must also be borne in mind that, although numerically superior to the enemy, ten thousand of Beresford's troops never fired a shot; and so unskilfully were they handled that the allies were always the fewest at the decisive moment. But what battle has ever been fought in which mistakes cannot be detected? Soult, with a name far greater than Beresford's, committed more errors, showed more defective generalship, and lost a field which unquestionably he ought to have won. Beresford held his ground stoutly on the following day, while the French marshal, daring not to attack again, retreated, leaving many of his wounded behind him.

The English general remained master of the field of battle, and resumed the siege of Badajos, which it was the object of Soult to prevent.

Albuera was a dangerous fight: there were moments when the star of England appeared to pale almost to lividness, and a complete defeat on that day might have led to the abandonment of the Peninsula. It was also one of the bloodiest fields, considering the number of troops engaged, fought during the whole war. No fewer than fifteen thousand men were killed or wounded on both sides within the space of four hours — that is to say, a man was struck down every second of time. In modern days, the personal prowess of a general-in-chief operates little upon the result of a battle. The head rather than the arm is required from the leader. Yet the intrepidity with which Marshal Beresford exposed himself throughout the action could hardly fail of spreading an example of heroism around. Tall, strong, muscular, and in the full vigour of life, he presented the appearance of a formidable paladin. When the Spaniards gave way, and in the confusion of extreme terror, fired on an English regiment in their front, Beresford seized an ensign, and dragged him forward with the colours, hoping that those worthless troops would be inspirited to follow. Not a man stirred; and the recreant standard-bearer, when the Marshal's iron grasp relaxed, fled back instantly to hide behind his trembling associates. At another period of the battle, Beresford was assailed by a Polish lancer, who, under the influence of brandy, was riding recklessly

about, and charging everything that came in his way. The Marshal, by dint of superior strength, put the spear aside, and hurled the trooper from his saddle. An orderly dragoon then despatched him by a *coup de sabre*, but Lord Londonderry says he proved himself such a troublesome customer that it required the interference of the whole head-quarter staff to quiet him.

Dumouriez, in a complimentary letter, made, as it seems, an allusion to Pharsalia, and drew a sort of comparison between that battle and Albuera. This was equally fulsome and absurd. No just parallel could be established. At Pharsalia, Cæsar's victory was won by the six cohorts which he had posted in rear of his right flank from the commencement, for a special purpose, duly explained to them. He told those chosen troops also, that if they followed his directions implicitly they would assuredly gain the day for him. So did the fourth division, stationed in reserve, turn the tide at Albuera, by a timely advance; but then they were moved without orders from the commander-in-chief, and contrary to his earlier instructions.

On the 20th of May, Lord Wellington arrived at Albuera, rode over the field, and examined the position carefully. Whatever he might have thought privately, he thus expressed his sentiments in a letter written to Admiral Berkeley on the following day—"You all have heard of the Marshal's action on the 16th. The fighting was desperate, and the loss of the British has been very severe; but, adverting to the nature of the contest, and the manner in which they held their

ground against all the efforts the whole French army could make against them, notwithstanding the losses which they had sustained, I think this action one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops of any that has been fought during the war."* His Lordship also bore high testimony to Marshal Beresford's success in organising the Portuguese army. He says, "We do what we please now with the Portuguese troops; we manœuvre them under fire equally with our own, and have the same dependence on them: but these Spaniards can do nothing but stand still, and we consider ourselves fortunate if they do not run away."

Again, on the 22nd, writing to Sir Brent Spencer, Lord Wellington says, "I went yesterday to Albuera, and saw the field of battle. We had a very good position, and I think we should have gained a complete victory without any material loss, if the Spaniards could have manœuvred, but unfortunately they cannot."

The thanks of Parliament were on the 7th of June voted "to Sir William Carr Beresford, and to the army under his command, for the glorious battle of Albuera, fought on the 16th of May, 1811." Mr. Percival, then first minister, proposed the vote in a triumphant speech, and the proposition was seconded by the secretary for foreign affairs, Lord Castlereagh, amidst vociferous cheering. In 1812, Sir William was returned to the House of Commons for the second time, as member for Waterford; but he discharged his par-

* Wellington Despatches, vol. vii.

liamentary duties, not by peaceful votes in St. Stephen's Chapel, but by salvos of artillery, and vollies of small shot on the plains and sierras of the Peninsula.

Marshal Beresford was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo and also assisted at the fall of Badajos. On the 22nd of July, 1812, he was severely wounded at the battle of Salamanca, in which great victory he bore a conspicuous share. As soon as he recovered and was fit for duty, his presence was peremptorily required in Lisbon to remedy disorders which had grown up in the Portuguese military system, and which considerably impaired the effective state of their army in the field. The marshal with a strong hand produced an immediate reform, and rejoined the forces under Lord Wellington in time to share in the glories of Vittoria. He also commanded a *corps d'armée* at the various battles in the Pyrenees, at Nivelle, where he led the right of the centre attack, at the passage of the Nive, and at Orthes on the 27th of Febuary, 1814, when the heaviest fighting fell to the share of the divisions under his immediate orders. During the preceding month of October, and while there was a temporary lull in the more active field operations, Marshal Beresford had been again compelled to quit the army and repair to Lisbon, to counteract the mischievous schemes and intrigues of some members of the Portuguese Council of Regency. That ill-constructed imitation of government, proved a perpetual source of vexation and hindrance to Lord Wellington and his lieutenants. They so completely neglected or wasted the financial

resources of their country that the army was more than once on the point of utter dissolution from the absence of food, clothing, and all other essential supplies. The stern interference of the English general backed by the British envoy, and seconded by his own officers, restored the *morale* of the Portuguese troops, and throughout the campaign of 1813, they evinced the most steady and undaunted spirit. Even the militia battalions, which had been disbanded and deprived of their colours for bad conduct under Trant, at Guarda, in 1812, redeemed their obloquy and regained their standards in the Pyrenees. They became in consequence very desirous of praise on all occasions, with an exaggerated notion of their own prowess, and a sensitive jealousy when their services were not commemorated in a special paragraph. The Portuguese were sometimes omitted in the London papers when the Spaniards were praised, and this of itself proved sufficient to establish a lasting grievance. The important branch of recruiting had been so neglected that not one third of the number required to replace losses in the field were forthcoming, and these without clothing or equipments. The council too, became jealous of Beresford, who had made their army what it was, and desired that one of themselves should be placed over him in command of the national troops, and that the Portuguese army should thenceforward be considered a distinct corps with the power of independent action. All this absurdity, Lord Wellington crushed with strong arguments and a stronger hand, and Marshal Beresford returned a second time to head-

quarters, after working laboriously and successfully to keep in existence the force he had created.

Early in March, 1814, Marshal Beresford was detached by Lord Wellington with a force of twelve thousand men, consisting principally of the fourth and seventh divisions, to take possession of Bordeaux, and to acquire the Garonne as a port for the allies. In that city there existed great political excitement, got up by numerous emissaries and friends of the Bourbons, who were ready to hoist the white cockade in opposition to the tri-color, and to proclaim Louis the Eighteenth, in place of Napoleon, under the protection of the British troops. At this moment the allied sovereigns were negotiating with the French emperor, and the political position of Lord Wellington was one of extreme delicacy. Beresford, therefore, was instructed to remain neutral as regarded any declaration in favour of the Bourbon monarch, and neither to encourage nor oppose the acts of partisans on either side. If any revolt actually took place without his interference, he was then permitted to supply the revolters with the arms and ammunition collected at Dax.

Beresford commenced his march on the 8th of March. Soult, had it been his object to anticipate him, might have crossed the Garonne on the side of Aym, and reached Bordeaux first. But he had no thought of carrying his main body to that quarter. Beresford pressed forward, reached Langon on the 10th, and leaving the bulk of his forces in that position, entered Bordeaux with eight hundred cavalry on the 12th, and

took peaceable possession of that great city. The Duke of Angoulême arrived on the same day, the mayor, Count Lynch, elevated the white flag, Louis the Eighteenth was formally proclaimed, and the Bourbon duke began forthwith to appoint authorities in the king's name, as if the country and its resources were entirely at his disposal. These decisive steps turned out to be premature. The English general abstained from acknowledging them, and in the course of a very few days was recalled to the main army with the fourth division and General Vivian's light Cavalry. Lord Dalhousie was left behind with only the seventh division and three squadrons to oppose a force continually increasing, and to hold a vast city in which a counter-insurrection in favour of Napoleon was preparing to burst forth with the first encouraging turn of affairs. The peasantry and the great majority of the inhabitants were still devoted to the name that had been so dearly associated with many years of uninterrupted glory. The empire and influence of Napoleon were not dislocated by one mighty shock, but were gradually undermined and pulled slowly to pieces by degrees and instalments.

At Toulouse, on the 10th of April, Marshal Beresford again encountered his old Albuera friend Soult, and a second time robbed him of a victory, which he ought to have won, and which, nevertheless, according to his usual custom, he claimed, in the face of a palpable defeat. Beresford, to gain the point of attack indicated to his troops, was compelled to make a flank march of

more than two miles under the combined fire of musketry and artillery from a line of intrenched heights, and then to assault a stronger enemy posted with immense advantages. Yet he succeeded in driving Soult from his exterior defences to a more contracted circle, close under the walls of the city, and whence he could certainly have been dislodged had he not retreated in time, leaving Toulouse to its fate. General Hill was brought to a pause at the suburb of St. Cyprien; Picton, with the third division, had been repulsed with loss at the bridge of Jumeaux; and the Spaniards, under Freyre, were totally dispersed. All these checks on the side of the allies enabled the French general to draw many brigades from other quarters, to reinforce his great point of resistance on the Mount Rave. He thus collected on that side of Toulouse a greater force, disposable for offensive movements, than any by which he could be assailed; yet he gave way before the conquering advance of Beresford's divisions, and suffered that general to wrest the victory from his grasp. Had Beresford failed, the battle was lost to the English; for Lord Wellington had no reserves of sufficient strength to alter such a state of affairs. The light division and heavy cavalry were all that he retained in hand, and they were fully occupied in protecting the artillery, and in covering the attempts of the Spaniards to rally after their repeated defeats. Beresford, therefore, stands forward as the pre-eminent leader in this last sanguinary and obstinately contested battle; to him a great share of credit for the successful issue is due, and what-

ever might be the errors of Albuera, they were amply atoned under the walls of Toulouse.

When Wellington and his gallant companions in arms returned to England on the conclusion of peace in 1814, and the breaking up of their matchless army, rewards and honours were profusely bestowed on the surviving heroes of so many desperate conflicts. Amongst the chosen band, Marshal Beresford was particularly distinguished, being raised to the house of Lords as a baron of the United Kingdom by the title of Baron Beresford of Albuera, in Spain, and Dungarvon in the County of Waterford. Parliament also awarded an annuity of 2000*l.* per annum to himself and his two immediate successors. Soon after his arrival in England, the city of London presented him with a valuable sword, and in July, 1815, he was gratified with the especial thanks and acknowledgments of the Prince Regent, receiving from the hands of his Royal Highness a cross with seven clasps for twelve general actions, —Corunna, Busaco, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse. He obtained also the medal for Egypt. The uninitiated in military decorations may not be aware that one, two, or three battles were honoured by so many clasps. The fourth battle changed the form of the ornament into a cross. The excess above four was again commemorated by clasps from which the cross was suspended.

After the year 1814, Lord Beresford never again went into a field of battle, but his services were far

from being concluded. In the summer of 1815, he was ordered to proceed to Lisbon to negotiate for the active service of the Portuguese army in the unexpected war which sprang up on the escape of Napoleon from Elba; but the necessity for any such aid soon passed away with the rapid termination of the renewed contest. He remained in Portugal for several years, closely attending to his duties as marshal commanding the army; but his plans and arrangements were opposed by the local representatives of sovereignty, who, no longer requiring the troops, neglected their claims and withheld their pay. Lord Beresford then, in 1820, embarked for Rio Janiero, where the King of Portugal, John the Sixth, continued to reside, having always refused, since his flight in November, 1807, to return to Europe. Soon after his arrival at Rio Janiero the marshal suppressed a conspiracy which had first threatened to be formidable and to shake the dynasty, if not to overthrow entirely the monarchical form of government. He obtained from the King a recognition of all his claims on behalf of the ill-treated army, and returned to Lisbon. But having been detained three months in Rio, he found on his return to Europe that an insurrection he had anticipated had broken out in Portugal, and that a great political change had taken place. The existing authorities refused him permission to land, and he accordingly sailed for England. Upon his arrival, he placed in the hands of the Portuguese minister in London the money with which he had been entrusted in the Brazils for the payment of the troops.

In 1822, Lord Beresford received the appointment of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and the Colonelcy of the 16th Foot. In 1823, he was advanced in the peerage to the dignity of Viscount. In 1825 he became a full General in the British army, and when the Duke of Wellington took office as head of the administration in 1828, he sent for his old friend and fellow-campaigner, and offered him the high office of Master-General of the Ordnance, the duties of which Lord Beresford discharged until the Whigs returned to ministerial ascendancy in 1828. In November 1832, his Lordship, having attained the ripe age of sixty-four, united in marriage with his cousin in blood, Louisa, daughter of the most Reverend William Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, and first Baron Decies. The lady had reached her fiftieth year, so that there was no unreasonable disproportion in age, and the noble viscount obtained with her a vast accession to his income. She was the widow of Thomas Hope, Esq., of the Deepdene, Surrey, author of "Anastasius," "Costumes of the Ancients," "History of Architecture," and other standard works of more than average reputation. Lord Beresford became a widower by the death of this lady in July, 1851. He did not survive her many years, but died at his seat, Bedgebury Park, near Goudhurst, Kent, on the 7th of February, 1854. Eighty-six years is a long span of life, and this was accorded to the subject of our memoir, with almost uninterrupted health, an iron constitution, and an accumulation of wealth and honours which few are per-

mitted to enjoy. Except the Duke of Wellington, no English General could point to a longer or more splendid list of achievements and distinctions, as the following recapitulation of Marshal Beresford's titles will sufficiently prove:—"William Carr Beresford, Viscount Beresford, of Beresford Hall, Staffordshire* (creation, March 23rd, 1823); Baron Beresford, of Albuera and Dungarvon (creation, May 17th, 1814); Duke of Elvas, Marquess of Campo Mayor, and Count of Trancoso, in Portugal; Privy Councillor; Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and of the Guelphic Order of Hanover; Knight of St. Ferdinand and of St. Hermenegilde of Spain; Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal; General in the British Service, brevet of 1825; Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th Rifles, succeeding His Royal Highness Prince Albert in the command of that regiment when the Prince took the Rifle Brigade (the old 95th) on the death of the Duke of Wellington; Colonel of the 16th Foot; Governor of Jersey; Marshal General, '*junto la real Person*,' in Portugal, a distinction which carried the right of being commander-in-chief of the Portuguese army, when with the Sovereign; Captain-General of Spain, a rank analogous to that of Marshal (commission dated 1811); Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; and a Commissioner of the Royal Military College and Military Asylum.†

* A property acquired by purchase.

† This long enumeration reminds us of an anecdote recorded of Marshal Ney at his trial in 1815. When the officer of the court read to

Lord Beresford was lofty in figure and of Herculean proportions; but his features were coarse and somewhat plebeian in their general contour. He was a steady friend, remembered the claims of all who had served with him, and obtained promotion for many who would otherwise have been neglected. If not equal to the great combinations and vast scope of mental faculty required in a general-in-chief, he ever proved himself an invaluable second, and carried out the designs of Lord Wellington, when acting under his immediate eye, with a clear perception, a steady perseverance, the most undaunted bravery, and the most implicit obedience.

him his sentence, he began by recapitulating the dignities of the condemned. Ney interrupted him by saying impatiently, "Bah! Michael Ney — then a heap of dust — the intermediate titles are nonsense."

No. VI.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT CRAUFURD.

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave."

BYRON.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT CRAUFURD.

Born 1764.—Killed at Ciudad Rodrigo, 1812.

Robert Craufurd, descended from an old Scottish family, was the third son of Alexander Craufurd, Esq., of Newark, in Ayrshire. His father, a collateral branch of the ancient line of the Craufurds of Kilbirney, was created a baronet in 1781. The nephew of the deceased general, and son of his elder brother James, is the present inheritor of the title and estate. The gallant subject of this memoir entered the army in the year 1779, at the early age of fifteen, and served four years as ensign and lieutenant in the 25th Foot. His first colonel was Sir Charles Stewart, an officer of great ability, whose name would have stood higher on the roll of fame, if favourable opportunity had seconded his pretensions.* We have spoken of him elsewhere as

* Sir Charles Stewart commanded in the Mediterranean in 1799-1800; he conceived and submitted to the war minister a most able plan for offensive operations in that quarter, which required the employment of fifteen thousand effective men, and had every prospect of a great result. The force was promised, but dwindled first to ten thousand, and then to five. The general, who was of a hot temper, thought he had been ill used, and threw up his command in disgust. His services were thenceforward lost to the country, and he died in the following year. The men withheld from him, were frittered away in expeditions which ended in failure, and reflected no credit either on the government, or their chosen instruments.

having originated the idea which suggested to a greater military genius the lines of Torres Vedras. He perceived the enthusiastic devotion with which his young subaltern gave himself up to the study of his profession, discovered his daring spirit and perseverance, and extended to him the ready hand of patronage, without which the most exalted merit often languishes in obscurity. Young Craufurd was so fortunate as to be promoted to a company at the early age of nineteen, shortly after which he had an opportunity of attending the reviews at Potsdam, and passed some time on the continent, principally employed in military studies. The leading nations of Europe were then at peace, but his regiment, the 75th, being ordered to India, he served throughout the first war against Tippoo Saib, under Lord Cornwallis, and on more than one occasion was distinguished by special mention. It so happened that for a period he commanded his battalion as senior captain. Returning to England in 1794, his elder brother, Colonel Charles Craufurd, who was attached by the British government to the Austrian head-quarters in a military capacity, expressed a wish that he should join him. He did so, and they saw together the campaigns of 1795, 1796, and 1797, during which they were present at several of the most important battles and sieges in Italy and Germany.

In 1798, Craufurd having reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was appointed deputy quarter-master-general in Ireland. Between the invasion by Humbert (which was suffered to obtain a momentary success,

little creditable to the tactics of the British commander), and the domestic rebellion, that year proved a very busy one in the sister kingdom. After much bungling on our side*, Humbert was forced to lay down his arms, having marched with a contemptible detachment of a thousand men into the very "bowels of the land," and causing at least some twenty thousand to be set in motion to surround and exterminate him. The insurgents fought several desperate actions, and were crushed by hard fighting. Throughout these "untoward events" Colonel Craufurd had his hands full of employment, and in the discharge of very complicated duties, received repeated marks of approbation from his former commander, Lord Cornwallis, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and General Lake, who directed the military operations. In 1799, he was a second time employed on a military mission to the Austrian armies in Switzerland, and remained there until the expedition to North Holland under the Duke of York, required his services in another quarter. Here again he was attached to one of the staff departments, and displayed his usual energy and activity. The campaign was short and disastrous, conveying a salutary though expensive lesson that we had yet much to learn before we could compete with our strong enemy in continental warfare.

In 1807, the ministry of the day determined to make another attack on Buenos Ayres, which had been won and lost in the preceding year. The first expe-

* "The races of Castlebar," on the 28th of August, 1798, have obtained unenviable notoriety.

dition was a sort of wild crusade, a buccanering adventure, undertaken without sanction from the superior authorities, successful at first from its prompt boldness, but finally rendered abortive, owing to the inadequacy of the forces employed, who were lost and swallowed up in the extent of their own conquest. On this second attempt the means employed were sufficient to ensure success, and the proceedings opened with great *éclât* by the storming of Monte Video, under Sir Samuel Auchmuty on the 3rd of February. But all future prospects were marred and rendered hopeless by the selection of General Whitelocke for the chief command; a man of most unpopular character, unrecommended by previous services, and void of all claim or pretension beyond powerful interest. The future heroes of the Peninsula stood ready and panting for opportunity; yet they were set aside for one who seemed specially chosen to earn undying infamy for himself, and to stamp a foul blot on the military glory of his country. The subsequent court-martial and disgrace of the miserable individual came on in the ordinary course; but the penalty should with more justice have fallen on the heads of those who gave him such a fatal opportunity of proving his incompetence. The whole affair is in truth an *infandum dolorem*, which makes the heart sicken as often as memory reverts to the painful particulars. "As it was advisable," so said the Secretary of State for the department of war and colonies, "that an officer of high rank, as well as talents and judgment, should be sent to take the command of such of his Majesty's

forces as were at that time employed, or likely soon to be employed, in the southern provinces of South America, his Majesty's government had made choice, for that purpose, of General Whitelocke."

In this ill-fated undertaking, Craufurd, now a brigadier-general, commanded the 95th and light companies, formed into a select division, which constituted the advanced guard of the army. On the 26th of June, the whole force, directed by Whitelocke, with Major-General Leveson Gower for his second, arrived off Ensenada da Barragon, a port on the Rio-de-la-Plata, about thirty-two miles distant from Buenos Ayres, and disembarked on the 28th without firing a shot. The Spaniards were commanded by the same Liniers who had re-captured their city from Beresford, and in whom they placedthe most implicit confidence. An opposition to the landing formed no part of his arrangements. On the 29th, the British troops moved forward. The light brigade took the lead, supported by the 36th and 88th regiments under Brigadier Lumley, and followed by the other corps in succession. On the 1st of July the army was concentrated near the village of Reduction, about seven miles from the capital, from whence it again advanced on the following day, forded the Chuelo, a small stream scarcely deserving the name of a river, and traversed the low ground on the opposite side, at the extremity of which Buenos Ayres is situated.

The invading army numbered 7822 rank and file, including 150 mounted dragoons. It was provided with eighteen field pieces of small calibre, and 206

horses and mules for their conveyance. There had been large quantities of ordnance stores embarked, with heavy guns, mortars, and howitzers, but all these were left in the ships, with the intrenching tools and pontoons, as it would appear, because the time had arrived when it would become necessary to use them.

The enemy suffered the British to advance beyond the Chuelo without showing himself in force, and offering only a feeble resistance, which a few rounds from our artillery were sufficient to overcome. But when the right column, commanded by Major-General Gower, arrived near the Coral de Miserere, the Spaniards displayed a formidable body of infantry and cavalry, supported by a brigade of guns with others in reserve. Brigadier-General Craufurd, placing himself at the head of his light troops, made a vigorous charge, drove the enemy back in confusion, and captured nine guns and a howitzer. Profiting by the panic which had seized his opponents, he gave them no time to rally, but pressed them with a hot pursuit to the very suburbs of the city. Had he been supported promptly by the main body, he would have carried the town on that day, with very little further resistance. Such was his own strongly expressed opinion, backed by that of many other officers, and borne out by intelligence afterwards received. But the opportunity was suffered to pass by, and such minutes once lost are not to be recalled. General Gower checked this career of victory, and having first ordered a halt, finally withdrew about a mile to the rear, and took up a position for the night, close to the

principal slaughtering place of the city. The troops remained under arms exposed to heavy and incessant torrents of rain. In the morning General Whitelocke summoned the governor to surrender, who derided the invitation and replied by an attack on the out-posts. It was then determined to carry the place by assault on the morning of the 5th. The delay was most unfortunate, as it gave the enemy additional time for preparation, and cooled the ardour of the assailants, who desired to be led to instant conflict. Whitelocke was well aware that the inhabitants were hostile, and determined to defend their houses individually; yet he divided his force into small detachments, and sent them in unloaded and unprovided with anything like proper and sufficient means for forcing barricades or other impediments in the streets. The following anecdote which Craufurd related in the course of his evidence on the trial, renders this part of Whitelocke's conduct more than unaccountable. The day after the brigadier's arrival at Monte Video, the commander-in-chief proposed to him to walk round the works. In returning through the town, he desired him to notice the peculiar construction of the houses, their flat roofs surrounded by parapet walls, and other circumstances, which, as he observed, rendered them peculiarly favourable for defence, and added, that he certainly would not expose his troops to such a contest as that in which they would be engaged if led into so large a town as Buenos Ayres, all the inhabitants of which were prepared for its defence, and with houses similarly constructed to those he then

pointed out to him. In the obvious propriety of General Whitelocke's intentions, Craufurd most heartily acquiesced.

There is no occasion to heap, even on Whitelocke, more obloquy than he justly merits. The plan of attack on Buenos Ayres was, after all, none of his own contrivance, but one proposed to him by General Leveson Gower. This fact was distinctly admitted on the trial. Amongst other deficiencies for command, Whitelocke was ever wavering and undecided, without confidence in his own judgment, reposing on the counsel of the last speaker, and ready to give ear to a legion of advisers. Let us now look at this notable plan itself, which presented not a shadow of hope, and was weak to the point of ludicrous absurdity. It must be recollected that Buenos Ayres at that time contained about fifty thousand inhabitants, was a regularly built town, the streets running at right angles, and divided into squares of one hundred and forty yards on each side.

Brigadier-General Auchmuty was directed to take possession with one regiment of the Plaza de Toros and the adjacent strong ground, and there to maintain himself. Four other regiments, divided into wings, were to penetrate into the streets directly in their front. The light battalion divided into wings, and each followed by a wing of the 95th and a three-pounder, was ordered to proceed down the two streets on the right of the central one, and the 25th regiment down the two adjoining; and after clearing the streets of the enemy, this latter regiment was to take post at the Residencia.

Two six-pounders were ordered along the central street, covered by the carabineers and three troops of the 9th light dragoons, the remainder of which regiment was placed as a reserve in the centre. Each division was to proceed along the street directly before it, till it arrived at the last square of the houses next the river, of which square it was to take possession, forming on the flat roofs, and there to wait for further orders. *Two corporals with tools were ordered to march at the head of each column for the purpose of breaking open the doors.* All were unloaded, and no firing was to be permitted until the columns had reached their final points and formed. Beyond this no orders were given, everything rested here at a dead-lock; and supposing this arrangement had been carried out, there these columns must have stood, for nothing seemed to be determined beyond. An erroneous report became prevalent in England, that the troops engaged in the assault on Buenos Ayres were ordered not only to advance unloaded, but actually to take the flints out of their muskets. Two companies of the 88th only were thus deprived of every means of offence or defence except their bayonets. They had been on a picket the night before at "White's House," and consequently joined their corps at day-break with loaded arms. The order to draw their charges occasioned some delay; General Gower, who was present, became impatient, and directed those who had not drawn to take their flints out. The consequence was, that several of these men were killed in the streets whilst in the act of screwing in new flints.

At half-past six, on the morning of the 5th of July, the attack commenced. The troops of the different divisions, as soon as the word was given, advanced at a rapid pace in columns of sections; no sound was heard except their measured tread, the ranks were closed up, and a death-like silence seemed to breathe throughout the town, which resembled a city without inhabitants. Not a single human being was encountered, no advanced posts were dispersed, and the surrounding solitude bewildered the assailants. At length a few detached shots appeared to announce a pre-arranged signal, at which the entire population were to burst from concealment, and in an instant after the flat roofs of the houses swarmed with a living mass of well armed defenders, who poured a deadly and almost unerring fire upon the British soldiers. Under any circumstances, the combat between men exposed in an open street, and adversaries esconced behind the parapets of houses on each side, must have been a very unequal one; but the British were for a time utterly unable to retort or defend themselves, having been ordered to advance with uncharged muskets.

The doors of the houses were barricaded with such strength that it was impossible to force them. The streets were intersected by deep ditches dug across, and heavy cannon planted on the inside of these, poured volleys of grape shot on our advancing columns. There were also flanking batteries at the corners of many streets. Every householder, with his negroes, defended his own dwelling, which was in itself a fortress. Yet,

despite this overwhelming opposition, Sir Samuel Auchmuty, with the 37th and 87th regiments, possessed himself of the strong posts of the Retiro and Plaza de Toros, and with heavy loss on his own part, captured thirty-two pieces of cannon, an immense quantity of ammunition, and six hundred prisoners. The 5th regiment took possession of the church and convent of St. Catalina. The 36th and 88th, under Brigadier-General Lumley, nearly reached their point of destination; but the 88th were overpowered, and after many had fallen, the survivors were compelled to surrender. The 36th and 5th, unable to maintain themselves when their flanks were uncovered, retired upon Sir Samuel Auchmuty's post of the Plaza de Toros, which he continued to hold against every repeated effort of the enemy. But the British divisions were separated; no one could tell what was next to be done, and the commander-in-chief was not to be found at the critical point and moment to issue orders, even if it was still possible to obey them.

The left of General Craufurd's brigade, under Colonel Pack, had approached the great square, with the view of taking possession of the Jesuits' College, but from the deadly effect of the enemy's fire, this was found impracticable. After much slaughter, one portion threw itself into a house, which, being found untenable, nothing remained but to surrender, while the remaining part, after enduring a hot fire, which they were unable to return with effect, and by which Colonel Pack was wounded, retired upon the right division, commanded by

Brigadier-General Craufurd himself. On ascertaining the fate of his left, General Craufurd thought it advisable to take possession of the convent of St. Domingo. But the Spaniards surrounded the convent on all sides, and attempting to take a three-pounder which lay in the street, Major Trotter, of the 37th, charged them with a few light infantry. In an instant the greater part of the company and Major Trotter were killed, but the gun was saved. The Brigadier-General was now obliged to confine himself to the defence of the convent, but the quantity of round shot, grape, and musketry, to which they were exposed, at last obliged them to quit the top of the building; and the surrounding enemy, to the number of six thousand, bringing up cannon to force the wooden gates, Craufurd, judging from the cessation of firing, that those next him had not been successful, with a bitter pang of heart, surrendered at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The result of the action left Whitelocke in possession of the Plaza de Toros, a strong post on the enemy's right; the Residencia, another strong post on his left, and an advanced position in the centre. But these advantages had cost 2500 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners (about one-third of his entire force), while the enemy had suffered little in proportion. He had still 5000 effective soldiers, and his communication with the fleet was uninterrupted. But to convert such a check into a victory required a spirit, and a ready, commanding genius fertile in resource, of which he was utterly destitute. On the following morning, July the 6th,

Liniers, who had shown himself as able as his adversary was incompetent, addressed a letter to Whitelocke, offering to give up all his prisoners captured on the day preceding, together with the 71st Regiment and others taken with General Beresford, if he desisted from any further attack on Buenos Ayres, surrendered Monte Video at the end of two months, and withdrew his Majesty's forces from the River Plata. He intimated at the same time, that such was the exasperated state of the populace, he could not answer for the safety of the prisoners, if offensive measures were persisted in. "Influenced," says the defeated commander in his despatch, "by this consideration, which I knew to be founded in fact, and reflecting of how little advantage would be the possession of a country the inhabitants of which were so absolutely hostile, I resolved to forego the advantages which the bravery of the troops had obtained, and acceded to a treaty, which I trust will meet the approbation of his Majesty." The country, as might be expected, was outrageous at this unexpected failure: the army returned home; the general who had betrayed their hopes was tried by a court-martial, and cashiered with infamy,—and so ended the attempt to obtain a footing by conquest on the Spanish continent of South America. Far better would it have been for that vast province had it then passed under the permanent and improving rule of England, instead of enduring the many internal wars and revolutions of which it has since been the theatre. But the Power that governs the universe had otherwise decreed.

Liniers was very kind and complimentary to the British officers during the short time they remained his prisoners. He spoke of General Beresford in the highest terms, and said he had derived from his excellent defence the plan and idea of his own proceedings. But without wishing in the least to detract from the merit of an able enemy, he was seconded by the inhabitants with such cordial co-operation, that his resources were infinitely multiplied, and his difficulties diminished.

In October, 1808, Craufurd accompanied the expedition, which sailed from Falmouth, under Sir David Baird, destined to reinforce and co-operate with Sir John Moore in the north of Spain. He was now a major-general, and commanded the second light brigade. The British army united at Mayorga on the 20th of December. Their numbers actually amounted to only 23,580 men, infantry and cavalry included, with sixty pieces of artillery. The whole were organised in three divisions, a reserve, two light brigades of infantry, and a single division of cavalry. They were at that time unbroken in discipline, full of strength and ardour, and equal to an encounter with any enemy likely to be opposed to them. Superior numbers they little heeded, unless, as it happened, they poured on with such overwhelming masses that to face them would have been rashness rather than valour. The inevitable march to the rear began, and with the despondency of all retiring movements, came also the straggling, drunkenness, murmurs, hardships, privations, losses, and relaxed dis-

cipline, which convert the most imposing army into a host of tattered brigands, and stamp the vicissitudes of war with such repulsive features. It is needless to dwell on a fact so often stated and proved, as the impatience with which an English army endures the mortification of a retreat. Sir John Moore seized the moment which yet remained to escape from the danger into which he had been nearly entrapped by false intelligence, and little rest or pause remained for him until he traversed the long and dreary space which lay between his army and the western coast. During the retreat, it became important to hold the bridge of Castro-Gonzalo, over the Esla, until the cavalry and stragglers had passed the river. General Craufurd was posted there, with orders to check the advance of the enemy as long as possible, and when the time desired was gained, to destroy the bridge and bring off his brigade. During the night of the 28th of December, and amidst torrents of rain and snow, while the enemy were gathering closely round him, he contrived to destroy two arches of the bridge (an ancient edifice constructed of solid masonry) and to blow up the connecting buttress. "The troops then (says Napier) descended the heights on the left bank, and passing with the greatest silence by single files over planks laid across the broken arches, gained the other side without loss; an instance of singular good fortune, for the night was dark and tempestuous; the river rising rapidly with a roaring noise, was threatening to burst over the planks, and the enemy was close at hand. To have

resisted an attack in such an awkward situation would have been impossible, but happily the retreat of the troops was undiscovered, and the mine being sprung with good effect, Craufurd marched to Benevente, where the cavalry and the reserve still remained."

It was a bold feat, and deserved success, while it marked the spirit of the man by whom it was directed. Dangerous audacity often opens the road to great advantages. Craufurd seems often to have acted on this principle, and thus conveyed an impression that he was more rash than prudent, and that constitutional impetuosity sometimes superseded his more sober judgment. On the 31st of December, the light brigades were separated from the main body, and marched by cross roads to Orense and Vigo. There was then no intention on the part of the English general to fight a general action, and this detachment was made with the double object of lightening the commissariat supplies, and protecting the flanks of the army. On the 1st of January, 1809, eighty thousand French troops, with two hundred pieces of artillery, commanded by the Emperor Napoleon in person, took possession of Astorga. Sir John Moore, with his small army, had slipped away from the grasp of the giant, but he had also drawn this large force from more important objects to a remote corner of the Peninsula, and at great hazard to himself had gained breathing time for Spain, if Spain could have seen the passing opportunity, and sprung up with energy to take advantage of it. It was Sir John Moore's intention to embark his army at the

most convenient port, and carry it round to Cadiz, which point he could reach in a few days' sailing, while miles of toilsome marches would be required to bring the enemy from Gallicia to that neighbourhood. He had his choice between Vigo, Corunna, and Ferrol, but was compelled to hesitate and change his course from day to day until the reports of the engineers could reach him as to which of the three harbours was the most eligible for his purpose. On the 8th of January, Sir John Moore, being hard pressed by Soult, departed from his original plan, and drew up his army at Lugo, offering the battle which the enemy declined to accept. The discipline of the troops was at once restored, and there can be no doubt of what the result would have been, had the French marshal accepted the challenge. The English general, in the absence of the light brigade, which he now regretted, had still nineteen thousand men in line opposed to twenty-one thousand, and a respectable proportion of artillery. General Craufurd was not present at Lugo or at the battle of Corunna; it is, therefore, needless to repeat here the further incidents of the retreat to the winding-up of that well-fought day.

During the winter the war languished; the English ministers were paralysed by the result of Sir John Moore's campaign, notwithstanding the barren laurels of the closing battle. The nation began to despond, and the objects for which we were so lavishly expending our blood and treasure appeared to be dissolving into vapour in the troubled horizon. But, with the

approach of summer, hope and energy returned, and Sir Arthur Wellesley once more appeared in Portugal at the head of an English army. The passage of the Douro, the expulsion of Soult, and the battle of Talavera, followed in rapid succession; and occupied something less than three months. We do not find General Craufurd again in action until the day after the great battle just named, when he arrived with three splendid regiments — the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th, and immediately took charge of the outposts. These battalions formed the pith of the far-famed "light division." They had been trained in the camp at Shorncliffe, under the eye and on the plan of Sir John Moore: in all that constitutes the character of the soldier they were perfect; in every narrative of war they may be quoted as models; and it may be said without exaggeration, that they never met their match in a fair field, when opposed to anything like equal numbers. While memorials of the war in the Peninsula exist, the name of Robert Craufurd will be for ever identified with this noble body of troops. Their advance to Talavera has been justly commemorated as an instance of practical discipline and endurance, to which it would be difficult to produce a parallel. They were in bivouac at Malpartida de Placencia, which place they had reached after a march of twenty miles, and had only been allowed a few hours to rest and cook their rations, when flying rumours reached them to the effect that the British army was defeated, and the enemy close at hand. Craufurd hastened on, determined not to halt until he

verified the state of affairs with his own eyes. In twenty-six hours he crossed the field of battle, moving in perfect order as if on parade, having during that time passed over sixty-two English miles, under the burning rays of a Spanish sun in July, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight, and of the entire division only seventeen stragglers were left behind. Napier, who was with them, has recorded the fact in these words, and adds, with just exultation, "Had the historian Gibbon known of such an effort, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers."

The battle of Talavera, although glorious to the British army and their commander, produced no favourable effect on the progress of the war. The conduct of the Spanish generals rendered it impossible to help them to any good purpose. Lord Wellington retired into Portugal, and the tide rolled rapidly towards the invasion of that kingdom on the northern frontier. Offensive operations on our part were ended for a time. For four months General Craufurd occupied an advanced and dangerous post with the light division only, and continued to keep the whole French army on the alert. Time was of the greatest importance to the English commander, both for political and military reasons; and to achieve his object, more peril was incurred than sound judgment might have sanctioned under ordinary circumstances. Craufurd was strictly instructed to keep his ground as long as he could with safety, but on no account to risk an action on the French side of the Coa. His force consisted of

the light division, two regiments of cavalry, and six pieces of horse artillery, opposed to an army in his immediate front numbering not less than thirty thousand men. He engaged in several skirmishes with varied success, and fought a serious action on the right bank of the Coa, with a deep ravine in his rear, between him and the river, and only one narrow bridge for a retreat. Much as we admire the hardihood and dauntless valour of the soldier, it is impossible, in this instance, to accord praise to the dispositions of the general. The action ought not to have been fought, and the lives there lost might have been preserved until a more indispensable occasion called for their sacrifice. The particulars of the action are so vividly described by Napier, that it is unnecessary to repeat them. After fighting at great disadvantage for several hours, Craufurd brought off his division to the English side of the Coa, and during the ensuing night retired unmolested behind the Pinhel river. His loss amounted to twenty-eight officers, and three hundred and sixteen men killed, wounded, and missing; while the French suffered to the amount of at least one thousand. There can be no doubt that Lord Wellington was highly vexed at the imprudence of his lieutenant, although he said less of it at the time than might have been expected. Craufurd, in a short despatch to his superior, treated it lightly, as a matter of course, occurring in the ordinary routine of business. When he presented himself at head-quarters after this perilous escapade, Lord Wellington said, rather drily, "I am glad to see you safe,

Craufurd." The latter replied, "Oh! I was in no danger, I can assure your Lordship." "But I was, from your proceedings," said Lord Wellington. Upon which Craufurd whispered aside, "He is d—d crusty to-day."* Lord Wellington knew his merits, and bore with his humours more than with those of any officer in his army. The principal peril to be apprehended from a man of such restless activity and ambition, was that he would exceed his orders, and endeavour to do something beyond what was either expected or practicable. In this he was the very reverse of Sir Rowland Hill and Sir Lowry Cole, who were so constitutionally impressed with the value of subordination, that no incidental occurrence could ever lead them to depart from the strict letter of their instructions. Craufurd was specially adapted for a partisan leader, or the conduct of a detached, flying corps; and the singular acuteness of Lord Wellington was as admirably displayed as that of Napoleon, in selecting the right men for the particular work they were destined to perform.

Marshal Massena, in his official report, indulged in some statements which were contrary to the fact, while they reflected discredit on the conduct of the light division at the Coa. Their fiery leader took up his pen with indignation, and published a reply in the *Times* newspaper. The letter has an additional value, as containing his own version of what really occurred, together with a defence of his arrangements, and cannot fail

* See Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq.

to be read with interest. It was highly characteristic, and ran thus: —

"Marshal Massena, not content with the gross misrepresentations which were contained in his first official account of the action of the 24th of July, near Almeida, has, in a subsequent despatch, reverted to it in a tone of boasting wholly unjustified by the circumstances; assuring the war minister that his whole army is burning with impatience to teach the English army what they taught the division of Craufurd in the affair of the Coa.

"Brigadier-General Craufurd has therefore determined to give this public contradiction to the false assertions contained in Marshal Massena's report of an action, which was not only highly honourable to the light division, but which positively terminated in its favour, notwithstanding the extraordinary disparity of numbers. A corps of five thousand men remained during the whole day in presence of an army amounting to twenty-four thousand. It performed, in the presence of so superior a force, one of the most difficult operations of war; namely, a retreat from a very broken and extensive position over one narrow defile. It defended, during the whole of the day, the first defensible position that was to be found in the neighbourhood of the place where the action commenced; and in the course of the affair, this corps of four thousand men inflicted upon this army of twenty-four thousand, a loss equal to the double of that which it sustained. Such were the circumstances of the action in which Brigadier-General Craufurd's corps was opposed to the

army commanded by Marshals Massena and Ney, on the 24th of July; and it is, therefore, indisputable that they had the best of it. From Marshal Massena's official despatch, containing a statement of the force to which we were opposed, it appears that the cavalry consisted of the 3rd Hussars, 50th Chasseurs, 10th, 15th, and 25th Dragoons, and that the whole of the infantry of Ney's corps was present, except one regiment of the division of Marchand. The infantry of Ney's corps, according to the intercepted official returns, amounted at that time to upwards of twenty-two thousand effectives; and the cavalry regiments were certainly between six hundred and seven hundred each. It therefore appears that the force with which Marshals Massena and Ney advanced to attack the light division on the morning of the 24th of July, consisted of twenty thousand infantry, and between three and four thousand cavalry; to which were opposed three English battalions (43rd, 52nd, and 95th), two Portuguese battalions (1st and 3rd Chasseurs), and eight squadrons of cavalry, making in the whole a force of about three thousand two hundred British, and eleven hundred Portuguese troops.

"Almeida is a small fortress situated at the edge of the declivity forming a right bank of the valley of the Coa, which river runs from the south to the north, and the bridge over which is nearly an English mile west of the town. From the 21st to the 24th of July, the chain of our cavalry outposts formed a semi-circle in front of Almeida, the right flank being appuyé to the Coa, near As-Naves, which is about three miles above

the place; and the left flank rested on the river near Cinco-Villa, which is about three miles below the fortress. The centre of this line was covered by a small stream, and looked towards the principal roads by which it was expected the enemy would advance, namely, on the right and centre of the position. The cavalry posts were supported by piquets of infantry. The only road which our artillery and the body of our cavalry could make use of to retreat across the Coa, was that which leads from Almeida to the bridge. The nature of the ground made it difficult for the enemy to approach this road on our left, that is to say, on the north side of the town; and the infantry of the division was therefore placed in a position to cover it on the right or south side, having its right flank appuyé to the corps above the bridge, its front covered by a deep and rocky ravine, and its left in some enclosures near a windmill which is on the plain, about eight hundred yards south of the fortress. The governor had intended to mount a gun upon the windmill; and one was actually in it, but quite useless, as it was not mounted. Another gun (also dismounted) was lying near the mill. These are the guns which Marshal Massena says he took in the action.

"On the morning of the 24th, the centre of our line of piquets was attacked; namely, that which occupied the road leading from Almeida to Val de la Mula, which village is about four English miles east of the fortress. These piquets were supported by the 14th Light Dragoons, and two guns; but when the head of a con-

siderable column with artillery presented itself, and began to form on the other side of the rivulet, the piquets were withdrawn. The enemy then passed the rivulet, a cannonade took place, and they formed a line of fifteen squadrons of cavalry, at the distance of about a mile from the above-mentioned windmill, with artillery in its front, and a division of about seven thousand infantry on its right. Other troops were seen, though not so distinctly, advancing upon our right. It being now evident that we were opposed to such a force as to render it impossible for Brigadier-General Craufurd to prevent the investment of the place, he determined to cross the Coa. He ordered the artillery and cavalry to move off by the road leading from the town to the bridge, and the infantry to follow, retiring across the vineyard in the same direction. The infantry were directed to move in échellon from the left, it being necessary to hold the right to the last, in order to prevent the enemy approaching the bridge by a road coming from Junca, and which runs along the bottom of the valley close to the river. Some companies which formed the left of our line, were in a vineyard so completely enclosed by a high stone wall, that it was quite impossible for cavalry to get into it; but the preceding night had been excessively severe, and some of the troops stationed in the vineyard had unfortunately pulled down the wall in many places to make use of the stones to form a shelter against the violent rain. This wall, which Brigadier-General Craufurd had considered as a complete defence, was therefore no longer such; and

after our artillery and cavalry had moved off, the enemy's horse broke into the enclosure and took several prisoners. Our total loss in prisoners and missing amounted to about sixty, after all those who were at first returned as such had contrived to rejoin their regiments. The 43rd Light Infantry having been on the left of the line, was the first that arrived near the bridge. The brigadier-general ordered some companies of this corps to occupy a height in front, and the remainder to pass on and form on the heights on the other side of the river. Part of the 95th Rifles, and the 3rd battalion of Chasseurs, who arrived next, were formed on the right of those companies of the 43rd regiment that were in front of the bridge. This position was maintained until every thing was over, and until one of the horse artillery ammunition waggons, which had been overturned in a very bad situation, was got up and dragged to the other side by the men. During the remainder of the day, the bridge was most gallantly defended by the 43rd and part of the 95th regiments; and after it was dusk we retreated from the Coa. To retire in tactical order over such ground, so broken, rocky, and intersected with walls, as that which separated the first position from the second, would have been impossible, even if not under the fire of the enemy; and the ground on the other side of the river was equally unfavourable for reforming the regiments. Whoever knows any thing of war, knows that in such an operation, and upon such ground, some derangement of regular order is inevitable; but the retreat was made

in a military, soldierlike manner, and without the slightest precipitation. In the course of it the enemy, when he pressed, was attacked in different places, by the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th regiments, and driven before them.

"With respect to the enemy's loss, it is of course difficult to say what it was, because we know that from the commencement of the revolutionary war, no French official report has ever contained true statements on this point. Upon this occasion, Marshal Massena says, 'We have taken one stand of colours, four hundred men and two pieces of cannon; our own loss amounted to nearly three hundred killed and wounded.' He took no colours, the cannon were the two dismounted guns belonging to the fortress which were lying in and near the windmill; and instead of four hundred prisoners, he took only about sixty, supposing every one of those we returned as missing, to have fallen alive into the enemy's hands. Now, if in the same paragraph in which he states his own loss at three hundred, he calls sixty prisoners four hundred, we may fairly infer that he is not more accurate in the one statement than in the other; and this circumstance, as well as the usual practice of their service, and the probability of the thing from what we could observe, fully justify us in assuming it to have been from six to seven hundred. Ours amounted, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to three hundred and thirty.

"Such is the true account of this affair, upon which the Marshal prides himself so much, but in which it is

certain that the advantage was on our side. We could not pretend to prevent the investment of the place; but in our retreat we did not lose a gun, a trophy, or a single article of field equipage;,and we inflicted on the enemy a loss certainly double that which we sustained. The account, contained in the commencement of the Marshal's despatch, of what had passed on the 21st of July is equally contrary to the truth. He talks of having forced the passage of the little rivulet that runs between Almeida and Val de la Mula on the 21st; whereas our piquets remained there, and not a single Frenchman passed it until the morning of the 24th. He says that many of our sharp-shooters fell into their hands on the 21st; the truth is, they did not take a single man. The retreat of the 14th Dragoons from Val de la Mula was conducted in the most slow and regular manner, and all our intentions with respect to Fort Conception were completely fulfilled.

"(Signed) ROBERT CRAUFURD, Brigadier-General."

Four months after the affair of the Coa, Lord Wellington fought and won a defensive battle on the ridge of Busaco. This took place on the 27th of September. Craufurd here displayed the skill of an adroit commander in addition to the impetuous valour by which he was always characterised. The light division, admirably posted, received the attack of Ney's corps, led by General Simon; and when they had nearly gained the crest of the hill on which the English stood, the 43rd and 52nd charged with the bayonet, and sent

them rolling back in scattered confusion. Simon was wounded and taken prisoner, and this prompt movement decided the action in that quarter. Craufurd and his division were warmly commended in Lord Wellington's despatch. On the night of the 23rd of September, four days before the battle, a singular circumstance took place, which has been thus related: "The light division, falling back only a league, encamped in a pine wood, where happened one of those extraordinary panics that, in ancient times, was attributed to the influence of a hostile god. No enemy was near, no alarm was given; yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep, and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror until some persons called out that the enemy's cavalry were amongst them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated."*

A simultaneous terror possessed the whole of the Spanish infantry at Talavera. During the night which divided the two days of combat, they started up, fired two or three tremendous volleys at nothing, and ran furiously to the rear. But there they remained; and there was this distinction between them and the gallant light division, that no remonstrance could induce the Spaniards to shake off their alarm, or look the enemy in the face, when he actually advanced in the morning.

During the winter of 1810, while the British army occupied the lines of Torres Vedras, and Massena

* See Napier, vol. iii.

watched them from Santarem, General Craufurd obtained leave to go to England on his private affairs. During his absence the command of the light division devolved upon Sir William Erskine. Craufurd returned in time for the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, fought on the 5th of May, 1811, and was received with a shout of welcome when he galloped unexpectedly up to the front, just as the action was about to commence. In this battle, it has been observed by sound military authority that there was less skill than error on both sides. Massena, had he been as active and enterprising as he had shown himself in earlier campaigns, might have turned the advantages he gained at the onset to better account. Lord Wellington himself admitted subsequently, in conversation at his own table*, that he committed a fault in extending his right too much to Poço Velho; and that if the French had profited by it, as they could have done, there might have been bad consequences; but that they let him recover himself and change his front before their faces. The British position was, in fact, too much spread out for their numbers, and was strengthened by giving up the ground on the right, and concentrating with the right flank thrown back on the Turones, as the army stood when the fighting ceased. The light division throughout the day performed a distinguished part. They had first to cover the passage of the seventh division over the Turones, and then to retire across a plain at least three miles in extent, in presence

* See Larpent's Private Journal, vol. i.

of a body of five thousand of the enemy's cavalry, supported by the entire infantry of the eighth corps. They moved slowly and deliberately in squares, while Montbrun with his horsemen crowded round their flanks, and appeared to be gathering in a mass for a concentrated charge. But they threatened without attempting to execute; and the dangerous crisis of the battle passed over innocuously. Craufurd cleared the plain, with very little loss, presenting such a close and determined front wherever the enemy pressed too eagerly, that they held back, and suffered the retiring divisions of the British army to take up their new ground in regular order. If Massena, as was expected, had renewed the attack on the following day, there seems little reason to doubt that the result would have been decisively against him. But he drew off his army without any further effort, leaving Almeida, which he sought to relieve, to its fate, and resigned the command of the army of Portugal to Marmont, who was destined to sustain a more signal overthrow in the following year. Let all who read of the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro bear in mind that Massena outnumbered the English army by more than two to one, and that he had an overpowering preponderance in cavalry. During the remainder of 1811, General Craufurd and the light division were actively employed in various field movements; but no other general action took place under the immediate command of Lord Wellington. The renewed siege of Badajos was abandoned after the battle of Albuera, in consequence of the junction of Soult and Marmont, whose

forces, when united, so materially exceeded the British, that it is marvellous how they suffered such a favourable crisis to pass without striking a blow which, if successful, might there and then have terminated the war in their favour. The genius of the English general was never more triumphantly displayed than during this period, which seemed portentous of decisive events; but the lowering clouds which gathered round him, he contrived to baffle and dissipate, and even to wrest from the enemy an important fortress, watched by eighty thousand men, while he had little more than half that number to oppose to them. The campaign, too, was carried on in winter, in the face of every incidental impediment which the season seemed likely to supply.

The siege and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was a very rapid operation; necessarily so, for Lord Wellington fought against time, and unless he could carry the place by a given date, there was every probability of its being relieved. On the 8th of January, 1812, the trenches were opened, and on the same night an important outwork, the redoubt of Francisco, was stormed by select companies of the light division, under the command of Colonel Colborne (now Lord Seaton). On the 14th the batteries opened; and on the 19th two breaches were reported practicable. Lord Wellington examined them in person, and issued the order for attack, concluding with these memorable words, "*Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening.*" The larger breach was to be assailed by the third, and the lesser by the light division. At seven in the evening, the town clock

struck, the signal was given by a rocket, and the columns rushed forward. The garrison were prepared for a desperate resistance: a mine was sprung in the principal breach, by which many brave men perished; but in less than an hour the place was won. The stormers of the light division consisted of three hundred volunteers, led by Major George Napier (afterwards Lieutenant General Sir G. Napier), with a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Gurwood. General Craufurd accompanied them, and fell, pierced through the body by one of the first shots fired. It is neither usual nor requisite that generals of division should thus perform the duties of young colonels and regimental officers; but throughout the Peninsular war, many valuable lives were lost in this manner, from the conviction that an animating example would inflame the courage of the men, and insure success. Still, the principle is a mistake. The head of the general to superintend, is of greater importance than his arm to execute. If he marches up to a breach, he is no more than the grenadier who accompanies him, and even less, if, as is likely, his physical strength is inferior, or his arms are not so well adapted for personal conflict.

Craufurd's last address to his division, a moment before they moved on, was short and clear, in his usually decisive manner: "Soldiers!" said he, "the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady — be cool — be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts; and in doing this keep well

together." There have been many opinions expressed as to this brave officer's capability of command. It has been even asserted, by his admirers, that with the same opportunities he would have equalled Wellington; but such hyperbolical eulogy is as injurious as detraction. Take him on the whole, he was one of the readiest and most dashing executive officers in the service; and his early death must be considered a national loss. It cannot be said that Napier is lavish of praise either to Picton or Craufurd, when in a memorable passage he compares these two renowned leaders. "Picton and Craufurd," he says, "were not permitted by nature to agree. The stern countenance, robust frame, saturnine complexion, caustic speech, and austere demeanour of the first, promised little sympathy with the short thick figure, dark flashing eyes, quick movements, and fiery temper of the second; nor did they often meet without a quarrel. Nevertheless they had many points of resemblance in their characters and fortunes. Both were harsh and rigid in command; both prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors. Alike ambitious and craving of glory, they were enterprising, yet neither was expert in handling troops under fire. After distinguished services, both perished in arms, and being celebrated as generals of division while living, have been, since their death, injudiciously spoken of as rivalling their great leader in war. That they were officers of mark and pretension is unquestionable, and Craufurd more so than Picton, because the latter never had a separate

command, and his opportunities were necessarily more circumscribed *; but to compare either to the Duke of Wellington, displays ignorance of the men and of the art they professed."

General Craufurd lingered for five days; and it was at first hoped that his wound, although reported dangerous, would not prove mortal. Lord Wellington's despatch to Lord Liverpool, dated Galegos, January 29th, 1812, thus records his death, and the estimation in which he was held by his illustrious commander:—"Major-General Craufurd died on the 24th inst. of the wounds which he received on the 19th, whilst leading the light division of this army to the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo. Although the conduct of Major-General Craufurd on the occasion on which these wounds were received, and the circumstances which occurred, have excited the admiration of every officer in the army, I cannot report his death to your lordship without expressing my sorrow and regret that his Majesty has been deprived of the services, and I of the assistance, of an officer of tried talents and experience, who was an ornament to his profession, and was calculated to render most important services to his country."

Craufurd was buried on the ramparts of Ciudad Rodrigo, close to the breach which his division had so gallantly carried. Lord Wellington attended the funeral,

* When we remember and enumerate the many general actions and important operations in which Picton was prominently engaged after the premature death of Craufurd, we can scarcely admit the conclusion in the last sentence.

in tribute of his respect for the departed general. The nation erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. The following most interesting letter, containing an account of his last hours, first appeared, by permission, in "Stocqueler's Life of the Duke of Wellington," from whence we have extracted it. The writer is the late Marquess of Londonderry; the person addressed, Sir Charles Craufurd, the elder brother of the deceased, and himself a general:—

Galegos, Jan. 26th, 1812.

"My dear Friend,—I have to entreat you to summon to your aid all that resignation to the will of Heaven, and manly fortitude, which I know you to possess, to bear with composure the sad tidings this letter is doomed to convey. I think you must have discovered that, from the first moment, I did not encourage sanguine hopes of your beloved brother, whose loss we have, alas! now to deplore. But, my dear friend, as we all must pass through this transitory existence sooner or later, to be translated to a better, surely there is no mode of terminating life equal to that which Providence ordained should be *his*. Like Nelson, Abercromby, Moore, and inferior to none (had his sphere been equally extensive), your much loved brother fell; the shouts of victory were the last he heard from the gallant troops he led; and his last moments were full of anxiety as to the events of the army, and consideration for his Light Division. If his friends permit themselves to give way to unbounded grief under this heavy calamity, they are

considering themselves rather than the departed hero. The army and his country have the most reason to deplore his loss; for, as his military talents were of the first calibre, so was his spirit of the most intrepid gallantry.

"There is but one universal sentiment throughout all ranks of the profession on this subject; and if you, and those who loved him dearly (amongst whom, God knows I pity most his angel wife and children), could but have witnessed the manner in which the last duties were paid to his memory by the whole army, your tears would have been arrested by the contemplation of what his merits must have been to have secured such a general sensation, and they would have ceased to flow, from the feelings of envy which such an end irresistibly excited.

"As I fervently trust that, by the time you receive this letter, you may be so far prepared for this afflicting stroke as to derive consolation even from sad details, and as I really am unequal to address Mrs. Craufurd at present, I think it best to enter at large into every thing with you, leaving it to your affectionate and prudent judgment to unfold events by degrees in the manner you deem best. You will perceive by Staff-surgeon Gunning's report (Lord Wellington's own surgeon), upon an examination of the wound (which I enclose), that, from the nature of it, it was impossible Robert should have recovered. The direction the ball had taken, the extreme difficulty of breathing, and the blood he brought up, gave great grounds of alarm; but

still it was conceived the ball might have dropped lower than the lungs; and as there have been instances of recovery from wounds in the same place, we were suffered to entertain a *hope*, but alas! that was all. Staff-surgeons Robb and Gunning, who were his constant attendants, and from whose anxiety, zeal, and professional ability every thing was to be expected, were unremitting in their exertions; his aide-de-camp, young Wood, and Lieutenant Shawe, of the 43rd, showed all that affectionate attention which even his own family could have done to him; the former, I must say, evinced a feeling as honourable to his heart as it must have been gratifying to its object. To these I must add Captain William Campbell, whose long friendship for Robert induced him never to leave him; and he manifested in an extraordinary manner his attachment on this occasion. If my own duties had permitted me, you may believe I never should have absented myself from his bedside; as it was, feeling like a brother towards him, my heart led me to act as such to the utmost of my poor abilities. The three officers I have above named, and his surgeon, alternately watched and attended him from the evening of the 19th until ten o'clock on the morning of the 24th, when he breathed his last. On the 22nd, he was considered easier and better; the medicines administered had all the effects desired. He conversed some time with me, principally about the assault; and he was most anxious as to news of the enemy. He was so cheerful, that his mind did not revert, as it had done before, to his wife

and children; and I was anxious to keep any subject from him that might awaken keen sensations. I knew well, from many conversations I have had with him, the unbounded influence and affection Mrs. Craufurd's idea was attended with, and his ardent anxiety as to the education and bringing up of his children. These thoughts, I was anxious, while a ray of hope existed, not to awaken, it being of the utmost consequence he should be kept free from agitation; and I trust this will be a sufficient reason to Mrs. Craufurd and yourself, for my being unable to give you those last sentiments of his heart which he no doubt would have expressed, had we felt authorised to acquaint him that he was so near his end. I do not mean to say he was ignorant of his situation; for when he first sent to me, he said he felt his wound was mortal, and that he was fully prepared for the will of Heaven; but I think subsequently he cherished hopes. He obtained some sleep on the night of the 22nd; and on the 23rd he was, to all appearance, better. At two o'clock in the morning, William Campbell wrote me a most cheering account of him. He had been talking of his recovery, and every pleasing prospect; and he fell into a comfortable sleep, as those about him imagined; but, alas! from that sleep he never awoke again. His pulse gradually ceased to beat, his breath grew shorter, and his spirit fled before those near him were conscious he was no more. So easy was his passport to heaven! If, in detailing so mournful a recital, I can derive the smallest consolation, it arises from knowing his last words united his affection for his wife, and his

friendship for me in one train of thought, in which he closed his eyes. Having thus acquainted you, as well as my present feelings enable me, with the last scene, I shall now assure you that no exertion was wanting to prepare every thing for the mournful ceremony that was to follow, with the utmost possible regard and respect to his memory. Lord Wellington decided he should be interred by his own division, near the breach which he had so gallantly carried. The light division assembled before his house in the suburbs of the San Francisco Convent, at twelve o'clock on the 25th; the 5th division lined the road from his quarters to the breach; the officers of the brigade of guards, cavalry, 3rd, 4th, and 5th divisions, together with General Castanos and all his staff, Marshal Beresford and all the Portuguese, Lord Wellington and the whole of head-quarters, moved in the mournful procession. He was borne to his place of rest on the shoulders of the brave lads he had led on, the field officers of the light division as pall-bearers, and the whole ceremony was conducted in the most gratifying manner; if I may be permitted such an epithet on such a heart-breaking occasion. I assigned to myself the mournful task of being chief mourner, and I was attended by Captain Campbell, Lieutenants Wood and Shawe, and the staff of the light division. Care has been taken that his gallant remains can never be disturbed; and he lies where posterity will commemorate his deeds.

"Believe me, as ever,

"Your most affectionate and ever obliged,

"CHARLES STEWART."

Crawford was stern and strict, and being impetuous in manner, and not very ceremonious in language when excited, many of his subordinate officers disliked him; but with the private soldiers he was universally popular, as he always looked to their comforts, and treated them justly, while he maintained rigid discipline. Punishment parades were a source of great annoyance to him; and the necessity of superintending one ruffled his temper for the whole day. The following characteristic anecdote is related in Costello's entertaining "Adventures." There can be no doubt of its authenticity, as the retailer was an eye-witness. He says:—

"I happened to be on guard one day, when General Craufurd came riding in from the front with his orderly dragoon, as was his usual custom; when two of our men (Rifles), one of them a corporal, came running out of a house with some bread which they had stolen from the Spaniards; they were pursued by a Spanish woman, crying lustily, '*Ladrone! Ladrone!*' 'Thief! Thief!' They were immediately pursued by the general and his orderly; the bread was given back to the woman, and the men were placed in the guard-house. The next day they were tried by a brigade court-martial, and brought out to a wood near the town for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the brigade-major had finished reading the proceedings of the court-martial, General Craufurd commenced lecturing both men and officers on the nature of their cruelty to the harmless inhabitants, as he called the Spaniards. He laid parti-

cular stress on our regiment, who, he said, committed more crimes than the whole of the British army. 'Besides, you think,' said he, 'because you are riflemen, and more exposed to the enemy's fire than other regiments that you are to rob the inhabitants with impunity; but while I command you, you shall not.' Then, turning round to the corporal, who stood in the centre of the square, he said, with a stern voice, — 'Strip, sir!'

"The corporal, whose name was Miles, never uttered a word until tied up to a tree, when, turning his head round as far as his situation would allow, and seeing the general pacing up and down the square, he said, 'General Craufurd, I hope you will forgive me.' The general replied, 'No, sir, your crime is too great.' The poor corporal, whose sentence was to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive a punishment of one hundred and fifty lashes, and the other man two hundred, then addressed the general to the following effect: —

"'Do you recollect, sir, when you and I were taken prisoners, when under the command of General Whitelocke, at Buenos Ayres? We were marched with a number of others to a sort of pound, surrounded by a wall. There was a well in the centre, out of which I drew water with my mess-tin, by means of canteen straps I collected from the men who were prisoners like myself. You sat on my knapsack; I parted my last biscuit with you. You then told me you would never forget my kindness to you. It is now in your power, sir. You know how short we have been of

rations for some time?' These words were spoken by the corporal in a mild and respectful accent, which not only affected the general, but the whole square. The bugler, who stood waiting to commence the punishment close to the corporal, received the usual nod from the bugle-major to begin. The first lash the corporal received, the general started and, turning himself round, said, 'What's that—what's that?—who taught that bugler to flog? Send him to drill—send him to drill! He cannot flog—he cannot flog! Stop! stop! Take him down! Take him down! I remember it well—I remember it well!' while he paced up and down the square, muttering to himself words that I could not catch, at the same time blowing his nose and wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide the emotion that was evident to the whole battalion. While untying the corporal, a dead silence prevailed for some time, until our gallant general recovered a little his noble feeling, when he uttered, with a broken accent, 'Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?' Then beckoning to his orderly to bring his horse, he mounted and rode off. It is needless to say that the other man also was pardoned, and in a few days the corporal was restored to his rank."

According to our dates, General Craufurd, when he fell, was in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the thirty-second of his service. He married Bridget, daughter of Henry Holland, Esq., and left a family of three sons and a daughter. We do not recollect to have seen any engraved likeness of General Craufurd,

and we believe his portrait was never taken. In stature, he was below the middle size; but his air was commanding, and the animated expression of his countenance denoted the energetic qualities of his mind. In all the relative capacities of husband, parent, brother, friend, companion, and enlightened officer, he discharged the noblest duties of humanity with affection, rectitude, and honourable consistency. His general acquirements not only rendered his society agreeable, but instructive, and won the esteem of all who had the privilege of his intimate acquaintance. He was devoted to his profession, and the predominant object of his life was military distinction. He loved his country as a true patriot, and acknowledged all the advantages of her laws, religion, and government. The diligence and regularity which he always exhibited in the performance of his duties, made him desirous of producing the like qualities in those under his command; and he proved himself the soldier's true friend in strictly enforcing discipline, in protecting the rights and promoting the claims of his veteran associates, and in administering to their personal comforts. Such a leader was deeply and unanimously mourned by the faithful band to whom his actions while living had so frequently furnished the theme of praise. In the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral a monument (by J. Bacon, junr.) has been erected to commemorate jointly the services and deaths of Craufurd and Mackinnon, who fell together. They were both North Britons, for which reason, we suppose, a Highlander is selected as an appropriate mourner over the tomb of the two gallant offi-

cers. The monument is tabular, and the inscription runs as follows: "Erected by the nation to Major-General Robert Craufurd, and Major-General Henry Mackinnon, who fell at Ciudad Rodrigo, January 18th, 1812."

No. VII.

SIR G. LOWRY COLE.

"If greatness can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage, and in openness of mind and soul." — FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SIR GALBRAITH LOWRY COLE, G. C. B., K. T. S., &c. &c. &c.

Born 1st May, 1772. — Died 4th Oct. 1842.

This distinguished officer was the second son of William Willoughby, first Earl of Enniskillen, by Anne his wife, only daughter of Galbraith Lowry Corry, Esq., and sister of the first Earl of Belmore. The antiquity of the family of Cole, and their honourable condition, may be traced to a remote period. They are named as holding knightly rank in two deeds of William the Conqueror, and were originally of the county of Devon. By the marriage of Sir John Cole of Nathway, in Devon, with the daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Bodrugan, in 1243, they trace connection with Henry the Third, through John Duke of Lancaster, and the Earls of Westmoreland, Salisbury, Arundel, Warren, Surrey, and Oxford. From this match lineally descended Sir William Cole, Knight, who, in the reign of James the First, settled in Ireland, and obtained large grants of escheated lands in the county of Fermanagh, where he fixed his residence. The family, being zealous Protestants, were always remarkable for their steady and active adherence to the principles they professed, in church and state. During the rebellion of 1643, Sir William Cole raised a regiment at his own expense, and com-

manded them in person: when the town of Enniskillen was incorporated, he was elected first provost. In 1760, his representative and great-great-grandson, John Cole, Esq., M. P. for Enniskillen, was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, as Baron Mount-Florence of Florence-Court. His grandson, William Willoughby, became Viscount and Earl of Enniskillen in 1776 and 1789.

Lowry Cole, of whom we are now writing, was born in Dublin on the 1st of May, 1772. Being intended from his earliest youth for the profession of arms, towards which his boyish predilections strongly pointed, he received a suitable military education, and entered the service before he had arrived at full manhood. He was endowed with a high and gallant spirit, well fitted for daring enterprise, and found himself gazetted to a cornetcy in the Twelfth Light Dragoons before he had completed his fifteenth year; his first commission bearing date March 27th, 1787. Passing through the next grade of lieutenant, in the Fifth Dragoon Guards, he exchanged into the infantry, and was promoted to a company in the 70th Foot, in November, 1792. There was nothing particularly rapid in this advance, for a young man of good interest, with money and powerful family connections. The period was unfavourable for military achievement. The nations of Europe were at peace; except in India, the troops of England had no active employment beyond home duty and the care of garrisoning the colonies. The ominous clouds of the French Revolution were rapidly gathering, but had not yet burst into the overwhelming storm which

heralded in more than twenty years of general warfare. Old warriors, who complained that their swords were turned into inglorious ploughshares, and young, ambitious soldiers, eager for active service in the field, were soon destined to see their aspirations indulged beyond what either could have expected, and to an extent far greater than the outward appearance of tranquillity rendered probable. So, from an almost imperceptible speck on the horizon, arises the dark hurricane which suddenly sweeps along with overwhelming violence. On the 1st of February, 1793, the National Convention of France declared war against Great Britain and her ally, the United Provinces; the denunciation being practically followed up by the invasion of Holland two days after. Later in the same year, the English government despatched a naval and military force, under Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis, for the capture of the French West India Islands. With this expedition Lowry Cole embarked at Cork, and soon afterwards was gazetted a Major in the 102nd Foot. He was present at the taking of Martinique, March 24th, 1794, and also at that of Guadaloupe and St. Lucia, in the month of April following. During the latter operations he served on the staff, as aide-de-camp to Sir Charles Grey, the general officer commanding. Towards the close of the same year, he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in Ward's regiment, which he afterwards exchanged for a company in the Coldstream Guards. Returning home, his next appointment placed him on the general staff of Ireland,

in the adjutant-general's department, under Sir John Cradock; and subsequently he became aide-de-camp to the Earl of Carhampton, commander-in-chief in that country. In 1801, he accompanied the expedition to Egypt, and served throughout the campaign there on the personal staff of General (afterwards Lord) Hutchinson, who succeeded to the direction of affairs on the death of the lamented Abercromby. The short respite of the peace, or truce of Amiens, occupied a feverish interval of one year and a half, at the expiration of which, the rival nations, having drawn a little breath, rushed once more into a mortal encounter. In 1804, the subject of our memoir, who had previously reached the brevet rank of full colonel in the army (as early as January, 1801), obtained a regimental lieutenant-colonelcy in the 27th Foot; and in the year following repaired to the Mediterranean, expecting the appointment of Brigadier-General on his arrival at Malta. He was then in his thirty-third year; his appearance and bearing eminently graceful and aristocratic; his manners cordial and prepossessing. In every respect he conveyed the impression of a gallant leader who would rise to distinction if the chances presented themselves.

During the early part of 1806, the Island of Sicily was held by a British force of 7500 men, under Sir John Stuart. Their principal occupation consisted in watching the French, who, commanded by Regnier, were scattered in no great numbers through the opposite province of Lower Calabria. Circum-

stances seemed to favour an offensive movement on the part of the British general. Accordingly, having taken his resolution and formed his plans with secrecy, he embarked 5000 men without cavalry, and only a few light field-pieces and mountain guns. No opposition was offered to their landing, which took place on the 1st of July, in the Bay of St. Eufemia. With dawn on the 4th, the troops moved forward, and before they had marched many miles, found themselves in presence of Regnier's army, well posted, superior in numbers, and ready to dispute their further progress. Then followed the battle of Maida, which has been often described, but can never lose its interest and prominence in the catalogue of soldierlike achievements.

In this brilliant action, Brigadier-General Cole, who, from his seniority happened to be second in command, performed an important part. His brigade consisted of the first battalion of the 27th his own regiment, and a battalion of grenadiers taken from all the different corps composing that small army. This custom of forming picked flank battalions has since been wisely abandoned. It produced very strong and effective bodies of troops, but crippled and reduced the regular regiments, while it mortified the commanding officers by depriving them of their most active and available men. Cole's brigade was stationed on the left of the British line, and even after the defeat of the French left, who at the commencement of the action gave way and fled before Kempt's light infantry, they found themselves opposed by such superior numbers, including a body of cavalry,

that the General was compelled to throw back the left wing of the 27th, to secure his flank from being turned. Some inexperienced officers, led away by the success of Kempt's brigade on the right, strongly recommended him to advance headlong against the enemy; but he saw the danger of such an inconsiderate movement, and held his ground steadily, until the opportune and unexpected arrival of the 20th, under Colonel Ross, enabled him to assume the offensive, when the gallant regiment last named came up to his support. The overthrow of Regnier's army then became complete, and if we had been enabled to pursue them with two or three hundred fresh cavalry, very few would have escaped. In looking at General Cole's professional career, it is somewhat singular to observe that at Maida he was urged to undertake a precipitate advance, without orders, which might have compromised the army and endangered the fate of the day. This he refused to venture, and, acting on his own judgment, the event proved that he decided wisely. At Albuera he made a movement with his division which won the battle; and in this case also, he acted on his own responsibility, coinciding with the suggestion of Major Hardinge, that here an immediate advance was imperatively called for in the critical position of affairs. We shall have occasion to speak more of this operation in the proper place. After the French had entirely disappeared from the field of battle at Maida, the English troops, by orders from their commander, Sir John Stuart, marched back to the beach, within a few miles of which the action was fought, for

repose, food, and supplies of ammunition. A ludicrous incident then occurred, which is thus related by Sir Henry Bunbury, who was present, as Quarter-Master-General.* "A permission had been given that the men of each brigade in turn might refresh themselves by bathing in the sea, the rest lying by their arms. While the Grenadiers and Enniskillens were in the water, a staff-officer came galloping in from the front, crying aloud that the enemy's cavalry were coming down. In a moment the troops sprang to their arms and formed; and Cole's brawny brigade rushing out of the sea, and throwing their belts on their shoulders, grasped their muskets and drew up in line without attempting to assume an article of clothing. The alarm was utterly groundless; a great dust and an imperfect view of a herd of scampering buffaloes had conjured up a vision of French chasseurs in this noodle of an officer, one of my assistants." If the victory of Maida had been followed up energetically, something might have emanated from it more profitable than a barren display of prowess; but as it was, our troops returned to Sicily, through Lower Calabria, picking up the French garrisons on their way, and resumed their old quarters at Messina and Milazzo, with their eyes turned towards the continent of Italy, but without any further attempts at an offensive demonstration. Brigadier Cole reached the rank of Major-General in 1808, and continued on the staff of the Mediterranean army until the commencement of summer in the following year. He

* "Narrative of some Passages in the great War with France."

felt the inactivity of his position irksome, and no particular cordiality either in views or character existed between him and his immediate commander. The great Peninsular struggle was then in full progress, and General Cole became anxious for removal to that more stirring quarter. Returning to England on leave of absence, he solicited and obtained employment under Lord Wellington, who, on his arrival in Portugal, appointed him to the command of the 4th division. A field of glory thus opened to him, surpassing even his most earnest desires, and comprising many opportunities, of which he availed himself with unvarying skill, courage, and perseverance. No officer was ever more impressed with the value and importance of strict, unflinching subordination; and never did commander-in-chief issue orders to one who could be more safely relied on, to carry them out to the exact letter of their meaning. In this quality, Cole and Hill strongly resembled each other. So complete was the confidence of Lord Wellington in their perfect conception of his plans and their rigid obedience to instructions, that throughout many campaigns, he scarcely ever found it necessary to send written orders to these two generals. There were others of high rank and reputation, whose judgment he feared to trust so implicitly, although their zeal and personal bravery amounted to the enthusiasm of knights of the middle ages.

When Massena advanced to the invasion of Portugal in the autumn of 1810, the fourth division of Lord Wellington's defending army, under the command of

Major-general Cole, was stationed at Guarda, and in villages towards the Coa. The operations on that river have been previously discussed in the memoir of General Robert Craufurd. As the whole British force retired gradually, according to the preconcerted plan of their general, the fourth division fell back on the Mondego, crossing by the fords under Pena Cova, and marched to a position on the heights of Busaco. On the 27th of September, Massena, misjudging both the qualities of British soldiers, and the skill of Lord Wellington, exposed himself to a defeat, which with more prudence he might easily have escaped. In this important battle, General Cole and the 4th division were posted on the extreme left of the line, where from the nature of the ground it was impossible they could be seriously attacked. With the exception of the partial engagement of some of their light companies, it was not their fortune to have any share in the operations of the day. They looked on and saw the glory won by their more fortunate brethren of the light and third divisions, ready and burning to emulate them when their own turn might arrive. The allied army retired on the night of the 28th of September, and on the 13th of October, the piquets of the 4th division were seriously attacked by a French detachment advancing in considerable numbers from Sobral. The enemy were vigorously repulsed, and in this affair, Brigadier-general Harvey, commanding the Portuguese brigade attached to the division, was severely wounded. The division then moved leisurely into its appointed place in the

lines of Torres Vedras, where it was encamped and employed in completing the defences of the position. When the enemy retired from the immediate front of the lines, the division moved forward to cantonments in Azambuja and the adjoining villages, and remained stationary there until Marshal Massena began to evacuate his strong post at Santarem, on the 4th of March, 1811. Several times, during the earlier part of the winter, a general battle seemed to be impending, but both parties had more powerful reasons at that period for delay than decisive action.

During the pursuit of the French army, the 4th division was actively employed in several of the incidental skirmishes, but on the expulsion of Massena beyond the frontiers of Portugal, Lord Wellington detached General Cole to reinforce a corps under the orders of Sir William Beresford, intended to act in the Alemtejo. On the 25th of March, the division joined the collected army, in movement towards Campo Mayor. On the 9th of April, Olivença was summoned to capitulate, but the governor declined the invitation. Sir W. Beresford then moved his main body by Valverde on Albuera, leaving General Cole with the 4th division and a regiment of Portuguese cavalry to reduce Olivença. Major Dickson * of the Royal Artillery, and Captain Squires of the Engineers, conducted the ordnance departments of the siege, and heavy breaching

* One of the best officers that ever served in the artillery. Afterwards Major-General Sir Alexander Dickson, G.C.B. He was covered with orders and medals won in a hundred different actions.

cannon were sent for from Elvas. Early on the morning of the 11th of April, General Cole took possession of an outwork, a detached lunette which had been abandoned by the enemy, and a party was set to work to force a passage into it by the salient angle. The fire of the enemy from the fortress was feeble; by the 14th, the works were completed, and on the 15th, the English general summoned the place. No answer being sent after the allotted time of half an hour had passed, the batteries opened, when a parley was beat by the governor and the firing ceased. After some fencing on the part of the enemy to obtain a modification of the terms proposed, the firing was recommenced. The governor soon signified his readiness to surrender on the conditions named, but endeavoured to slide in some additional clauses. General Cole answered that his first proposal having been rejected, he would now only listen to terms of unconditional submission. The firing then commenced a second time, when the governor sent to say he would accept the original terms offered, to which no answer being given, and the firing continuing, he shortly afterwards surrendered at discretion. The garrison consisted of 480 men, and there were 12 pieces of artillery on the works. The breach was nearly completed in the curtain covered by the lunette. On the 16th of April, the 4th division marched from its bivouac near Olivença, to Almendral, and the whole force was concentrated at Zafre. Lord Wellington made a hasty visit to the south, where the movements did not altogether elicit his approbation, but the menacing aspect of

Massena, who threatened to assume active operations, recalled him to the Agueda with all the speed he could exert. Whether he had, or had not, full confidence in his lieutenant, he was compelled to leave him a certain discretionary power under very difficult circumstances. On the 5th of May, Beresford, deeming that his means were adequate to the object, and being promised the co-operation of the Spanish generals, for which Lord Wellington had stipulated as a primary measure, invested Badajos, and commenced the first English siege of that renowned fortress. Ground was broke on the 8th of May, before the fort of St. Christoval, on the right of the Guadiana, and on the day following, before the body of the place, on the left bank of the river. The right brigade of the 4th division was detached with other troops of the 2nd division to act against St. Christoval. This was the first serious siege undertaken by the British army in the Peninsula, and it is truly lamentable to reflect that although the engineer officers were brave, zealous, and scientific, the means placed at their disposal by the neglect or incapacity of the government were so contemptible, that they literally amounted to nothing. The tools were of a bad quality, and insufficient in number; the men knew not how to carry on approaches, and there were no sappers and miners to give them the necessary instruction and example. On the 13th of May, the works were suspended, in consequence of General Beresford having received information of the most positive nature, that Soult was advancing rapidly and in full force to compel him to abandon the siege.

Accordingly he marched out of the trenches on the 14th, collected his army, and joining a Spanish corps under Blake and Castanos, took up the position of Albuera. Major-general Cole was left with the 4th division to cover the removal of guns and stores. In the afternoon of the 14th, about half-past two o'clock, the enemy made a sortie to reconnoitre the state of the force left before the place. He moved on that part of the lines guarded by Brigadier-general Harvey's Portuguese brigade. He was favoured by thick weather and a shower, during which his cavalry rushed out on one of the piquets, followed by infantry and several field pieces. The attack was vigorously resisted, and after a hot skirmish of two hours, the enemy retired. General Cole received orders from Marshal Beresford to march early on the morning of the 16th of May to Albuera, where the Fusilier and Portuguese brigades of the division joined the main army about nine o'clock. Sir W. Napier, in his "History," says the hour of their arrival was six; but nine is stated as the time in a memoir printed by the Assistant Quarter-master-general of the division, Colonel Sir Charles Brooke Vere, who was present at the action.* Both authorities agree that the attack of the French upon the English position commenced about nine.

When General Cole joined Sir William Beresford with the two brigades of the 4th Division, the enemy's movement on the right of the position of Albuera had

* Sir W. Napier, in his "Battles and Sieges," published since the History, says between eight and nine.

just been announced, and the advanced posts on that flank were engaged. Cole was ordered to place his battalions in contiguous columns in rear of the 2nd division; on the plain on the reverse of the position in reserve, and to support the troops that occupied the high ground, which was crossed by the Albuera road, and looked towards the approaches by the bridge of Albuera. It was on that side the attack had been looked for; but Marshal Soult, profiting by the shelter of the woods which cover the country to the right, on the side of Santa Marta, unexpectedly collected there the principal part of his force, and showed heavy columns directed upon the heights to the extreme right, — the most commanding ground, and a portion of which was not then occupied by the allied army. The Spanish corps which had joined Sir William Beresford on the night of the 15th, acted under the immediate orders of General Blake, and occupied the right of the true position. It became absolutely necessary that these Spaniards should change their front to meet the flank attack, and not a moment was to be lost; but Blake, who was slower than the English general to penetrate the real attack of the French, obstinately persisted that it was at the village and bridge, and refused to be convinced to the contrary until the enemy's columns were plainly visible in close proximity. He even then moved reluctantly and with such methodical slowness, that the enemy dashed in amongst them before his troops could be steadily formed on their fresh ground. It is not much to be wondered at, that under these circumstances the Spaniards gave

way, and were driven into helpless confusion; but the censure should be visited on the general rather than on the unfortunate soldiers whom he had so unskilfully handled.

The battle had not yet lasted much more than half an hour, and owing to the mismanagement of the Spaniards, the aspect of affairs on the side of the allies was anything but favourable. Sir William Beresford, on the discomfiture of Blake's contingent, rapidly moved the British brigades of the 2nd division, under General W. Stewart, to the right, to the support of the Spaniards. Stewart rushed on with surpassing courage, but deficient judgment, and many brave men were sacrificed by his overheated impetuosity. Colonel Colborne's brigade was almost entirely destroyed. Stewart himself was twice wounded, and an excellent brigadier general, Houghton, fell gloriously, and met a soldier's death, while in the act of cheering his men. As these troops went into action at a rapid pace, and without steady formation, they exposed their flank to a corps of Polish lancers, which was kept close up with the French infantry, and by whose fierce attack their columns were shaken. They rallied, advanced, and were again broken by the same cavalry. At this instant, the Honourable Colonel De Grey, with two squadrons of British dragoons, charged upon the French infantry, which was halted, and fell in with the Polish horsemen, who were intermingled with the English battalions, and thus inflicted on the enemy a considerable loss.

When the French cavalry, early in the action, were

extended to their left, and had worked completely round the right of the Spaniards, an order was brought to General Cole by Colonel D'Urban, to change the position of his division to the right, and form it at right angles to its original front. General Cole executed this order without a moment's delay, and deployed his columns into line, with the exception of one, and the light companies of the Fusilier brigade which he still kept in column on the right and in the rear of the Portuguese brigade, which formed the extreme right of his entire line. The division was then under the heights; the left on its new front resting at the foot of those heights, and the right extended in the plain; but the whole were there halted, and for the present advanced no nearer to the point of contest where the opposing hosts were so desperately engaged. General Cole continued to watch with anxiety the progress of the battle; he saw clearly the approaching crisis, and sent his aide-de-camp, Major de Roverea, to Sir William Beresford, to request authority to carry his division without delay to the support of the troops engaged. Roverea received a dangerous wound in the head soon after he left his general, and returned no more. Of this wound he died a short time afterwards, on board ship, during his passage to England. While General Cole was impatiently expecting the return of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Rooke, the deputy-adjutant-general, and Major Hardinge, deputy-quarter-master-general to the Portuguese forces, both of course attached to the head-quarter staff, rode up to General Cole, and sug-

gested, while the latter strongly urged, the necessity of his advancing immediately to reinforce the second division. General Cole demanded to know if they brought him an order to that effect, and was answered in the negative. He entirely agreed with their opinions as to the imperative necessity of immediate action, but he had received peremptory instructions not to move without the express command of his superior, and he hesitated to depart from instructions so clearly defined. But becoming impatient under the restraint, and seeing that if the critical moment escaped, it could never be recalled, he took on himself the responsibility of pushing forward with his division, and executed the movement which wrested the victory from Soult, and secured it for Marshal Beresford. Whatever differences of opinion may have arisen as to whom is to be ascribed the merit of originally conceiving this decisive manœuvre, there has been but one conclusion as to the masterly and soldierlike manner in which it was executed. Having directed that the flank companies of the division in column of quarter distance, and the brigade of guns, should keep on the right of the Portuguese, and protect the flank in that direction, General Cole moved forward with the Fusiliers, consisting of the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Seventh, and the first of the Twenty-third, supported by the Seventh Caçadores, to reinforce the troops engaged, so as to bring the brigade up to their right, by a forward and flank movement across the slopes of the heights; and at the same time, he directed the remainder of the division (the Portuguese brigade,

artillery, and light companies,) to follow the movement of the Fusiliers with as much celerity as keeping their order in line, and their relative place in echellon with the leading battalions, would possibly admit of. Sir William Beresford, in his despatch to Lord Wellington of the 18th of May, written two days after the battle, thus speaks of the advance of the 4th division: — "Major-General Cole seeing the principal attack of the enemy, very judiciously bringing up his own left a little, marched in line to attack the enemy's left, and arrived most opportunely to contribute with the charges of the brigades of General Stuart's division, to force the enemy to abandon his situation, and to retire precipitately, and to take refuge under his reserve. Here the Fusilier brigade particularly distinguished itself."

As the whole had to take ground to their left during a quick and forward movement in face of the enemy, the operation was one of considerable difficulty, and required to be executed with as much careful precision as if the battalions had been on an ordinary parade. The Fusiliers advanced rapidly, and approached the right of the second division, just after a renewed charge by the Polish Lancers. They opened a heavy fire on the enemy's cavalry, and closing to their left, were soon in a compact line, and in action with the survivors of the second division against the French columns. While they were thus hotly engaged, their right was charged and partially broken by the same Polish cavalry which had previously attacked the right of the second division. The Portuguese, who were coming up in support, re-

ceived the lancers with a steady volley; the Poles were repulsed, and the Fusiliers resumed their formation, which had been momentarily disturbed. Every effort of the enemy to deploy his columns under the storm of bullets by which they were now assailed proved unavailing; they became closely crowded, their efforts slackened, and suddenly the unmanageable and confused mass turned about and fled in disorder down the heights, overlapped and decimated by the destroying fire of the allies. The light companies of the 4th division followed them on the right to the stream, through which they had moved to the attack in the early morning. In the words with which Napier closes his eloquent account of this deadly conflict, "fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on that fatal hill." In the last attack, General Cole and all his personal staff, and all the officers attached to the staff of the division, except one, were severely wounded. Sir W. Myers was killed, and the three remaining colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, were returned in the list of serious casualties.

The above we believe to be a correct account of the incidents of Albuera, as far as General Cole and the 4th division were exclusively concerned. Our conclusions are drawn from a close comparison of all that has been published on the subject by writers of high authority, although conflicting and varying in their details; also from conversations at different intervals with many leading actors in the memorable drama. Few battles

have given rise to more voluminous controversy, in the progress of which, personal acrimony has been indulged in to an extent which weakens the advocacy it has been introduced to support, and occasions deep regret in the minds of moderate men, that prejudice and excited temper should occasionally be suffered to blind the clearest judgment, and mislead the most expanded capacity. In 1841, thirty years after the event, and not long before his death, Sir Lowry Cole was most reluctantly drawn into an explanation and defence of his proceedings at Albuera, in consequence of a correspondence which had sprung up in the United Service Magazine, originating in the following passage, as printed in the first edition of the third volume of Sir W. Napier's celebrated and justly popular history. "While he (Marshal Beresford) hesitated, Colonel Hardinge boldly ordered General Cole to advance."* Colonel Wade, General Cole's aide-de-camp in the Peninsula, and others, had taken up their pens in reply to this statement; their observations called forth rejoinders, and a good deal of carte and tierce had been exchanged between the opposing parties on the subject; but the friends of Sir Lowry at last thought that it was necessary he should speak in his own person. No man was ever more sensitively averse to thrusting himself before the public, except in the direct line of professional duty; and those who knew him best were well convinced

* In Sir W. Napier's "Battles and Sieges," the sentence is thus modified: "Colonel Hardinge, using his (Beresford's) name, had urged Cole to bring up the 4th Division."

that he would have preferred encountering the fire of an enemy's column to being dragged into print, unless in the pages of a despatch. But he yielded to the opinions of others, and in January, 1841, addressed the subjoined letter to the editor of the military periodical in which the preceding discussions had appeared.

" Mr. Editor,

" Having remained so many years without taking any part in the controversy between Lord Beresford and Colonel Napier, on the subject of the battle of Albuera, I should probably have continued to abstain from doing so, were it not that an erroneous construction has been put upon my silence. I had received Colonel Napier's third volume of the Peninsular War previously to leaving the Cape of Good Hope; and I did not at the time take any steps to contradict the statement that 'While Beresford hesitated, Colonel Hardinge boldly ordered Cole to advance,' being under an impression that Sir H. Hardinge would himself correct the error into which Colonel Napier had fallen. Finding on my arrival in England that Sir H. Hardinge had not done so, I availed myself of the first opportunity I had after my return, to open the subject to him in the conversation to which Sir Henry alludes in his letter of the 9th of September, 1840, published in the October number of the 'United Service Journal.'

" There is a material difference in Sir Henry Hardinge's recollection of that conversation and mine. It commenced by my stating my reasons for not having contradicted Colonel Napier's statement myself, and by

my expressing my wish, if not my expectation, that he would still do so, which, however, he declined, giving as a reason, that having refused a similar request made by Lord Beresford, he could not comply with mine. Of the proposal Sir Henry Hardinge states that he made to me, of my writing to him, and putting any questions I might wish to make, I have no recollection whatever — a proposal much more consonant with my feelings, as it would probably have rendered any contradiction on my part unnecessary.

"Sir H. Hardinge, although he admits in his letter that he never gave me an order, or anything approaching to one, yet appears to leave it to be understood that, from the situation he held as deputy quarter-master-general of the Portuguese army, his opinion of the necessity of the movement considerably lessened the responsibility I took upon myself in making it; and I freely admit, as both Sir Henry Hardinge and Colonel Rooke came from the immediate scene of action, their opinion of the critical state of it, had, no doubt, due weight with me in my ultimate decision. No man is less disposed than I am to detract from Sir H. Hardinge's merits and professional abilities. They are generally and deservedly acknowledged. But it is now nearly thirty years since the battle of Albuera took place; and the advice of Colonel Hardinge at twenty-three or twenty-four (his age I believe at that time), without much professional experience, could not have carried with it the weight and authority which in later years it would have been entitled to. Sir H. Hardinge, in the

conversation I had with him, gave me no reason to suppose it was on his authority that Colonel Napier made the statement in question; and having some time after had reason to believe that it was on information derived from Sir H. Hardinge that Colonel Napier relied, I felt too strongly on the occasion to permit me to renew the subject with him, although it is quite true, as he states, that we have frequently met since. . . .

"The movement itself was hazardous and difficult to execute without exposing the right flank of the Fusiliers to an acknowledged great superiority of cavalry, ready to take advantage of any error that might occur. In moving forward to the attack, the Fusiliers advanced in échellons of battalions from the left, a manœuvre always difficult to perform correctly even in a common field-day; and as the Portuguese brigade in advancing had two objects to effect, namely, to show front to the enemy's cavalry, and at the same time to preserve its distance from, and cover the right flank of, the Fusilier brigade, its movement was even more difficult to effect than the former. Thinking it desirable (with all due confidence in the Portuguese brigade) to have some British troops on the extreme right of the position, I directed the light companies of the Fusilier brigade to form in column on the right of the Portuguese, where I also placed the brigade of guns, and sent the Lusitanian legion to the left of the Fusiliers.

"I make these remarks, which may by many be considered unnecessary, to prove that I was fully aware of the difficulties attending the movement, as well as alive

to the great responsibility which I took upon myself in moving at all, after the positive orders I received from the Marshal not to leave the position in which I had been placed without his especial instructions.

"In this attack, and in carrying the enemy's position, the Fusilier brigade lost 1000 (47 sergeants and 953 privates) out of 1500 rank and file, and 45 officers, amongst whom three were commanding officers of battalions; an example of steadiness and heroic gallantry which history, I believe, cannot surpass, and which is fully deserving of the encomiums passed upon it by Colonel Napier in his account of the battle of Albuera.

"In the very high state of discipline of the Fusilier brigade, commanded by officers of the acknowledged professional merits and talents of the late Sir W. Myers and Colonel Ellis, and the present Sir Edward Blakeney, I can claim little merit for the execution of this movement; but I feel I have an undivided claim to all credit that may attach to the responsibility of undertaking and directing it under the circumstances I have mentioned. My silence on the points in dispute has not, as Colonel Napier supposes, proceeded from indifference, but from a strong objection I have always felt at being brought before the public, and which has not been lessened by the bitterness of the controversy between Lord Beresford and himself.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

"G. Lowry Cole, General.

"Highfield Park, Jan. 6. 1841."

This clear, soldierlike letter, becomes a valuable document, as relating to the details and mode of execution of the movement which decided the battle in which it occurred; and assuredly no person whatever could be expected to describe them with such authentic accuracy as the general by whom they were personally superintended.

Sir Henry Hardinge replied to Sir L. Cole, in the "United Service Journal," on the disputed point of "responsibility," as follows:—"Sir Lowry Cole says I appear to leave it to be understood that his responsibility in making the movement was considerably lessened by my opinion of its necessity, owing to the situation I held as deputy quarter-master-general of the Portuguese army. My answer must be a matter of opinion on a point where personal bias may possibly influence Sir Lowry Cole's judgment as well as my own. I am pressed, however, to give my opinion; and I must therefore declare that I consider the general of division's responsibility was considerably lessened. I did not offer my advice, as a staff officer accidentally coming up, whether he ought or ought not to move. I was, next to the quarter-master general, the senior officer of that department in the field. I was attached to the Marshal's head-quarters, and, holding such a staff situation, my authority and responsibility were pledged for the accuracy of my report and the necessity of the movement. The desperate state of the battle required an instant remedy. I hastened from the scene of action, and of my duty, not to volunteer

advice, but expressly and strongly to urge on the general commanding the division in reserve, which for four hours had been anxious spectators of the conflict, the necessity of an immediate advance. I persevered in pressing the attack, supported by Colonel Rooke, the senior officer of the Adjutant-General's department in the field, also coming from the immediate scene of action. The attack was made. If the general's conduct had been investigated, our reports and representations must, I am convinced, have relieved him from much of his responsibility; for on all sides it is admitted that the extreme urgency of the case could alone justify the risk. That emergency was reported and strongly insisted upon by me; and it was chiefly on my report of the existence of that emergency that the movement was made—the general of the 4th division (for the reasons given in my former letter) not having the means of forming a correct opinion of his own. I should, therefore, have been held responsible, as deputy quarter-master-general, for my report and pressing representations made to the general, on which his justification for advancing mainly depended. Sir Lowry Cole claims undivided responsibility. I entertain the highest sense of his professional merits on that day; but as to the extent or degree of the responsibility incurred by him, I must, without any disrespect to Sir Lowry Cole, leave the consideration of that question to those who have no personal bias on the subject. Sir L. Cole, however, has no hesitation in offering his opinion upon my qualifications 'to give advice at twenty-three or twenty-four

years of age, without much professional experience.' At twenty-five years of age, I had filled the office of deputy quarter-master-general for more than two years. I was in the fourth year of my service in the Peninsular War; the official despatch of that day, and the memoir of the quarter-master-general (Colonel d'Urban), in which my name is mentioned, justify me in inferring that neither my youth nor my imputed inexperience were considered by my superiors to be any impediment to the proper performance of my military duties.

"H. HARDINGE."

With all possible respect, there appears to be no question in this correspondence, as to whether Colonel Hardinge at four or five and twenty years of age, was or was not competent to perform his staff duties as deputy quarter-master-general. The point is fully conceded. General Cole only suggests that these duties did not include offering advice to generals commanding divisions, who had received positive orders not to move without the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief.

Colonel Wade's letter, dated June 13th, 1840, and published in the "United Service Journal," more than six months before Sir Lowry Cole's, distinctly affirms that the necessity of his attack had presented itself to the general's mind in the most forcible manner before he held any communication with Colonel Hardinge. The passage stands thus:—"The whole merit and responsibility of the advance of the 4th division, belonged

exclusively to Sir Lowry Cole. It is quite true that this advance was recommended, and very urgently so, both by Lieut.-Colonel Rooke and Lieut.-Colonel Hardinge, the former Assistant Adjutant-General to the united British and Portuguese forces, and the latter deputy quarter-master-general to the Portuguese troops; and I may add, also, by every staff-officer attached to Sir Lowry Cole. The general, however, stood in need of no such suggestions. The state of the battle at the time they were offered, rendered it as evident to him as to all those around him, that the troops under his command could not very much longer remain inactive spectators of the contest. But then Sir Lowry had received the strictest injunctions not to move his division from the very important position on which it had been placed, without the express orders of Marshal Beresford; and to obtain these he had despatched an aide-de-camp (the late Major De Roverea), when those reverses happened on our left which have been elsewhere described. Poor De Roverea was, however, as it afterwards appeared, severely wounded in the head while proceeding in search of the Marshal, and never reached him; and Sir Lowry was, with the greatest anxiety, looking for his return, when that crisis of the battle arrived when not only the expected orders could no longer be waited for, but when the general commanding the 4th division could no longer hesitate to *take upon himself* the responsibility of acting upon his own judgment. Sir Lowry accordingly decided on the advance of his division, and led the Fusilier brigade to

that attack which has been so eloquently described by Napier, and which he very truly asserts 'gained the day.'

Without presuming to express any opinion on the abstract point of relative responsibility under the circumstances as they stood, a question may be put hypothetically. Let us suppose what was quite possible, although very unlikely, namely, that the attack of the 4th division had failed and occasioned the loss of the action instead of winning it—that the reserve destined to cover a retreat, if necessary, had been sacrificed in an attempt to retrieve a battle which was beyond recovery. How then would the case have stood with the general who acted contrary to the orders of his commander-in-chief? Would it have saved him, before a court-martial, to have pleaded that he acted on the responsibility of staff officers who had no positive authority to direct or suggest? We leave the case to be determined by military heads of higher rank and greater experience than we can pretend to lay claim to.

Some time elapsed before the details of Albuera were thoroughly known and understood. During the Peninsular War there were no "special correspondents" attached to the head-quarters of the different corps, to fill up the outline of the public despatches, and supply a running commentary on official reports. When the facts were established, and the claims of all concerned duly estimated, the praises of General Cole and the 4th division echoed loudly from every mouth. The soldiers had done their duty nobly; and their leader had

given proof that he possessed two of the highest qualities of a general,—prompt, daring decision, and cool, executive judgment in a moment of pressing and unexpected difficulty. The severity of his wound compelled him for a short time to relinquish his command, which during the interval of his absence, fell to Major-General Kemmis. He rejoined the army during the month of July; and in September, the 4th division became again attached to the force in the north under the immediate orders of Lord Wellington. On the 23rd of that month they occupied Fuente Guinaldo. About this time a general action seemed almost inevitable; but the crisis passed away in manœuvring, and nothing occurred of leading importance. Marmont had succeeded Massena, and seemed disposed to try his strength against the English general with the first favourable opportunity. On the 27th of September, a smart skirmish occurred at Aldea da Ponte, in which the 4th division were engaged, and Lord Wellington personally directed the operations. Towards the end of December, 1811, the army having marched into cantonments, General Cole proceeded to England on leave of absence, the state of his health and some private affairs of importance requiring his presence at home for a short period. The Honourable Major-General Colville then assumed the temporary command of the division. Early in the following June, General Cole returned, and found the forces under Lord Wellington engaged in the series of operations which led to the great battle of Salamanca. After the reduction of the fortified convents at

Salamanca, the allies followed Marmont to the Douro in the neighbourhood of Medina. On the 17th of July, the 4th division, the light division, and part of the cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton, entered Castrejon. Early on the morning of the 18th, the enemy moved in force on that point, and attacked the outposts of the cavalry. Lord Wellington arrived at Castrejon soon after the onset commenced; and as the enemy continued to press forward, passing the left of the allies, he ordered the army to retire by Tordecillas towards the river Guarena. The movement of the enemy on the left of and parallel to the march of the allies, was rapid; and his advanced corps, with artillery, took post on a commanding point, and opened on the flank of the column of the 4th division, which was on the left of the line, as it descended into the valley of the river Guarena. This attack was met with great promptitude by General Cole, who posted his artillery, supported by light infantry, so as to effectually answer and silence the enemy's guns.

The column crossed the river, halted, and formed into line along the margin of the stream. This halt, short as it was, gave refreshment and rest to the troops, after a rapid march over an arid country in extremely hot weather. The enemy soon appeared in force on the heights above the river, and several batteries opened successively on the line of the allies. The line marched with a steady pace up the slopes on the left bank of the valley, under the fire of the enemy's cannon, with little loss, and took position on the heights. The enemy's

cavalry being more numerous than ours, pushed round the left of the allies, followed closely by Taupin's division of infantry, which advanced boldly and rapidly. Lord Wellington, who was on the spot, ordered General Cole to attack the French infantry with the 4th division. The general moved down with the 27th and 40th regiments in line, leading them upon the enemy's columns which had gained the lower falls of the heights; while at the same time he directed the 11th and 23rd Portuguese regiments to support the line in columns of quarter distance. The enemy's columns halted, and allowed the line to close and envelop their flanks. They then gave way in the greatest disorder before the usual impetuous and overpowering charge of the bayonet. We know of none but British troops who so invariably demonstrate the superiority of the line over the column in close action, whether in attack or defence. The present instance furnishes another memorable one to parallel with Albuera, although less important and sanguinary. The loss, however, on the part of the enemy was very considerable, amounting to a general (Carier) wounded and taken, and above five hundred good soldiers. The day not being far advanced, and both armies standing opposed to each other within cannon-shot, a general battle was fully expected; but Marmont abstained from attack, and Lord Wellington, whose present plan was defence, reserved his strength for a more advantageous opportunity. It was evident to all that this long series of proximate manœuvring between two armies of forty thousand men each, was gradually approaching to a climax.

After the action, the fourth division resumed its position, and the ground was occupied by General Cole with great circumspection. He was on the extreme left of the army, and liable to an attack on the flank as well as in the front. On the 20th of July, the opposing hosts were again in presence, and continued to march in parallel lines, Lord Wellington watching the movements of the enemy, and regulating his own operations accordingly. On the 21st of July, Marmont having edged towards the Tormes, the British army was put in motion, and halted opposite the fords of the river, above and below Salamanca, one division on the position of St. Christoval covering the city. The French army crossed at Villa Gonzales and Huerta, and the portion of the allied forces which was near the fords followed in the afternoon. The fourth division, with the other corps which crossed below Salamanca, moved into the woods to the eastward of Nossa Senora de la Pena, and towards Arapiles. The night that followed was wild and stormy, a common occurrence before the battles of the Peninsula. Men and horses were killed by lightning, and hundreds of terrified animals breaking loose, added confusion to the darkness and tempest. The position occupied by the enemy menaced the English general's line of communication, who determined in consequence to retire on Ciudad Rodrigo on the following day, unless the French marshal should give the opportunity which he had for weeks vainly endeavoured to snatch from him. On the morning of the 22nd of July, before day-break, General Cole went

to visit his outposts, and those of the troops camped in the wood; and at dawn, the advanced detachments of the enemy were discovered on the high ground near Calvarossa de Arriba and Nossa Senora de la Pena. The heights on which the allied outposts were placed, terminated towards the valley in their front, in a singularly rocky knoll: it was the lowest of two similarly isolated heights, called "The two Arapiles," from being near a village of that name. The highest Arapiles appeared to rise from the valley in a still more unconnected manner than the lowest, on the right of the latter, and at about the distance of a short range of light field pieces. General Cole immediately saw the necessity for occupying the lowest Arapiles, and ordered a detachment to take possession of it without delay. It was then nearly daylight, when Lord Wellington rode up to the general. By the indistinctness of objects, as seen through the early morning light, the greatest Arapiles appeared to be much more distant than it really was, but by the time full daylight allowed its true distance to be seen, Lord Wellington ordered the second and higher eminence to be occupied also; but before the order could be executed, the enemy had anticipated his intentions and taken possession of it. Every thing was prepared for a retrograde movement of the allied army, when Marmont suddenly extended his left, weakening his centre, and offering to his watchful opponent the opening he had so long looked for, and upon which he pounced with the swoop of a falcon. Never was a false movement more rapidly and

decisively punished. It has been said, truly or not, that the great Duke prided himself especially upon his manœuvres at Salamanca, and ever considered that battle as his most scientific illustration of the art of war. However this may be, it is certain that he selected the movements of that day for the programme of proceedings, when he showed the English army to the Allied Sovereigns, on the plain of St. Denis, in the autumn of 1815, before the combined troops broke up from their cantonments in the environs of Paris.

Marmont was very desirous of winning a victory on his own account. Possessed of great ambition, in the prime of life, and personally as active as his opponent, he saw no reason to despair of success. His troops were more numerous than those of his adversary, and altogether of better composition; for although the French generals had long before Salamanca acquired a perfect knowledge and conviction that British soldiers on the field of battle were equal to the bravest veterans of the Empire, they still retained an unlimited contempt for the Spaniards and Portuguese,—and the nations of the Peninsula contributed at least one-half to the ranks of the allied army. The French commander had been personally complimented by Napoleon for his skilful dispositions at Wagram, and his gallant conduct at Znaim had won for him his marshal's staff on the field of battle. To conquer the man who had successively beaten Junot, Soult, Jourdan, Victor, Sebastiani, Regnier, Ney, and Massena, was a lofty aspiration, and both hope and self-confidence whispered to him that the achievement was within his grasp.

It was late in the day, when Marmont indicated his plan of attack. At that moment Lord Wellington was seated on the hill-side, taking some hurried refreshment, while an aide-de-camp in attendance watched the enemy's movements with a glass. The animated bustle which suddenly became perceptible in the French lines, attracted his lordship's notice, and he quickly inquired the cause. "They are evidently in motion," was the reply. "Indeed! what are they doing? "Extending to the left," was the answer. Lord Wellington sprang upon his feet, and seized the telescope: after a rapid and keen survey of the opposing host, he exclaimed joyfully that Marmont's good genius had deserted him, mounted his horse, and issued immediate orders for the counter attack. He had abstained from striking Massena when he made a flank movement after Busaco: he now determined to punish Marmont with double severity.

The third division, led most gallantly by Major General Pakenham, (in the absence of Picton, disabled by sickness) commenced the action. They moved directly on the left flank of the enemy, or rather upon the head of the column of Thomières, who as soon as they emerged from the forest which partly concealed their movements, and gained the open ground, expected to see the allies in full retreat towards Ciudad Rodrigo, closely followed by Marmont from the Arapiles. Instead of this, they found themselves flanked by two batteries of artillery, and headed in front by four massive columns of infantry, supported by horse, the whole

pouring down on their own broken and lengthened files, with the force and rapidity of a whirlwind. The entire of Lord Wellington's army was compact, and ready in hand to move forward simultaneously on any given point. The forces of Marmont were insulated, separated, and dispersed into three separate bodies, by a very complicated movement, from the difficulties of which, a given time,—an hour, or half an hour only,—could extricate him; and that time, which an ordinary general might have allowed to escape, the genius of Wellington seized, and turned to his own advantage. The attack of the third division was seconded on its left by the fifth and fourth divisions in line; supported by the seventh and sixth divisions in reserve. They moved directly to their fronts upon the heights occupied by the enemy, in their now weakened centre. In less than thirty minutes, and before any complete order of battle had been formed by the French, the left of their army was turned, dispersed, and thrown back in utter confusion on the main body. Marmont, while hurrying as rapidly as his horse could carry him, to the point of conflict between Thomières and Pakenham, and in the hope of rectifying the disaster produced by his own error, was struck by an exploding shell, which broke his arm, and inflicted two severe wounds in his side. He was borne from the field, and became totally incapable of taking any further part in the command; but his place was most ably filled by Clausel and Bonnet, who exerted themselves with admirable skill and the most determined courage, to retrieve a battle, which

was lost from the commencement. Marmont, with personal vanity which clouded his judgment and sense of justice, attributed the result of the day entirely to his own wound. "It is difficult," he says, in his report to the Minister of War, "to express the different sentiments which agitated me at the fatal moment, when the hurt which I had received caused my being separated from the army. I would, with delight, have exchanged this wound for the certainty of receiving a mortal stroke at the close of the day, to have preserved the faculty of command; so much did I know the importance of the events which had just taken place, and how necessary the presence of the commander-in-chief was at the moment when the shock of the two armies appeared to be preparing." Marmont, naturally endeavoured to make out the best case he could for himself, to cover his disaster, and mollify the expected anger of Napoleon; but the latter was too consummate a master of his art, to be persuaded that his general could have won a battle he began so inauspiciously, even if he had escaped without bodily injury. Marmont committed another great error in not placing more confidence in Clauzel, his second in command, and in leaving him in ignorance of his plans. St. Ruth did the same at Aughrim. He communicated with no one. Towards Sarsfield, his next in rank, he had a particular pique. His whole arrangements were confined to his own breast; and Sarsfield, who succeeded to the command in the heat of the fight, was ignorant of what was going on around him, except of that which immediately con-

cerned his particular post. On the fall of St. Ruth, every thing was at a stop; the officers waiting for instructions, and no one to give them. A commander-in-chief should puzzle the enemy as much as possible, but if, at the same, he mystifies his own officers, who are to carry out his arrangements, he throws a heavy weight into the scale against himself. Marshal Villars, on his return to court after Malplaquet, assured King Louis XIV., that had he not been struck down and carried to the rear, he would have gained a great victory. "I have been in company with the marshal," says Voltaire, "who always seemed quite persuaded of this; but I have hardly met with any other person who adopted the same opinion." That a general in chief should be rendered incapable of exertion at a critical moment is, undoubtedly, a misfortune to the army he directs; but it by no means follows that the accident is either irretrievable or decisive. The success of the Thebans at Mantinea, and of the Swedes at Lutzen, was checked, but not reversed, because Epaminondas fell on the one field, and Gustavus Adolphus on the other; neither did the English lose Quebec, Alexandria, and Corunna, because the commanding generals, Wolfe, Abercromby, and Moore, were slain or mortally wounded.

To return to the progress of the battle. The line of the fourth division passed through the village of Arapiles by files from the right of companies, covered by the light troops; and as soon as they had cleared the outskirts, the companies formed up upon their sergeants

regularly sent out, and then the whole advanced in great order and regularity, under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns. General Cole had ordered the skirmishers to fall into the line as it came up to them. But as an attack, which Brigadier-general Pack was to make upon the highest or French Arapiles had not taken place at that moment, and the left of the Portuguese brigade of the fourth division, by its forward movement, became exposed to the troops of the enemy from behind their own Arapiles, the Portuguese Caçadores attached to the division were directed to keep on the left flank of the line, as it moved forward, and to direct particular attention towards the operations of the enemy on that side. General Cole's experience, in all the battles in which he had been engaged, had deeply impressed upon him, as a maxim in war never to be deviated from, the necessity of carefully protecting his flanks, whether in attack or defence.

The danger to which the left of the advancing line of the fourth division was exposed, increased at every step. Nevertheless the line continued to move forward steadily, and drove the enemy from his position in its front. The fifth division came on at the same time with similar success on the right of the fourth, and the third had previously closed with, and driven back into a total rout, the enemy's left. By the advance of the fourth division, the French were forced down the reverse of their position; but they collected, rallied on the high ground beyond and parallel to where they had originally stood, and reopened a close and effective fire. At this

period of the action it became evident that the danger, to which the left of the line of the two brigades of the fourth division were exposed, had not been lightly estimated. General Pack had attempted to gain the height opposite to him, and failed. He ascended the hill occupied by the French in one heavy column, approached within thirty yards of the summit, and thought the point was gained; but suddenly the enemy closed on him with a front and flank attack, and the Portuguese turned and fled. They were much abused for this failure; but the attempt was beyond their strength. Better troops would have given way before such a pressure on steep ground; and it has been argued that their advance was altogether a mistake. The failure checked the early tide of victory, and for the moment almost equalised the battle. The fourth division were compromised; and but for the foresight of Lord Wellington, who throughout the day had reserves in hand whenever they were required, and who brought up the sixth division under Major-general Clinton to their relief at the exact crisis, they would have been unable to preserve the advantages gained.

General Anson, before this, had moved by order of Lord Wellington, with the 40th regiment, to the right of General Pack; and when the latter attacked the height, advanced to his support, but was overpowered, and compelled to fall back to his ground in the original position. During these reverses, and under favour of the check they momentarily produced in the allied army, the enemy had moved a large force against the

left of the fourth division, that had won its way within their line, and, simultaneously with the overthrow of the Portuguese, had succeeded in recovering the lost ground. A rough, strong, and rapid charge of the sixth division once more turned the scale, and restored the battle in the centre, when it had been seriously endangered. The French, after an obstinate contest, abandoned the highest Arapiles, and, no longer having a chance for victory, endeavoured to rally and unite their columns in retreat. Their left having been completely enveloped and hurled back, they now occupied a line of high ground on the verge of the woods, and almost exactly at right angles to their original formation.

The brigade of the sixth division, under Major-General Hulse, was ordered by Lord Wellington to attack the right of the enemy in his new line; and the Fusilier brigade of the fourth division, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Wilson of the 48th regiment, was also moved forward to support the attack, on the left of General Hulse's brigade. The attack was most vigorously executed. The Fusiliers moved up the heights under a heavy fire without firing a shot, and drove the enemy before them. The brigade then brought up its left, for the purpose of assisting General Hulse by a raking movement; but the formation was no sooner effected than the French gave way in a body, and the defeat was completed. As the day closed, the British troops halted; and piquets were pushed into the wood. General Cole was severely wounded, and compelled to

leave the field, by a shot through the body, soon after the fourth division had passed the village of Arapiles. The subsequent advance of the British army, and the occupation of Madrid, belong not to his personal history, as he was unable to resume his command until the end of October.

Salamanca, in point of duration, was a short battle, and lasted scarcely more than four hours. Darkness alone saved the French army from total destruction; one more hour of daylight, and they were annihilated. Lord Wellington directed his pursuit towards the fords of the Huerta, by which he expected that the enemy would endeavour to escape; and with this object he had continually strengthened his left wing; but they crossed the Tormes at the castle of Alba, from which Don Carlos d'España had withdrawn the garrison without even acquainting Lord Wellington of the fact. He suppressed it, and suffered the blame to fall on the subordinate colonel, who had done no more than obey his orders. False orders they were, whether they proceeded from treachery or imbecility; for had that important post been held, the French could not have carried off one-third of their army. Lord Wellington, in a letter to Lord Bathurst, dated Flores de Avila, the 24th of July, two days after the battle, endeavoured to soften the mistake, if it is to be so called, of the Spanish general, and deals with it more leniently than it deserves. This moderation is wonderful when we consider what the error had cost him. He says "there never was an army so beaten in so short a time. If we

had had another hour or two of day light, not a man would have passed the Tormes; and as it was, they would all have been taken if —— had left the garrison in Alba de Tormes as I wished and desired; or, having taken it away, as I believe, before he was aware of my wishes, he had informed me that it was not there. If he had, I should have marched in the night upon Alba, where I should have caught them all, instead of upon the fords of the Tormes." In another letter to Sir Thomas Graham, written on the 28th of July, he thus lightly describes the great battle. "I took up the ground which you were to have taken during the siege of Salamanca; only the left was thrown back on the heights, it being unnecessary, under the circumstances, to cover the fords of Santa Marta. We had a race for the lower Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached heights you will recollect on the right of your position: This race the French won; and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action. I knew that they would be joined by the army of the north on the 22nd or 23rd, and that the army of the centre was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or;* and he would have made a handsome operation of it; but, instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, so we fell upon

him, turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating. I had desired the Spaniards to continue to occupy the castle of Alba de Tormes; —— had evacuated it, I believe, before he knew my wishes, and he was afraid to let me know that he had done so: and I did not discover it until I found no enemy at the fords of the Tormes. When I lost sight of them in the dark, I marched upon Huerta and Encinas, and they went by Alba. If I had known there had been no garrison in Alba, I should have marched there, and should probably have caught the whole. Marmont, Clauzel, Foy, Ferrey, and Bonnet, are wounded badly. Ferrey it is supposed will die. Thomières is killed—many generals of brigade killed or wounded. I need not express how much I regret the disorder in your eyes since this action. I am in great hopes that our loss has not been great. In two divisions, the third and fifth, it is about twelve hundred men, including Portuguese. There are more in the fourth and sixth; but there are many men who left the ranks with wounded officers and soldiers, who are eating and drinking, and engaged in *regocijos* with the inhabitants of Salamanca. I have sent, however, to have them all turned out of the town. I hope that you receive benefit from the advice of the oculists in London."

Many of the inhabitants of Salamanca witnessed the battle from the high grounds in the neighbourhood of the city. The changes of the fight filled them with painful anxiety; but when the struggle ended, and the day was won by the English, their demonstrations of

joy and gratitude were loudly expressed. Mules and cars loaded with refreshments were despatched to the field; hospitals were prepared for the reception of the wounded; the guitar and castanet resounded through the streets and squares, and popular exultation exhibited itself in wild, enthusiastic display. It was not often in the course of the Peninsular contest that Spaniards so palpably exhibited their feelings of gratitude towards their gallant allies. Salamanca was, beyond all doubt, a great and glorious triumph, highly influential at the moment, and quite conclusive as to the relative pretensions of the two great contending powers. The forces engaged on either side have been estimated as follows: Marmont had forty-two thousand men, with seventy-four pieces of artillery; the allied army reached forty-six thousand, with sixty guns; the excess of men being Spanish. The killed and wounded on our side amounted to six thousand British and Portuguese, and six Spaniards. The French loss was never correctly ascertained, and can only be estimated by an approximate calculation. It probably amounted in all to fifteen thousand. Foy, and other writers of their own nation, greatly underrate the numbers. The admitted trophies remaining in the hands of the victors were, two eagles, several stand of colours, twelve pieces of cannon, and seven thousand prisoners. Southey, who possibly thought he was writing on correct information, gravely observes: "It is said that more than *ten eagles* were captured at Salamanca, but that there were men base enough to conceal them, and sell them to persons in the

city, who deemed it good policy as well as a profitable speculation to purchase them up for the French." How the late laureat could have exercised his pen in transcribing this ultra absurd statement is really a thing to wonder at. An eagle could not be taken clandestinely. Such trophies become at once notorious; and those who are fortunate enough to win them know well that the gallant deed secures both honours and promotion.*

It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the circumstances, military and political, which cast a shade over the winding up of the brilliant campaign of 1812, and in some measure rendered barren the laurels of Salamanca. The failure of the siege of Burgos compelled Lord Wellington once more to retire to the frontiers of Portugal, and crushed for a time the sanguine hopes which unexpected success had so readily excited. The great general was assailed by angry vituperations; and there were not wanting many loud-lunged orators who, forgetting what he had done, accused him openly of general incompetence for a single miscarriage. But even if Burgos had fallen, it is very doubtful whether he would have been able to maintain his advanced and central position. In an official letter to Lord Liverpool, dated Ciudad Rodrigo, November the 23rd, 1812, after the retreat was over, he thus accounts for the unfavour-

* Sir W. Napier, with just severity, has designated Dr. Southey's voluminous compilation "a copious source of error;" but the mischief was limited, as the book has ceased to find readers, and is almost forgotten.

able result of the preceding operations: "The fault of which I was guilty in the expedition to Burgos was, not that I undertook the operation with inadequate means, but that I took there the most inexperienced instead of the best troops. I left at Madrid the third, fourth, and light divisions, who had always been with myself before; and I brought with me those that were good, the first division, but they were without experience. In fact the troops ought to have carried the exterior line by escalade on the first trial on the 22nd of September; and if they had done so, we had means sufficient to take the place. They did not take the line, because the field officer who commanded did that which is too common in our army—he paid no attention to his orders, notwithstanding the pains I took in writing them, and in reading and explaining them to him twice over. He made none of the dispositions ordered; and instead of regulating the attack as he ought, he rushed on as if he had been the leader of a forlorn hope, and fell, together with many of those who went with him. He had my instructions in his pocket; and as the French got possession of his body, and were made acquainted with the plan, the attack could never be repeated. When he fell, nobody having received orders what to do, nobody could give any to the troops. I was in the trenches, however, and ordered them to withdraw. Our time and ammunition were thus expended, and our guns destroyed in taking this line, many stronger than which at former sieges we had taken by assault. I see that a disposition already exists

to blame the Government for the failure of the siege of Burgos. The Government had nothing to say to the siege; it was entirely my own act. In regard to means, there were ample means, both at Madrid and at Santander, for the siege of the strongest fortress. That which was wanting at both places was means of transporting ordnance and military stores to the place where it was desirable to use them." *

On the 28th of October, 1812, a little more than three months after the battle of Salamanca, General Cole, having sufficiently recovered from his wound, rejoined the Fourth Division in the neighbourhood of Aranjuez, and was ordered by Sir Rowland Hill to take the command of the rear guard in the retreat by Madrid. This portion of the allied army suffered much less than that under the immediate direction of Lord Wellington. On the 29th of October, the enemy under Marshal Soult moved towards the Puenta Larga on the Jarama, and the Fourth Division marched to Valdemoro, to unite with the other troops destined for the same service. The bridge over the Jarama was mined, and the mine was sprung, but without producing the desired effect. Colonel Skerrett, with the 49th and 87th regiments, kept the bridge against a brisk attack of a brigade of French infantry, supported by the fire of six guns from some commanding heights on the opposite side. The bridge being at the end of a long causeway, the guns of the rear guard were unable to render any effective support to the troops disputing the passage. At the close of

* See "Wellington Dispatches."

day, General Cole ordered Colonel Skerrett to draw off from the bridge, and the column moved towards Madrid, covered by the cavalry. The division halted for a few hours in the capital on the morning of the 30th of October, to collect rations, and on the 2nd of November crossed the Guadarama mountain. The enemy followed cautiously on the 4th. On the 5th, the division, with the rear guard, joined the corps of General Hill at Fontiveros, and on the following day moved to the left of the Trabancos. On the 8th, the Third, Fourth, and Light Divisions crossed the Tormes, and moved to Calvarossa de Arriba, General Hill's corps remaining at Alba de Tormes. Lord Wellington had retired from Burgos, and was now in Salamanca. His army and General Hill's were united. Each had accomplished a retreat of two hundred miles in opposite directions. The more difficult task lay with the northern force. They were more closely pressed by the enemy, their marches were longer, and their supplies less abundant. The license in which they indulged has been often described; and the memorable order of Lord Wellington on the subject has given rise to painful commentary. Hill's corps, with less excuse, were not altogether exonerated. On the first day of their march from the Tagus, Napier says: "Five hundred of the rear guard under Cole, chiefly of one regiment, finding the inhabitants had fled, according to their custom, whichever side was approaching, broke open the houses, plundered, and got drunk. A multitude were left in the cellars of Valdemoro; and two hundred and fifty fell into the

hands of the enemy. The rest of the retreat, being unmolested, was made with more regularity; but the excesses still committed by some of the soldiers were glaring, and furnished proof that the moral conduct of a general cannot be fairly judged by following in the wake of a retreating army. On this occasion there was no want of provisions, no hardships to exasperate the men, and yet I, the author of this history, counted on the first day's march from Madrid, seventeen bodies of murdered peasants; by whom killed, or for what, whether by English or Germans, by Spaniards or Portuguese,—whether in dispute, or robbery, or in wanton villainy, I know not, but their bodies were in the ditches; and a shallow observer might thence have drawn the most foul and false conclusions against the English general and nation."

Lord Wellington's army, on the 10th of November, occupied much of the ground on which the battle of Salamanca had been fought. The position was glorious as well as strong, and if a general action had, as he expected, been forced upon him, he would have accepted it, although prepared for a further retreat. King Joseph submitted to the advice of Jourdan and Soult. The French were superior in number, but the English general was better acquainted with the ground. Jourdan recommended an immediate and bold attack. Soult objected to this, and his counsel prevailed. On the French side there were ninety thousand combatants, nearly all veterans, who had seen many campaigns, including twelve thousand cavalry, and one hundred and

twenty pieces of artillery. Provisions were becoming scarce, the country was wasted, and the men were all eager for a fight. Lord Wellington had sixty-eight thousand combatants under arms, fifty-two thousand of which (amongst them must be reckoned four thousand British cavalry) were Anglo-Portuguese, and his guns amounted to seventy. These forces were disposed concentrically, while the French operating on an exterior circle, were scattered over a much wider extent of ground, which negatived their numerical superiority. Yet the crisis, like many others in the long Peninsular struggle, passed without a battle, and the allied armies continued their retreat from the Tormes to Ciudad Rodrigo.

There was a smart action on the Huebra, and many stragglers were picked up in the evening between the Tormes and the Agueda. On a comparison of many conflicting accounts by friends and enemies, it appears likely that the loss of the allies in the double retreat, including the siege of Burgos, amounted to nine thousand men. On the 19th of November, the right column of the allied army marched to Pedro Toro, within a league of Ciudad Rodrigo; the left column to within the same distance of that place on the road to St. Espiritus. The Spaniards, commissariat, and baggage crossed the Agueda by the bridge of Ciudad Rodrigo, and General Hill's corps marched to Zamarra and Atalaia. On the 28th of November, the fourth division marched by route, and cantoned on the 3rd of December at St. Juan de Pesqueira and the neighbour-

ing villages. The army was chiefly stationed in the country of the Duero and the Mondego. The Light Division were kept on the position of the Agueda and the Coa, and General Hill's corps proceeded to Coria. Lord Wellington fixed his head-quarters at Freneda, and active operations ceased on both sides for the winter.

During the interval of repose, the officers of the British army amused themselves as well as they could with hunting, shooting, and every practicable variety of field amusements. In some divisions they got up private theatricals *, in others balls, which went off with great spirit, although ladies were uncommonly scarce. The commander-in-chief and the general officers entertained with extensive hospitality, much to the comfort and advantage of those who had restricted means, and a greater difficulty in procuring supplies. At these feasts solid quantity was more considered than refined and elegant delicacies. A *cordon bleu* would have found little opportunity of bringing into practice the high arcana of the art gastronomic. General Cole spared no expense to keep a good table, and was most liberal in his invitations. An officer on the staff, who had not long joined, being one day asked to dinner by Lord Wellington, hesitated a little, and at length stammered out, that although greatly honoured by his Lordship's notice, he was awkardly situated, being previously engaged to Sir Rowland Hill. "Go by all means," was the reply;

* The light division fitted up their theatre in a deserted chapel at Galegos.

"You will get a much better feed there than here." And then his Lordship added, "As you are a stranger, I will give you some useful information: Cole gives the best dinners in the army, Hill the next best, mine are no great things, and Beresford's and Picton's are very bad indeed."

At the beginning of the year 1813, General Cole, being created for his services a Knight of the Bath, Lord Wellington was desired by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to invest him in a suitable manner. The ceremony, which took place at Ciudad Rodrigo, on the 5th of March, was conducted with all the pomp and solemnity that circumstances allowed, concluding with a grand dinner, ball, and supper. The winter passed rapidly over, and on the 22nd of May Lord Wellington having completed all his arrangements, quitted his head-quarters at Freneda, and put his right wing in motion towards the Tormes. He now took his final leave of Portugal, and commenced the march, which, after a long succession of hard-fought battles and repeated victories, terminated on the banks of the Garonne in the following year. The losses in Russia had so drained the resources of the French Emperor, that his legions in Spain were no longer able to hold the country; and passing the Ebro, encumbered with the spoils of Madrid, they concentrated at the basin of Vittoria, to try one last chance against the resolute foe by whom, during a protracted contest of six years, they had been foiled as constantly as they stood up to engage in fair combat. Nothing could be more masterly, or combined

with greater skill and foresight, than the movements of the allied army, from the day on which they broke up from their cantonments until they compelled the retiring enemy to turn and face them on the plain of Vittoria. The French, on the other hand, were badly commanded, and lost many positions that might have been maintained, had they possessed a general with head equal to the great emergency. The castle of Burgos was blown up and abandoned; and sixty thousand good soldiers, ready and anxious to fight, were hurried across the Ebro with unnecessary haste and all the confusion of defeat. When at last they were drawn up in battle order, they had no confidence in their own leaders, and their gallant stand was a fine evidence of inherent courage and discipline. How much is it to be lamented that such brave men were sacrificed in so bad a cause! But the soldier stands by his colours, and seldom reasons on the motives for which they are unfurled.

On the 21st of June 1813, was fought the great battle of Vittoria. The allies numbered about eighty thousand, — English, Portuguese, and Spaniards; the French amounted to seventy thousand. The two hosts combined formed the largest aggregate force that had yet joined in conflict during the Peninsular struggle. The action lasted throughout a long summer's day, the artillery on either side was powerful and well served, yet the entire loss in both armies scarcely reached twelve thousand men. Compare this with the slaughter of Inkermann, and we shall see that the close fighting of the present day indicates nothing like degeneracy either in

the men or the means by which modern warfare is so fearfully illustrated. Vittoria ended in a total rout. The French army were driven headlong from their position, and although the number of killed, wounded, and prisoners, was nothing in proportion to what might have been looked for under such an utter defeat, they left behind them 151 pieces of cannon, 415 waggons of ammunition, all their baggage, provisions, stores, cattle, papers, lawful treasure and illegitimate plunder, and many private carriages filled with terrified women and children. According to Count Gazan, "no man could prove how much pay was due to him; generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the clothes on their backs, and most of them were barefooted." The French soldiers might truly complain, as they did loudly, that they were as much beaten by the total incapacity of their own commanders, as by the skill and bravery of their opponents. No French marshal (except Soult) has lost so many battles as Jourdan. His obstinacy under defeat obtained for him the name of "the anvil." An English general would have been shelved or broken after his first failure, instead of being allowed so many opportunities of proving his want of capacity.

Lord Wellington's plan at Vittoria embraced three attacks: Sir Thomas Graham on the left, Sir Rowland Hill on the right, and himself in the centre. Minute instructions were delivered to all the generals of divisions, but the ground was so broken and intersected that each, in some degree, was armed with discretionary power to regulate his movements according to circumstances.

Sir Lowry Cole and the fourth division were attached to the centre, and operated on the left of General Hill. They crossed the river Zadorra, at the bridge of Nanclares, soon after Hill had taken possession of the village of Subijana de Alava, and in conjunction with the third, seventh, and light divisions, pushed their attack against the right centre of the enemy, under Villatte, and after a sharp struggle drove them from the heights, and followed them into the plain beyond. Had there been cavalry ready at hand to make a vigorous charge at that critical moment, it was thought and said that the conclusive overthrow of the French army would have been effectually anticipated, and many thousand prisoners secured; but the opportunity passed away, and the enemy rallied with their characteristic rapidity. The action then became for some miles a confused *melée*, and cannon were abandoned at every step. Reille, however, maintained his post stoutly on the upper Zadorra, resisting the utmost efforts of Sir Thomas Graham's corps to dislodge him. The remains of the French left and centre drew up on the last heights, close to Vittoria, between the villages of Ali and Armentia, and gathered there eighty pieces of artillery in one concentrated mass, which poured forth such a storm of round shot and musketry, that the third English division, which first encountered it, could scarcely maintain the ground they had won; when the fourth division, led by Sir Lowry Cole in person, rushing forward to their support, carried the hill on the French left. Then the heights were all abandoned, the artillerymen left their guns, flying with

their horses, the infantry breaking through the helpless crowd of camp-followers, and other fugitives followed their example; while the more steady cavalry still tried to keep their ranks, and even assisted to carry off women and children to a place of refuge. Reille was then forced to give way, abandoning the line he had so obstinately defended, and, fighting his way to Metanco, on the road to Salvatierra, by which King Joseph had escaped, endeavoured still to cover the general retreat with some degree of order. Darkness fell, and the friendly shades of night interposed to save the relics of the routed army. Sir Lowry Cole was warmly thanked in Lord Wellington's despatches, in conjunction with the other generals whose divisions had been prominently engaged. The battle of Vittoria virtually effected the liberation of Spain, and placed the British army and their victorious commander on the summit of the Pyrenees, from whence they looked down on the fertile fields of France, anticipating the moment, now close at hand, when they should roll back the tide of invasion which had hitherto, for six years, flowed through Spain and Portugal in one undeviating current. Napoleon, struggling for existence in Saxony, saw that Spain had escaped for ever from his grasp, and that the presence of the "hideous leopard" was approaching to violate what he had often and proudly designated the sacred soil of France. As a last resource, he sent Soult to retrieve the errors of Jourdan. "I have neither men nor treasure with which to supply you," said he to his elected lieutenant; "but I give you my entire

confidence, and I place the most implicit reliance on your zeal and ability." Soult had seen enough of Spain, and did not at all relish returning to that country under existing circumstances. His military pride, however, was gratified by the Emperor's eulogiums and choice, and he prepared to obey without hesitation; but his wife, recently arrived at Dresden, exclaimed loudly against his returning to a barren field, "where," she said, "nothing is to be got but hard blows."* She insisted on his resigning the trust; but finding that his sense of duty prevailed over all other feelings, his better half determined to try the effect of her rhetoric on the Emperor himself, and obtained an interview, at which she pleaded the marshal's shattered frame, broken health, and need of repose. "Madame," replied Napoleon, who listened with great impatience, "recollect, I am not your husband; if I were, you should conduct yourself very differently." He desired her to assist, not thwart, her helpmate in his duty, and to be gone. There was no remedy, and the marshal, putting a good face on the matter, went to his work with a determination to do his best. His opening proclamation, on joining the army, threw all the odium of the previous defeat on the incapacity of his predecessor, who, he said, might, with skill and courage, have defied the motley levy of English, Spaniards, and Portuguese, before

* The worthy marshal had, nevertheless, contrived to furnish his hotel in Paris, and his country seat, with a goodly stock of master-pieces by Murillo and Velasquez, together with massive silver candelabras and goblets, from the convents and churches of Andalusia, realised during his paternal government of that province.

which he had disgracefully fled. But he condescended to afford a modicum of credit to the English commander. "Let us not," said he, "defraud the enemy of the praise which is due to them. The dispositions of their general have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive; the valour and steadiness of the troops have been praiseworthy."

At this crisis of the war, the relative forces of the contending powers may be estimated as follows:—the allies numbered eighty-two thousand men in line under arms, and of these, fifty-seven thousand were Anglo-Portuguese: the French muster-roll showed an aggregate of about seventy-eight thousand of all arms, including officers, non-commissioned officers, and drummers, which are excepted in the English states. But Lord Wellington's force was divided, as he had not only to face the enemy in the field, but to carry on the siege of St. Sebastian and the blockade of Pampeluna. His adversary could, therefore, readily concentrate a larger force on any given point than he could, and although victorious on every point, and apparently in a commanding position, it behoved the British general to have all his wits about him, for the game was not yet won, and some daring as well as skilful moves might be anticipated from his new competitor. It was true Soult had sustained more defeats at the hands of the British than any other of the enemy's generals, yet was there still a strong impression of his ability, and a feeling that the French had gained much by his accession to the supreme control.

The plan of the French marshal was to force the

passes held by detached British brigades and to push on to Pampeluna, which place he expected to relieve before Wellington could assemble forces sufficient to check him in a decisive action. He then calculated that the English general would be compelled also to raise the siege of St. Sebastian, and probably retire behind the Ebro, while he opened his own communications towards the left, with Suchet, and either acted in co-operation with him, or pressed forward to the front, driving his enemy before him. His chances of success depended on rapidity; but heavy rains and swollen streams greatly retarded his operations, and dislocated mountain warfare is more exposed to failure from local impediments than the open manœuvres of large bodies in uninterrupted plains.

While Count D'Erlon was detached to drive Sir Rowland Hill from the pass of Maya on the left, Soult advanced in person to force the defiles of Roncesvalles. Here Generals Byng and Morillo, with four thousand men, were exposed to an attack by Clauzel with three times their number; and three or four hours at least must elapse, before Sir Lowry Cole, with the rest of the fourth division, could concentrate for their support. On the 25th of July at day-break, Soult placed himself at the head of his columns, and attacked the allies in their strong post at Altobiscar. General Cole arrived in person about noon, but his advancing brigades were still at a distance, and the combat was a most unequal one. The fighting lasted throughout the day, and when evening closed, Cole still held the great chain of the

mountains, with a loss in killed and wounded not reaching four hundred men. But his right flank was turned, and he could not muster more than ten thousand soldiers to oppose thirty thousand. He therefore retired during the night, and gained the valley of Urroz. Soult, it is true, had driven back the advanced posts of the British army, and gained a line of strong ground; but his work was yet before him, and at every receding step, the English generals found good defensive positions and accumulating supports. Reille was tardy in seconding the movements of his superior, and a heavy fog also interfered to check and confound the French attacks. Notwithstanding which, three distinct actions fought on the same day had each been favourable to Soult. He had himself compelled Cole to retreat; D'Erlon had gained important advantages in the pass of Maya over General William Stewart; and an attempt to carry St. Sebastian by assault had signally failed.

On the 26th, Soult again attacked Cole on the heights of Linzoain, but that general, finding that Picton with the third division was close at hand, resisted vigorously, and falling back without leaving either wounded men or baggage behind, offered battle on the ridge separating the two vallies of Urroz and Zubiri. It was not yet too late in the day for a general action, but Soult hesitated, lost his opportunity, postponed his onset until the next morning, and during the night, the complete junction of the allies was effected. Sir Thomas Picton now assumed the chief command, and continued the retreat before dawn on the 27th, scarcely

hoping to be able to cover Pampeluna. The garrison of that fortress, apprised of the approaching relief, made an opportune sally which threw the investing Spanish corps of O'Donnel into considerable alarm and confusion. Picton, seeing the necessity of showing a bold front, halted, and drew up on some commanding ridges which screened the beleaguered city. General Cole, with the fourth division, occupied a prominent eminence near Zabaldica, which he seized by a rapid and decisive movement, suggested by himself, while the French, who saw the importance of the post, were hurrying forward with the same object. By this able manœuvre, Soult was shut out from the direct road by Huarte, brought to a stand still, and compelled to change entirely his plan of battle. At this momentous crisis, Lord Wellington arrived, and the loud shouts of the British troops announced to the French marshal the inspiring addition to their own confidence, and the added difficulties he might prepare himself to encounter. The fighting of that day then resolved itself into a general skirmish, and terminated by a fierce storm, which, as usual with the English battles in the Peninsula, ushered in the great struggle commencing with mid-day on the 28th of July. This first battle of Sorauren was fought on the fourth anniversary of the battle of Talavera. As at Salamanca, Lord Wellington had prepared a counter-stroke with the sixth division, for which his adversary was totally unprepared.

Soult's great point was to envelop the left of Cole's division with an overwhelming force, and wheel round

upon his rear, thus separating the centre and wings of Lord Wellington's army, and breaking up their power of concerted action. In this, by dint of numbers and a combined attack, he partially succeeded; when the sixth division, suddenly emerging from a ridge near the village of Oricain, formed in steady order of battle across his front. The French, striving to encompass the left of the allies, were themselves outflanked in turn, and driven back in a confused mass. Clauzel's division, in another part of the field, were not more successful, and after several hours of close hand-to-hand fighting, the enemy were forced back at all points, and the British army remained immovable in their positions. The loss on either side was nearly equal, but of forces actually engaged, the French amounted to twenty-five thousand, and the allies to scarcely half that number. Lord Wellington, in his official account, says:—"It is impossible to describe the enthusiastic bravery of the fourth division, and I was much indebted to Lieut.-General Sir Lowry Cole for the manner in which he directed their operations." During the 29th, both armies looked sternly on each other, without engaging, while scattered brigades and battalions hastened to fill the gaps in the opposing lines. Sir Rowland Hill's corps opened direct communication with Lord Wellington, and D'Erlon arrived to the support of Soult with eighteen thousand men. Notwithstanding this apparently improved position of his affairs, Soult could expect little from another attack, neither could he remain inactive where he was, in the absence of adequate

supplies, or retire without dishonour and a confession of failure. He determined therefore to try the result of another conflict. The result was, that he suffered two conclusive defeats from Hill and Lord Wellington, at Buenza and again at Sorauren, on the same day, the 30th of July, and then retreated precipitately through the mountains, broken and disorganised, with his proud army reduced to a confused mass of fugitives, not exceeding thirty-five thousand men. Hill overtook the rear-guard on the 31st, at the pass of Donna Maria, and broke them with a sharp attack. His pursuit, however, was prevented by an impenetrable fog. The fourth division were actively employed in the van of the allied army during their rapid advance, particularly in the combat of Echellar, on the 2nd of August. In nine days of complicated movement, the opposing hosts had fought ten important actions. The aggregate loss of the allies may be stated in round numbers at seven thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners. That of the French, on a close approximation, must have reached fifteen thousand. Soult had completely failed, and Lord Wellington resumed the ascendancy. The operations on both sides have been freely criticised, and some of the generals acting under the two great commanders appear to have committed errors. Good judges maintain that Picton abandoned his ground too hastily at Zubiri, when the concentration of the army depended on his maintaining it; and that he failed to give Lord Wellington timely notice of his retrograde movement. On this point Sir W. Napier observes:—"It has been

said that General Cole was the adviser of this retreat, which, if completed, would have ruined Lord Wellington's campaign. This is incorrect. Picton was not a man to be guided by others. General Cole indeed gave him a report drawn up by Colonel Bell, one of the ablest staff officers of the army, which stated that no position suitable for a very inferior force existed between Zubiri and Pampeluna, and this was true in the sense of the report, which had reference only to a division, not to an army." We have seen that Cole was resolute to fight on a more extended position near Linzoain with only ten thousand men, and Soult declined the offered battle. It was not likely, then, that he would counsel retreat from a stronger post occupied by twenty thousand. Napier adds: — "There is no doubt, however, that Colonel Bell's report influenced Picton, and it was only when his troops had reached Huarte and Villalba that he suddenly resolved on battle. That was a military resolution, vigorous and prompt; and not the less worthy of praise that he so readily adopted Cole's saving proposition to regain the more forward heights above Zabaldica." During the whole war there was no series of operations more harassing than these in the Pyrenees, and none but stout-hearted officers and hardy soldiers in the prime of life could have sustained them. For such work bodily health is as indispensable as skill or experience. Larpent in his "Journal," says about this date, — "I have just met General Cole, who commanded the fourth division. He is quite knocked up, and told me his division alone

have one hundred and four officers killed and wounded." Yet this noble body of troops soon recovered their exhaustion, and, within a fortnight after, were reported by their chief as being unusually healthy.

Costello, in his "Adventures," relates a characteristic anecdote which occurred during the pursuit of the French army. Rations were somewhat irregularly issued, and a party of the 95th, disregarding the stringent orders of the commander-in-chief, helped themselves to a store of bread in a Spanish village, to the great disgust of the inhabitants, who rose *en masse* to recover their lawful property, But the marauders were too strong and swift, and made off with their booty. "We had scarcely," says Costello, "escaped the attack of the Spaniards, and arrived at the bank of the river, when General Sir Lowry Cole came galloping up to us, with some of the staff, who, indeed, might be termed the police of the army. 'Hallo! you plundering rascals of the light division, halt!' was the general's command, as he pulled up his temple spectacles, which he generally wore. One only resource was left us, and that was to plunge into the river, which at that part was very deep, and swim across, holding the bread in our teeth. This we immediately adopted, when Sir Lowry, in an agitated tone, that did honour to his heart, called out, 'Come back! men, for God's sake — you 'll all be drowned. Come back, and I'll not punish you.' But the general's fears were needless, for we soon landed on the other side."

Immediately after the battles in the Pyrenees, Lord

Wellington advanced to his old position from the pass of Roncesvalles to the mouth of the Bidassoa, and resumed the siege of St. Sebastian, which fortress fell by assault on the 31st of October.* The fourth division was held in reserve behind Longa's Spanish corps, near Lesaca. Lord Wellington abstained from entering France at that moment (when there was nothing to prevent his invasion), from political reasons not connected with the particular subject of this memoir. There was some wild scheme afloat in the British cabinet, of removing the great chief from the scene of his glories, to employ him in Germany; but fortunately for his country and himself, this unaccountable folly was not permitted to be carried out. Let those who complain of the manner in which our present commanders in the Crimea have been impeded by indecision at home, turn to the authentic accounts of what Wellington suffered from the same causes in 1813 and 1814, and they will wonder how England has ever brought a great war to a successful conclusion.†

Soult fought two actions on the same day at St. Marcial and Vera, to retard the fall of St. Sebastian. In both he was defeated, but the fourth division were not engaged. The difficulties of the French marshal increased with each succeeding hour, and Napoleon himself, hemmed in by enemies on every side, could only reply to his urgent demands for men, supplies, and orders,

* Two hundred and fifty volunteers from the fourth division, commanded by Major Ross, were included in the storming party.

† See, foremost amongst other authorities, Napier's "Peninsular War," vol. vi. pp. 181., &c.

"I have given you my confidence, and can add neither to your means nor your instructions."

Lord Wellington forced the passage of the Bidassoa and entered France on the 6th of October. On the 31st, Pampeluna, which had held out resoutly for more than four months, surrendered on capitulation. When the army passed the French frontier, the fourth division, under General Cole, were attached to one of the three large corps commanded by Marshal Beresford, and opposed immediately to Clauzel. At the battle of the Nivelle, in conjunction with the seventh division, they carried the village of Sarre, and took a conspicuous part in forcing the main position of the French. In this splendid action, Soult was driven headlong from a strong mountain post which he had been fortifying for three months, with the loss of more than four thousand men, and fifty-one pieces of artillery. During the subsequent passage of the Nive, and the actions in front of Bayonne, on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, General Cole and the fourth division were held in reserve, and not actively engaged, beyond marching and shifting their ground as the varying chances of so many battles appeared to require their presence.

Lord Wellington, having effected the difficult passage of the Adour, determined to attack Soult in his position at Orthès, and the French marshal, undismayed by so many previous defeats, resolved once more to abide the issue of a general action. The battle was fought on the 27th of February, 1814. The allies were probably a little inferior in numbers, but infinitely superior in

the quality and confidence of the soldiers. Yet the French fought sternly, and at one time, when the English were repulsed in their attempt to carry the village of St. Boës, and victory seemed inclining to the eagles of Napoleon, Soult is said to have exclaimed in exultation of an anticipated triumph, "Enfin je le tiens." The action began at nine in the morning. General Cole, at the head of the fourth division, keeping Anson's brigade in reserve, assailed the village of St. Boës, on the right of the French line. Ross's brigade charged repeatedly with the most determined valour, and passed into the open country beyond the houses; but the French artillery on the hills drove them back with a front and flank fire which nothing could withstand. The impediments of the ground checked the concentrated attack of the third and sixth divisions on the right, and a small detachment which Picton extended to his left was dispersed by General Foy. The Portuguese, under Vasconcellos, attached to the fourth division, gave way before the violence of the enemy, and the British troops with difficulty extricated themselves from the village of St. Boës. But Lord Wellington held in readiness Anson's brigade of the fourth division, the whole of the seventh division, the light division, and the cavalry under Vivian, which had not yet been engaged. With them he changed his plan of battle, and soon converted a menaced defeat into a decisive victory. The fifty-second, by a most gallant advance, forced the French back again through the contested village, and gained the rear. Lord Wellington

seized the critical moment, and combining all his forces in a simultaneous onset, drove the enemy before him until there was no longer stay or hope but in a hasty flight. Hill, who, during the battle, had watched the bridge of Orthès on the extreme right, with twelve thousand men, forded the Gave above the town, and completely cut the enemy off from the line of retreat by Pau. The pursuit was less vigorous than might have been expected, owing to the accident of Lord Wellington being wounded by a half-spent musket ball near the close of the day. Soult committed some errors of detail, and lost more than one opportunity of assuming the offensive with advantage; but he maintained his reputation, and perhaps no other French general would have made so good a stroke for victory under his circumstances.

After the success at Orthès, Lord Wellington advanced gradually with a conquering step until he found himself, on the 8th of April, under the walls of Toulouse; where another and a most obstinately contested battle awaited him before the war was concluded. In the meanwhile, General Cole, with the fourth division, had entered Bordeaux on the 12th of March, forming a part of the corps with Marshal Beresford; but a few days after he marched again, to reinforce the main body under the commander-in-chief. On the 10th of April the battle of Toulouse took place. The Spaniards, under Freyre, who petitioned to lead the attack on the strong post of the French at Mount Calvinet, ran away without mistake or disguise, and nearly

endangered the loss of the battle. Picton had also been repulsed in an imprudent attack on the fortified bridge of Jumeaux, and Hill, although he had forced the first line of entrenchments, covering the suburb of St. Cyprien beyond the Garonne, was unable to storm the second. Beresford's corps of less than thirteen thousand men, was all the disposable force that remained to Lord Wellington, and with this he turned the tide and won the battle. But he was compelled first to execute a dangerous flank march of more than two miles, before his columns could wheel into line and front the enemy on the strong heights of Monts Rave and Calvinet. The fourth and sixth divisions won the summit of the platform, and carried the redoubts in the most gallant style, while the enemy, seized with a panic, sought shelter in the supporting works of Sacarin and Cambon. At the close of the day, the French entirely abandoned Mont Rave, and withdrew behind the canal which encircles Toulouse on the side where the brunt of the action took place. The greatest loss was sustained by the allies, owing to the nature of their attacks, and the misconduct of the Spaniards; but it was an idle pretence of Soult to assert that he won the battle. He fought to hold Toulouse, and he abandoned that city, which Lord Wellington entered in triumph early on the morning of the 12th of April. Sir Lowry Cole and the fourth division bore an ample share, and received full credit for their conduct in this last sanguinary engagement, which closed their active services in the presence of the enemy. The general remained with his brave and tried companions in so

many dangers and triumphs, until the army was finally broken up, and the last battalion embarked from Bordeaux. He then resigned his command, and landed in England in the month of June.

During the short interval of peace, Sir L. Cole was appointed to the northern district of England, with head quarters at York. On the 15th of June, 1815, he married Lady Frances Harris, second daughter of James, first Earl of Malmesbury. This agreeable episode in his life, prevented his being present at the campaign of Waterloo, but he joined the British forces under the Duke of Wellington at Paris, in the month of August following, and retained the command of the second division until the army of occupation finally broke up from France, in November, 1818. On the enlargement of the Order of the Bath, after the peace, Sir Lowry was promoted to be a Knight Grand Cross, which was in fact no promotion at all. Rewards for eminent services were not then so lavishly bestowed as they are now. He had previously received the Order of the "Tower and Sword" from the Prince Regent of Portugal. It was thought by his friends that he and one or two more generals of division, had earned peerages as honestly as some who were preferred, but he was too reserved and high-minded ever to express any opinion of his own on the subject. In 1823 Sir Lowry Cole was appointed governor and commander-in-chief of the island of Mauritius*, it being the first time that the two offices were

* So named by the Dutch, who first colonised it in 1598, and called it Mauritius, in honour of their stadtholder, Prince Maurice of Nassau.

blended together in one person. His immediate predecessors were Sir Robert Farquhar in the civil, and Major-General Darling in the military, department. "The new governor was the harbinger of a measure of the highest importance to the colony. A series of devastating hurricanes had laid waste the crops of the planter, destroying the support of his dependants, and leaving the island in a state of poverty bordering on insolvency, while the oppressive duty on sugar, the staple commodity, excluded it from the market to which it could most naturally and profitably look, without opening that of the country with which it had been formerly connected. On the 27th of June, 1825, however, an act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, permitting the importation of the products of the colony into England, which had hitherto been included under the imports of the East Indies, on the same terms as those of the West India Islands. This act of justice, tardy and extorted as it was, gave a new impulse to Mauritian agriculture, and the crops of sugar were soon doubled."*

"In the month of August, 1825, appeared the following proclamation from Sir L. Cole, conceived in a similar

The French, who took possession in 1720, gave it the appellation of the Isle of France. The English conquered the island in 1810, and at the peace of 1814 it was ceded to them in perpetuity. Mauritius is 150 miles in circumference, mountainous, and fertile from cultivation, with a healthy climate, and a good but limited harbour (Port Louis), strongly fortified. Fleets can be repaired and equipped here. Madagascar lies to the west, at the distance of four hundred miles.

* See "England's Colonial Empire," by C. Pridham, Esq.

spirit:—'Seeing that it has pleased His Most Gracious Majesty, by his letters patent, issued under the royal seal and sign manual, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, dated the 9th of February, 1825, *to ordain that a council be established in this colony to consult with the governor, and assist him in the administration of the government*, and seeing that His Majesty has made known that it is his good pleasure that the said council shall be composed as follows: — President, His Excellency the Governor, or the officer charged with the temporary administration of the civil government of the colony; members, the chief justice, the colonial secretary, the officer second in command of the troops, and the collector of customs, with the title of "honourable:"

"'His Excellency the Governor in consequence makes known by the present proclamation, the establishment of the said council, and orders its publication, for the full knowledge of the inhabitants of the said colony and its dependencies.'

"From this period the laws were no longer administered in the form of *proclamations* emanating from the governor alone, but *ordinances of the governor in council.* One drawback to the expected advantages of the measure was found to consist in the suppression of the royal instructions, so that the colonists were ignorant as well of the constitution as of the powers of the council; nor could they discover whether its office was to advise the governor, or whether the majority had the power of passing an ordinance in opposition to that high functionary. This inconvenience was, however, the less felt

from the high personal character of the executive. Sir Lowry Cole had been but a short time at the head of affairs before he rendered himself beloved by the whole colony, of which he was considered 'the father and the friend;' and though it fell to his lot to have to enforce a number of regulations intended to elevate the condition of the negro, but of a character highly obnoxious to the planter, yet 'such (observes a contemporary writer) was the confidence created by the frank and generous disposition of His Excellency, and so conciliatory was the intercourse he maintained with the principal inhabitants, that their knowledge of his upright and honourable principles, and his abhorrence of anything like tyranny and oppression, with their conviction of the sincere interest he felt in their welfare, increased the moral influence of his exalted station, and gave a paternal interest to his government, which made his opinion respected, while it ensured the success of measures sanctioned by his recommendation."*

When Sir L. Cole, in 1828, relinquished the government of Mauritius to proceed to that of the Cape of Good Hope, the inhabitants of the former settlement voted to him an address of thanks and a piece of plate, on which was inscribed the short but expressive sentence, "*L'Isle Maurice réconnoissante.*"

The writer of this memoir received great kindness from Sir L. Cole in his early youth, and records it with gratitude after a lapse of forty years. The general sent

* See "England s Colonial Empire," by C. Pridham, Esq.

for him (then a young lieutenant, serving in the Mediterranean on the expedition against Genoa,) to join his personal staff in the South of France ; but before he could arrive, the war was at an end. He then gave him a warm letter of recommendation to General Ross in America, but General Ross was killed at Baltimore, and his untimely death anticipated the delivery of the letter. Private circumstances induced the bearer of it to quit active military life in 1817; but a younger brother of his happened to be doing duty with his regiment, the Royal Staff Corps, at Mauritius, when Sir Lowry arrived. In due course of etiquette, when he came in to head quarters from detached duty, he called to pay his respects at Government House. Sir Lowry, who until then was ignorant of his presence in the colony, received him with marked attention, employed him in a survey of the Seychelle Islands, the harbour of Mahebourg, and other services more important than those usually confided to an officer of his inferior rank. He took also the earliest opportunity of placing him in his own family as colonial aide-de-camp. Here his amiable manners and professional ability soon endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Sir Lowry Cole conceived the warmest regard for him, strongly laboured for his promotion, and offered to advance him money to purchase ; but the proposal was gratefully declined, for the young subaltern valued no rise unless obtained by personal exertions. For his chief, he expressed the warmest admiration, and often mentioned in private letters, that every wish of his heart would be fulfilled if

ever an opportunity offered of serving under him in the field.

In the autumn of 1827, Lieutenant Cole volunteered his services on a special mission of much diplomatic importance, connected with the tax on the supply of cattle, to Radama, the native king of Madagascar. Sir Lowry was very reluctant to let him go, dreading the fatal climate, but he yielded at last to his urgent entreaties, and was buoyed up by the hope that his successful return would ensure his promotion. He was in delicate health at the time, and was attacked by malaria soon after his arrival at Tamatave. He partially recovered, and endeavoured to penetrate into the interior, but was forced to return to the coast. His first interview with Radama proving unsuccessful, he determined to remain and seek a second, but another attack of the inexorable disease rendered him speedily insensible, and in three days terminated his worldly prospects, just as he had completed his twenty-seventh year.*

* Radama and his whole court attended the young officer's funeral, and the king erected a substantial building over the grave, which has been carefully preserved. A public monument by Westmacott, erected by subscription in the church of Port Louis at Mauritius, bears the following inscription: — "To the memory of Lieutenant Henry Cole, of the Royal Staff Corps, and aide-de-camp to His Excellency Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir G. Lowry Cole, G.C.B., K.T.S., Governor and Commander-in-chief of the island of Mauritius and its dependencies; who, having been sent on a special mission to Radama, king of Madagascar, died at Tamatave, in that island, on the 31st of July, 1827. This monument was erected by a general voluntary subscription of his numerous friends in this colony, as a testimony of their esteem, and of their sincere sense of his worth."

The following extract from Sir Lowry's letter, communicating the sad intelligence to Lieutenant Cole's mother, (then residing at the Salisbury Tower, Windsor Castle), speaks the warmth of his attachment and the goodness of his heart: —

"I do not recollect to have ever been placed in any situation more distressing to my feelings than at this moment, when I feel myself called upon to impart to a parent (which I do with unfeigned sorrow) the loss of a son so very deserving of her best affections. How shall I, my dear madam, attempt what I feel to be utterly impossible,—saying anything in the hope of soothing the grief of a mother under such a bereavement? But it is some consolation to know that no young man could have been more generally respected for his talents, or more beloved for the amiable and sterling qualities of his heart.

"I enclose a copy of a memorandum he left with my private secretary, Mr. Viret, previous to his departure for Madagascar, respecting the disposal of his effects, in case of the event happening now so deeply deplored by his friends. His wishes therein expressed shall be most strictly attended to, and I shall avail myself of the first favourable opportunity to send those articles he desired might be reserved for yourself and his sisters.

"I will not trouble you, my dear madam, with my own personal feelings upon this most melancholy occasion; suffice it to say that Henry Cole deserved and shared my warmest regard and esteem, and I may truly add those of Lady Frances and my family; and with our

united and sincerest sympathy, I remain ever, my dear madam, most truly yours, "G. Lowry Cole."

In August, 1828, Sir Lowry Cole, being relieved by Sir Charles Colville in the government of Mauritius, departed for the more extended command of the Cape of Good Hope, which he continued to exercise until the middle of the year 1833. His administration here was in all respects as popular as it had been in the neighbouring colony, and repeatedly elicited the satisfaction of the authorities at home. There were no frontier wars or Caffre outbreaks to distract his attention, which was chiefly directed to social improvements, the construction of military roads, and the establishment of settlements in the interior. Towards the close of his residence at the Cape, his duties became more complicated, as he had then to carry out the delicate and important measure of emancipating the slave population. The sound Christian principle, political wisdom, and permanent benefits of this step have been amply discussed and decided; but those only who were employed in the process of its execution could fully understand the difficulties and objections they had to encounter, and the immediate losses which fell heavily on many, before the ultimate advantages could be expected to develop themselves.

Sir Lowry Cole returned to England in 1833, and having been previously gazetted to the rank of a full general (July 22nd, 1830) he was no longer eligible for any of the home commands. From this period he retired altogether into private life. In the course of

his active career, he had several times received the thanks of both houses of Parliament, and in the year 1812, sat in the Commons as member for the county of Fermanagh, afterwards represented by his nephew, the present Earl of Enniskillen, prior to his succession to the peerage. On the 4th of October 1842, Sir Lowry died suddenly, after about an hour's illness, at his seat, Highfield Park, near Hartford Bridge, Hants. The immediate cause of his death was supposed to be aneurism, with which he had been for some time threatened. A day or two before, he observed to a friend with whom he was walking, that he felt perfectly well, but was obliged to halt and take breath (contrary to his usual custom) while ascending a hill in the neighbourhood of his residence. At the period of his decease he was Colonel of the 27th Foot, Governor of Gravesend and Tilbury Fort, and a Commissioner of the Royal Military College and Asylum.

The remains of the gallant general were conveyed by a special train to Bristol, and from thence by steam to Dublin, where they were received with, and rested all night under, military honours. The following day they proceeded for interment in the family vault in the church of Enniskillen, attended by many sorrowing relatives, and a cortège of carriages conveying the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, immediate friends of the deceased. The procession extended above a mile in length. The body was borne to the church and from thence to the vault, by old sergeants of the 27th, who had served under his command, the

officers of the same regiment officiating as pall-bearers. Three volleys were fired over the grave by the 43rd Light Infantry, as the last sad tribute of respect to a general officer who ranked amongst the bravest and most distinguished in our military annals. But no *national* monument preserves his memory, which is left to the private care of his family and the pages of the casual historian. Public money can never be bestowed more appropriately than in commemorating the services of public men; but the principle of selection appears to require amendment. An officer of rank falls gloriously in the vigour of his years, perhaps in his first general action, and British gratitude erects a tribute to his fame. This is as just as it is graceful. Another, it may be his immediate commander, is more (or less) fortunate. He distinguishes himself on the same occasion, escapes unhurt, lives to fight in many other battles, achieves greater glory from more extended opportunities, exhausts a long series of years in the service of his country, and dies at last in his bed, full of years and honours, under the gradual and tranquil decay of nature. The exit is less startling and impressive, but is that a sufficient reason why the grey-headed warrior should be excluded from a niche in the proud temple "where the dead are honoured by the nations"? Yet so it is, under the trammels of precedent and coercive routine. There are a few exceptions, but they do not affect the rule. A stranger or an accidental visitor saunters amongst the "long-drawn aisles" of St. Paul's Cathedral. His attention

is arrested at every step by huge sculptures inscribed with spirit-stirring names; but he looks in vain for Hill, Hope, Anglesea, Graham, Beresford, Cole, Charles Napier, and many others, with whose deeds he is familiar: they are not amongst that illustrious brotherhood, although there are many vacant places which it would be difficult to fill with more deserving occupants.

Sir Lowry Cole was tall and commanding in figure, with handsome features, and a strongly-marked profile: he had also that peculiar aristocratic bearing which the eye at once recognises, but neither the pen nor pencil can thoroughly convey. His temper, naturally warm, was subdued by discipline into habitual control, and his ordinary manner was at once kind, polished, mild, and conciliating. He presented altogether a noble specimen of the gallant soldier, engrafted on the high-bred Irish gentleman. With all this, he possessed an innate shyness and dislike of being *paraded*, which seemed strange in one who had passed through so many stirring scenes, and had lived for such a number of years, as it were, before the world. On his return from the Cape, King William the Fourth invited him to dine at Windsor Castle, and after dinner, His Majesty, with glowing eulogiums proposed the general's health, which entailed upon him the necessity of a corresponding acknowledgment. This so thoroughly confounded him that he afterwards declared to some friends, he would never again put himself in the way of a similar honour, for fear of the accompanying penance.

By his lady, who survived him, Sir Lowry left a family of seven children, three sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Arthur Lowry, now serving in the Crimea, has recently been promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the seventeenth regiment.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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